

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

---

## THIRD SERIES.

---

### EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

It is nearly twenty years since the first impulse was given to the general intellect of this country, by the introduction of a new mechanical system for teaching reading and writing, by cheaper and more efficacious methods than those previously in use. It would be beside our purpose, at this period, when elementary education has become an established object with all the respectable and benevolent portion of society, whatever be their political party or religious denomination, to attempt to discuss the relative merits of either of those systems, which were originally so formidably opposed to each other. To us, so long as the children of the labourer and the mechanic are taught to read and write,—are imbued with the principles of ordinary knowledge,—and are impressed with a strong and permanent conviction of their duties to themselves and to society, and of their obligations as rational and responsible beings,—to us it is of little import whether that knowledge be imparted,—or those duties enforced, under the peculiar forms of the Church of England, or with the sanction of those general tenets to which all classes of Christians may subscribe. It is enough for us that the children thus educated are well disciplined; that the key of the treasures of wisdom is put into their hands; that their intellectual faculties are developed, so that, making allowances for all the temptations of individual frailty, the mass of the population may be directed to those pure gratifications of the understanding upon which their own self respect may be established. It is indifferent to us which system was first perfected, or which party had the purest motives in establishing schools for the poor. The education of the youth of these realms *must* now be universal; it has become independent of the caprice of patronage, or the fluctuations of benevolence. We must now carry our ideas beyond the Boys and Girls of Lancastrian, or of National, schools. We have now to see what provision has been made, and is making, for satisfying the demands for cheap and wholesome literature, which the general ability to unlock the stores of knowledge has created in the new generation around us.

It is somewhat remarkable, that those who were most laudably and rationally anxious for the education of the people, do not appear to

APRIL, 1828.

B

have formed any thing like a correct estimate of what remained to be done, after some thousands of their fellow subjects had gone forth into society, all with their newly acquired ability to read, many with the most anxious desire not to let that ability sleep. Before these young persons, not the less ardent because they were almost wholly uninformed, were spread the vast fields of inaccessible learning.

"The world was all before them, where to choose."

On one side they were surrounded by the well-meaning but tasteless and almost revolting puerilities of the Tract Societies; on the other, they were sorely tempted by the coarse stimulants of those writers who knew how to administer to ignorant enthusiasm all the incentives to political discontent. The times were favourable to the latter class of "blind guides." The existence of positive suffering was great amongst the manufacturing portion of the community; and the government evinced no temper which might mitigate the evil, or allay its exasperation of the spirit. To such of the instructed poor as turned aside from the excitements of political speculations, there were presented, as the only fountains of knowledge, the tedious columns of the provincial journal, or the dismal casualties of the village book-stall. Who has not had his pity moved to behold some persevering artisan, in the brief and hard-earned hours of repose, wasting his energies of thought upon some outworn polemic, or miserable novelist; or perchance mastering, as he believed, many of the difficulties of science, through some wretched compilation which chance had thrown in his way, leaving it a problem whether, except in the mere intellectual exertion, the errors he had fixed in his memory had not more than counterbalanced the few truths he had picked up along with them? If, devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge, and resisting all the temptations to expend his surplus earnings upon the fleeting pleasures of the social hour, the mechanic of seven years since resolved to dedicate all the money he could afford from absolute necessities to the purchase of books, where was his mart, and what were the wares which were offered to him? The hawker of numbers, technically called a canvasser, was ready with his attractive stores; and thereout might he select, at a price not much exceeding that of the luxuries of circulating libraries, Geographical descriptions, containing no discovery since the days of Anson,—Annals of Newgate, minutely technical in all the details of violence and fraud,—Lives of Highwaymen—Histories of Witchcraft—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—Fatherless Fanny—and Fox's Book of Martyrs. With a few, a very few, additions, these works comprised (and grieve we to say, still comprise) the whole stock of publishers who have made enormous fortunes out of the popular avidity to read. Would such meagre, and often worse than useless productions, satisfy the intellectual cravings of one sincerely desirous of improvement? The power of reading thus employing itself could only prove a perpetual irritation, and a disappointment to its possessor.

An attempt was made, about the beginning of the present reign, to follow up the elementary education of the people, by publishing a



monthly miscellany for their use, entitled "The Plain Englishman." The period chosen for this attempt was unfortunate, as the nation was distracted by violent politics;—and, though a great body of valuable knowledge was got together, the publication was never sufficiently encouraged, either by the class to whom it was addressed, or by those who affected to take an interest in the diffusion of sound principles amongst the general community. We have reason to know that a society of great wealth and influence not only withheld their encouragement from this work, but absolutely attempted to nip it in the bud, by the most chilling and heartless exercise of their power. We mention this only to shew, that no scheme for the diffusion of popular knowledge can be successful which is not immediately addressed to the people themselves, without in any degree depending upon the patronage of gratuitous, and therefore suspicious distribution, by the superiors of those for whose perusal works of a popular character are devised.

The first systematic attempt to provide adequate excitements, and reasonable gratifications, for the intellectual activity of the working classes, is certainly to be found in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions. These led the way to cheap weekly publications,—some of a highly useful, many of a very frivolous, but almost all of an innocuous character. About four years since we had the curiosity to ascertain the number of these various tracts published in a given week,—and we collected upwards of forty sheets, some sold at two-pence, others at three-pence. The success of the "Mechanics' Magazine," and of "the Mirror" (publications which still hold their place as instructive and agreeable miscellanies) had called these summer-flies into a brief existence. The greater number of these have perished;—but the circumstance of their publication at all is an evidence that some new and extraordinary demand had arisen for cheap reading;—and that there was a hasty and eager competition to supply this demand, which did not wait to institute any very accurate inquiries into the wants of the consumers, or to direct those wants into advantageous and permanent channels.

A review of what has been accomplished for the supply of cheap popular literature, by the ordinary efforts of the publishing trade, has satisfied us that no great and satisfactory improvement can be effected, through the unassisted results of trading competition. It is true that many of the standard works of our literature—those of the Essayists, the Historians, the Novelists, the Poets—can be reprinted, and indeed, have been, at sufficiently cheap rates. But it is evident that the very extent and variety of such miscellaneous reading are embarrassing;—and that all the dominions of Science and Literature have yet to be *mapped-out* as it were, before the popular mind can range in them with ease and freedom. We are just arrived at that period of our civilization, when it is impossible for us to remain contented with heaping more bricks and more straw upon the enormous heap of old materials, whether in legislation or letters. The piles of antiquity must be re-sorted,—the rubbish thrown out,—the profitable stock well *compacted*. We have begun this process with our laws; and we have begun it successfully. Even the men of the present generation may live to see the thousand and one folios of Statutes and Reports handed over, without a sigh, to the trunk-maker. The same salutary course must necessarily be pursued with our

literature ; and this proceeds from our larger opportunities of comparison. The manhood of the world can afford to supersede the clumsy experiments of its childhood, by well arranged contrivances and finer mechanism.

In a pleasant little book (the *Memoirs of the Year Two Thousand Five Hundred*) published in the early part of the French Revolution, before the horrors of a subsequent period had darkened the rational prospects of peace and liberty, which the best and wisest saw developing in the first stages of that mighty contest, we recollect a sensible description of the process by which, in an improved state of society, men would apply themselves, not to multiply books, but to gather together knowledge. If we remember rightly, the sages of the political millenium of M. Mercier, (the author of this agreeable piece of enthusiasm) exhibited all their stores of useful learning in a cabinet containing a few hundred volumes ;—and they represented themselves as industrious bees, that had collected in their little cells the concentrated sweets of a thousand flowers. All the lumber of letters had perished ; or was preserved only in one or two public libraries, for the gratification of a few harmless dreamers, that were tolerated in their laborious idleness. The rest of mankind were contented to drink of the essence which had been carefully prepared for them ;—and whilst in that draught they abundantly slaked their thirst for knowledge, they went about their worldly duties with high hopes and vigorous intellects, and with that conscious equality which distinguishes the free citizen, where knowledge is the common possession of every class of mankind.

And this description is not an idle vision ! It is being realized in the very age in which we live. It is a natural consequence of the progress of education ; because, as the wide fields of knowledge become the inheritance of all, ceasing to be the exclusive property of the professional student, or the peculiar luxury of the great and wealthy, their cultivation must be adapted to the wants of the immense multitude who come therein to fill their garners. For them will the good seed be sown, and plenteous will be the harvest. The progress of civilization will accomplish for the intellectual world something like what it has done and is doing for the physical. In the domains of learning there are immense forests to be cleared—rich indeed with magnificent trees, and fertile in a prodigious undergrowth of weeds and brambles. The light of day is beginning to pierce the inaccessible wood ;—the decayed and useless trunks fall before the axe of him who there desires an abiding place ; the thriving and vigorous plants have then space and free-air ;—the earth beneath is rich with fruit and beauteous with flowers. That region which was once abandoned to the predatory hunter, or the proud and solitary chieftain, becomes the abode of life and joy ;—and amongst all mankind are distributed the blessings which industry has planted, upon the site of a gloomy wilderness or an impervious desert. The vineyards are now smiling upon spots of France which Cæsar describes as inaccessible to his legions. The vines and fig-trees of knowledge will shoot up, in the place of those forests of pedantry, where common sense could never pierce.

We have already expressed our belief that this process of clearing the back-woods of learning, and of breaking-up new ground for the new race of readers, cannot be successfully accomplished by the mere



dealers and chapmen of literature. The work must be performed upon a large principle of co-operation ; it must be undertaken by men who have given surety to the world, by their talents, their attainments, and their station in society, that their duties will not be neglected, nor their opportunities misapplied. The influence and authority of such men must necessarily ensure that confidence in their intentions and performances, which is worth a hundred-fold all the attractions which the genius of puffing has invented. A society so constituted, let it do ever so little, must command an enormous quantity of readers ; and having thus the advantage of the market over every individual speculator, it may go on gradually multiplying the *best* as well as the *cheapest* books, without any limit to its power of doing good to the great body of mankind.

It was, doubtless, with some such convictions as these that, in the beginning of 1827, "the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" was established. As the success of the society is no longer doubtful, and as its proceedings must necessarily form a very important, perhaps the most important, feature in the history of the literature of the nineteenth century, we shall feel it our duty, not only in this particular article, but as the case may require, from time to time, to bestow a very marked and attentive consideration upon its proceedings.

Referring to the original prospectus issued by the Society, under the sanction of Mr. Brougham, as chairman, and some of the most distinguished men in the country, as Members of the Committee, we find the "Object" of the Society very distinctly stated :—

"The object of the Society is strictly limited to what its title imports, namely, the imparting useful information to all classes of the community, particularly to such as are unable to avail themselves of experienced teachers, or may prefer learning by themselves."

The Society has been in active, though limited operation for about a year ; and we may fairly congratulate them upon having applied themselves, during that period, to the discharge of their new, and therefore peculiarly arduous duties, with a proportionate degree of talent and learning ; and, with what is better in our eyes, a judicious, prudent, unpretending temper ; acquiring friends on every side, disarming enemies, and uprooting the lurking prejudices which must exist against education in general and the operations of such a Society in particular. This vigorous shoot has manifestly taken root in the public mind.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has, since the date of its formation, published about twenty Treatises on matters of Science. We have heard it objected to many of these, that they are *too* scientific ; assume a knowledge in their readers which cannot exist ; and, without imparting any thing new to the learned, are not entirely adequate to the wants of the uninstructed. There may be something in this objection ; but we think it has been rather too much insisted on. It is manifestly impossible to deal with scientific subjects without, in some degree, using the language of science ; and certainly no precision of language can render a train of mathematical reasoning clear, or the account of a philosophical experiment convincing, unless

the mind of the reader is ready to pursue, step by step, the demonstration and the description. If, however, there be any principles laid down in technical terms, which may be as clearly explained in ordinary words, let the technicalities for the future be abandoned; and let them be weeded out of any succeeding editions of these treatises.

We apprehend that this objection has in great part arisen from a belief that the Society ought to have addressed their productions to those who, in the delicate phraseology of the last age, are called the *lower classes*. We think the Society, in pursuing a widely different course, have done exceeding well. This habit of talking to thinking beings, and, for the most part, to very acute thinking beings, in the language of the nursery, has been the besotting weakness of the learned and the aristocratic, from the very first moment that they began to prattle about bestowing the blessings of education. Did our ancestors talk thus? We apprehend that there was as large a proportion of uneducated persons, and perhaps much larger, in the congregations of Hooker, and Hall, and Taylor, and Barrow, as amongst those who follow the Cunninghams and Irvings of our own day. Did these great divines talk to their auditors as children?—did they blink every objection which their reason might start?—did they hedge themselves round with commonplaces and fallacies? They unquestionably fell into the opposite extreme of wielding all the subtleties of their logic, and gathering up all the splendours of their eloquence, in the presence of those who had no intellectual weapons, but the strong good sense which has ever distinguished the people of this country. How do we find that people addressed in the next century? Bishop Wilson, a learned and amiable prelate, writes a *Book of Evidences*, for the peculiar use of his own diocese, in which he rates the intellectual power of the English people so low, that he calls his book, "*Instructions for the Indians*." And then succeed legions of tracts, which, up to the present hour, persevere in talking to grown men and women, as if, pretty dears, they were as innocent of all knowledge, both of good and evil, as in the days when their painstaking mothers committed them to the edifying instruction of the village schoolmistress, to be taught to sit still and hold their tongues, forty in a close room for three hours together, at the small price of two pence each per week. With one or two exceptions, every thing that has been addressed to the working population, by the constituted authorities for making them wiser and better, has always gone upon the principle, that a great and learned writer has come down from his natural elevation to impart a small portion of his wisdom to persons of exceedingly inferior understandings. And then these good people wonder that the working population laugh at them, and prefer Cobbett!

Now, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, being composed of men of the world as well as men of the schools, at once perceived that this assumption of the mental imbecility of the labouring classes was not true, either in fact or philosophy. The admirable Preliminary Treatise of the great master-spirit of the Society gave the tone to their general manner of addressing the popular understanding. It was simple, manly, argumentative, full of facts. The language was



strong and idiomatic ; the arrangement was natural and lucid. What need was there of making plain things obscure, and obscure things darker, by affected puerilities of thought or style? And, besides, nothing but a very narrow view of the actual state of intelligence amongst the British people would limit any scheme of popular instruction to the labouring classes only. It is true, that the majority of these have been educated in the National, or Lancastrian, or old Free Schools, and that there they have learned little beyond a pretty general acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, writing, and the commonest elements of arithmetic. But they are thrown into the world, and they find they must *think*, either to rise out of their own rank, or to be respectable amongst the class in which they were born. And how much better off, in point of real knowledge, are the sons of the middle classes, who at fifteen are placed in attorney's offices, or behind the counters of the draper or the druggist? They have been taught to write and read; they have fagged at arithmetic for seven years, under the wretched old boarding-school system, without having attained the remotest conception of its philosophy; they are worse than ignorant of History and Geography; of Science they never heard, except when they saw Mr. Walker's Eidouranon in the Christmas holidays; their literature is confined to a few corrupting novels, the bequest of the Minerva press to the circulating library of the last age. Shall we say that the children of the rich and the noble—*par excellence*, the *educated* classes—have nothing to learn? Beyond his inapplicable Prosody, his cricketing, and his boating, can an Eton boy be said to know positively any thing? "What is the best system of education in Europe?" said an anxious enquirer to Talleyrand. "The public education of England—*elle est exécration*,"—was the answer. Why then should we talk of addressing Popular Literature to the *working Classes* only? We *all* want Popular Literature—we all want to get at real and substantial knowledge by the most compendious processes. We are all too ignorant, (except those with whom learning is the business of life,) of the wonders of Nature which we see around us—of the discoveries of Science and Philosophy—of our own minds—of the real History of past Ages—of the manners and political condition of the other members of the great human family. But we are all tasked, some by our worthless ambitions and engrossing pleasures—most by our necessary duties—by our daily labour whether in professions, or trades, or handicraft. We are ashamed of our ignorance—we cannot remain in it; but we have not time to attain any sound knowledge upon the ancient principle of reading doggedly through a miscellaneous library, even if we had the opportunity. The problem now to be solved is, how to accommodate the insatiate desire of all persons for solid information, to the overwhelming necessity which presses upon all persons to labour, almost to the utmost stretch of their faculties, in their peculiar vocations. This is the problem which the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has undertaken to grapple with, in their OBJECT of "imparting useful information to ALL classes of the Community."

The first Annual Report of the Society appears to us conceived in a spirit admirably calculated to propitiate the general approbation of the public. It announces, with a modest confidence, the extraordinary success which has attended the infant exertions of the Society;

and it receives, from that success, the surest encouragement to enter upon the wide field of duties which the growth of popular intelligence presents. The circulation of this Report has, we apprehend, been somewhat too limited; and we may therefore, with the more propriety, present a rather long extract to our readers, expressive of the future hopes and intentions of the Society:—

“The success which has attended the endeavours of the Committee, to make the most useful and the most exalted truths of science easily and generally accessible, great as it has been, was not unexpected by any who reflected upon the desire of knowledge, happily so signal a characteristic of this age. It has encouraged them to extend their efforts, and to leave nothing undone, until knowledge shall become as plentiful and as universally diffused as the air we breathe. Subjects of more general interest than pure science will very shortly be presented to the public; and a series of works, embracing History and Biography, is about to be commenced. In these publications truth will be the primary object; and from the acknowledged talents which are employed in this department, the Committee have just ground to expect that vague and diffuse generality, as well as minute and uninformative detail, will be avoided, and the true spirit of history effectually preserved.

“In these Treatises, however, relating as some of them will to subjects on which every shade and degree of opinion may be entertained, the duty of the Committee will be very different from that which they have had to perform, with regard to those already published on scientific subjects, where, generally speaking, the only question is between absolute truth and falsehood; and they are, therefore, desirous of at once explaining the degree of superintendence which they think that they ought to exercise with respect to the historical and biographical publications. It will of course be their duty not to sanction any publication inconsistent with the general principles of the Society, or with that love of peace and freedom which it is one of its first objects to promote. Subject, however, to this general superintendence, the Committee feel that the objects of the Society will be better forwarded by placing before the readers of its Treatises the sentiments of able and liberal men, and thus enabling them to form their own conclusions, as well from the difference as from the agreement of the writers, than by proposing to them, as if from authority, any fixed rule of judgement, or one uniform set of opinions. It would also be inconsistent with the respect which the Committee entertain for the able and accomplished persons engaged in the preparation of these Treatises, were they to require them strictly to submit their own opinions to any rule that should be prescribed to them. If, therefore, the general effect of a Treatise be favourable to the objects of the Society, the Committee will feel themselves at liberty to direct its publication: the details must be the author's alone, and the opinions expressed on each particular question must be considered as his, and not those of the Committee. As they do not profess to make themselves answerable for the details of each particular Treatise of this class, they cannot, of course, undertake for the exact conformity of the representations which different authors may make of the same historical periods or characters; nor, indeed, do they, for the reasons already given, feel that such conformity is requisite.

“Much of the reading usually gone through for mere amusement, might be made a source of great improvement: a series of works is therefore preparing, to be called *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. It will combine the two objects of instruction and amusement, comprising as much entertaining matter as can be given along with useful knowledge, and as much knowledge as can be conveyed in an amusing form.

“Those who are acquainted with the practical management of children, know how extremely imperfect, and indeed pernicious, are most of the books put into their hands;—at a time when the understanding is forming,



as well as the character, everything seems in many of those books to be contrived for weakening the faculties, and perverting the feelings. The most silly and unmeaning, the most false and miserable things are to be learnt at an age when the memory most easily receives impressions ; and the season is lost for imprinting on it useful lessons which might last for ever. The tales of horror so constantly taught belong to a worse class ; their effects upon the future happiness, and even character of men, and still more of women, can hardly be exaggerated. To say of most children's books that they teach nothing, would not be a very great, but assuredly it would be an undeserved, praise. To remedy this serious evil, and greatly to multiply the few good and wholesome books now in use for children, among which Mrs. Barbauld's, Dr. Aikin's, and especially Miss Edgeworth's, occupy by far the first rank, is one of the objects to which the attention of the Committee is directed. Limited as is the supply of such books, the disposition to use them is still more so ; and it is in contemplation to pursue measures for the more general diffusion of right principles upon this very important branch of education.

"The extraordinary circulation of the Almanacs yearly issued from London, one of which is sold, notwithstanding a heavy stamp duty, to the extent of nearly half a million of copies, naturally attracted the Society's attention, the rather that gross errors, prophecies, and ribald and absurd matter form a part of them ; it was manifestly desirable to publish a work of this kind which might at once be freed from such defects, and contain useful and valuable information. The Committee have, therefore, prepared the *BRITISH ALMANAC*, which is now before the public, and a *Companion* to it is in the press, which will treat of many important branches of knowledge.

"The further extension of circulation by correspondence, agency, auxiliary societies, and reading associations in the country, has occupied the Committee's anxious attention ; and they appeal to all the friends of general improvement, for their aid in this important branch of their labours. In foreign parts, the friends of Education have been found ready to unite their efforts with those of the Society. A member of the Committee now in the United States gives the most favourable account of the progress made there by the *Library* ; and in France it is translated regularly.

"Such are the past labours of the Committee, such its intentions ; and they cannot contemplate the task they have undertaken, without a firm and gratifying conviction of its beneficial effects on all classes, by the indefinite increase of mental enjoyment, the proportionate diminution of gross and degrading indulgences, and the consequent advancement of morality and religion. On this latter subject, the Committee, pursuant to the original rule of the Society, abstain from publishing, convinced that the numerous Institutions already existing for the diffusion of religious knowledge in every shape, will best advance that momentous end. The object of all good works is the happiness of the community—its first constituents, are morality and religion ; next in the scale may be placed science and useful information ; by the very constitution of our nature, the improvement in any one branch facilitates the growth of all others ; and the Committee are fully persuaded, that the publications of this Society, by opening the mind, and giving exercise to the reasoning faculties, will, indirectly indeed, but most powerfully, co-operate in improving moral character, without which all intellectual attainments are vain, and all accession of worldly prosperity worthless and unstable."

It might appear that we should weaken the force of these highly judicious observations, by offering any comment upon them. We cannot forbear, however, from particularly directing the public attention to the proposed "*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*," upon which the Report, we think, speaks somewhat too concisely.

The materials for "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," are stored up in the thousands of volumes which constitute a complete English, Classical, and Foreign Library. For popular purposes, these materials are utterly lost, overlaid with the immense bulk of words by which they are surrounded; and, if found at all, even in the most detached portions, requiring an enormous expenditure of time to produce a very unsatisfactory selection. Every now and then some acute thinker has started up to devote himself to the business of condensation and arrangement. Such a man was Paley. In his "Natural Theology" he left us an almost perfect specimen of the rare alchemy by which the base metals, and the ponderous ores of *learning*, may be converted into the "fine gold" of *knowledge*, and become current through all divisions of society. Paley was not a discoverer—a hunter after new stores—a pioneer of literature. He took what was ready to his hand—he purified it—he re-cast it. It is true that we have compilers in abundance—but how do they compile? The publishers, whose largest profits are derived from elementary books, select some unfortunate day-labourer to break down the large masses of science, or philosophy, or history, into the nice little angular stones that will form the highway of boarding-school education; just upon the same principle, and at pretty much the same rate of wages, as M'Adam selects and pays the breakers of granite for his turnpike roads. The principle is that of task-work. It is a good principle for road-making, but a very indifferent one for Literature; and one of the least evil consequences to Literature is, that the large body of labourers for the trade never do any new work at all, but steal the materials ready broken, to the end of time. The well-known dialogue between two broom-sellers is a pretty accurate illustration of the processes of Paternoster-row. "Why how is it, Jack, that you sell your wares cheaper than I do, for I steal the handles and heath, and only put them together?"—"Pooh, Tom, you fool, I steal them ready made." To one of these two classes of ingenious men, the great body of Compilers belong; and it will ever be the case, till Compilers are paid at the rate at which Scholars, and Men of Talent, ought to be paid. This the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge will accomplish, because its great hold upon the popular mind will ensure an enormous sale for its productions; and the chances of loss being thus extinguished, Booksellers will find their true policy in securing the advantage of publishing for the Society, by a large and liberal venture.

It is difficult to estimate the services which may be rendered to mankind, by the successful excitement of men of real talent, to the task of popular compilation. The enchantress, who injected new and vigorous blood into the veins of the decrepid old man—who gave his rigid limbs pliancy—his feeble step strength and steadiness—his pale and inexpressive features beauty and animation—is a type of what genius may effect for all that is antiquated, and cumbrous, and practically useless, in our Literature:—

"abeunt pallorque situsque;  
Adjectoque cavæ suppleantur sanguine venæ;  
Membraque luxuriant."

But still there *must* be the wand of the magician to realize these wonders. The daughters of Pelias boiled their father's flesh in a cauldron



—but no life was there ;—there remained the body of the old man, but the spirit, *even of the old man*, was gone. So is it, with our old literature, when the journeymen of letters undertake its revival. But the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has the power of calling forth better things. Let it not be satisfied with mediocrity. It has renounced the spirit of party ;—it claims no alliance, either with the intolerance of bigotry or the presumption of unbelief. It wisely leaves the exhibition of the evidences of revealed religion, and the enforcement of particular tenets and modes of faith, to those who are called to that labour by the sacred duties of their profession ;—to those who have abundant influence over the minds of a population who have never been slow to bow before the altars of a pure faith, and who will never turn aside from the consolations of that faith, for the gratifications of mere human learning, as long as the ministers of truth, whatever be their sect, enforce its lessons with energy, with simplicity, with the example of pure and unspotted lives. Being then catholic in its objects, and independent of all petty desires in its mode of realizing them, let the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge confidently ask the assistance of every man of high talent and worthy acquirements, wherever he is to be found—whether in the retirement of the Church, or the anxious toil of the Bar—the privacy of the College, or the glare of the City. Let the Society excite such men to the task of looking into the voluminous records of Creation, which the experimental philosophers and the natural historians, of every age, have gathered together ; thence to stimulate the curiosity to range through all the wonders of animal and vegetable life ; and there, as they find evidences of *design* at every step, to lift the mind by details infinitely more entertaining than the inventions of romance, to the constant feeling of the presence of the Living Principle of all things. Let the Society spread before such men the Chronicles of past ages, and say,—here are storehouses of the most amusing exhibitions of human actions and motives, which it will be your duty to divest of the veil which the prejudices and passions of their narrators have thrown around them :—here are relations of wars “ which stir the spirit as with a trumpet,”—but let not the love of peace and freedom, which we inculcate, be forgotten in the shewy excitements of the courage and constancy of blood-thirsty and oppressive heroes :—here are masterly delineations of the characters of bold and vigorous and crafty and intellectual statesmen,—but let not your love of intellect and energy lead you to forget that integrity is the jewel above all price, and that simplicity of mind and purity of life are of infinitely higher use than all the intrigues of all the state-craft which the world ever bowed before. Let the Society point to the almost countless volumes of Voyages and Travels, and instruct their workmen thence to select the narratives of all that is brilliant in enterprize, encouraging in perseverance, and instructive in the contemplation of humanity under the infinite diversities of soil, climate, manners, and institutions. —In this department regard is still to be had to the moral uses of all travel : we are not to look at foreign nations to fortify our own self-complacency ;—but to take a large and benevolent view of the whole great family of mankind,—and, wherever there be wretchedness and imbecility, still to perceive that every condition has its compensations, and that no blessing of civilization, whether of sound knowledge, or

free institutions (the product of sound knowledge) can be imparted without receiving reciprocal benefits. These are a few, that are hastily presented to our minds, of the large class of subjects that come within the comprehensive name of "Entertaining Knowledge;" and if the Society accomplish this new labour with the success which we anticipate from the very nature and condition of its power and influence, it will have done more for the benefit of the great mass of mankind, than has ever been accomplished by literature since the invention of printing.

And here we might conclude, were we not called to answer a few of the trite and hacknied objections that have been made to this Education of the People. We call it Education advisedly; because, very blind are those views which would confine the Education of the mass of mankind to the acquirements of the arts of reading and writing. It has been said, fifty times over, and it ought to be repeated fifty thousand times, till it make an impression, that there is a *new power* in society. This power is the power of the working people to read, and, therefore, to think. If it were desirable (which we utterly deny) we cannot stop the progress of this power; *we may give it a direction*. Can there be a better mode of conducting it to useful and innocent ends, than by endeavouring to make useful and innocent knowledge universal? But, then, say the advocates of ignorance, knowledge amongst the people will produce discontent with the institutions under which we live. Be it so. If there be any matters in those institutions which are bottomed upon *ignorance*, let them perish! But we will impart to the timid *one* word of sure consolation. An *ignorant* people will *pull down* their institutions; an *instructed* people will *repair* them. Amidst the uncertainties and changes of events—amidst the doubts, and fears, and restless hopes, and all the passions which politics excite,—there is one immutable standard to which we may refer for lessons of consistency; and that is, the constitution of the human mind, in all the modifications and all the convulsions of society, *unceasingly progressing to its own improvement*. A French writer has well described this never-failing and all-powerful influence:—

'De la réunion des hommes en nation, de leur communication habituelle, naît une certaine progression de sentimens, d'idées, de raisonnemens, que rien ne peut suspendre. C'est ce qu'on nomme la marche de la civilisation; elle amène, tantôt des époques paisibles et vertueuses, tantôt criminelles et agitées; quelquefois la gloire, d'autres fois l'opprobre; et suivant que la Providence nous a jetés dans un temps ou dans un autre, nous recueillons le bonheur ou le malheur attaché à l'époque où nous vivons. Nos goûts, nos opinions, nos impressions habituelles en dependent en grande partie. Nulle chose ne peut soustraire la société à cette variation progressive.\*

It is this truth which always gives us hope, when we behold the triumphs of despotism. Evil governments produce the same debilitating effect upon the mental powers of their subjects, as evil passions do upon the reasoning faculties of individuals. The sense of right and wrong—the perception of beauty and deformity—in either case are deadened. And, thus, vice and despotism are to be hated, not so much for the immediate evils of which they are the cause, as for their systematic degradation of the individual or the public mind upon which they fasten. But the

\* *Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le 18me Siècle.*



*elasticity* of our powers—the constant progress towards improvement,—which no self-abasement, and no external oppression, can wholly destroy, makes the ultimate amelioration of the human race quite certain. “The alliance of education and government,” so exquisitely painted by Gray, in his fragment of a philosophical poem, cannot be dissevered. The brute force may for a time conquer the mind; but the mind will, eventually, be too strong for the brute force. Other countries *must* still be revolutionized by mind; but England has passed *that phase*. Wise will be her rulers, if they neither drag too far behind, nor run too eagerly before, public opinion. In that middle course is safety. That public opinion may not be the rash and almost frantic impulse which pulls down the good as well as the evil, it should be built upon knowledge. We feel that knowledge is power; but, like all *real* power (not the power of passion, or of chance), knowledge is calm, considerate, prudent. It knows its own strength, and it abides its time.

---

### A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

“Every path has its flower, if we would but stoop to pull it.”

To most human beings, the title of this article suggests the ideas of pain and horror. These unpleasant associations are of two kinds—physical and mental; and they sometimes come singly, and sometimes together. Inability to sleep is so often occasioned by a diseased state of the body, by the racking of decided and defined pain, or that more dreadful affliction which is occasioned by a deranged state of the digestive organs—where all is wrong, and the unhappy sufferer can neither name nor alleviate that which tortures him—that these modifications of restlessness, or rather peculiar cases of it, being those which have the most powerful effect upon the mind, become the attributes upon which the definition of it is founded, and thus throw their gloom over the whole.

The circumstances, and also the sense which, by the oblivion of the others, then becomes painfully delicate, conduce not a little to this effect. The darkness, the desolation, the feeling of utter helplessness, to a human being laid in a recumbent posture, and uncertain who may come upon him, or for what purpose—the silence, and the intense acuteness of the ear, to which the booming of the wind through the trees is “as the sound of many waters,” the rush of an overwhelming flood, the slap of a door or a shutter, are as the peal of thunder, and the slow and measured clicking of the clock, echoing through the stilly passages as the tread of an armed man, the foot-falling of a plunderer or assassin;—these, and many other circumstances which belong to the state itself, and which, though they belong not to, may be modified by, the constitution and present condition of the person who is in it, tend to produce a disquietude which it is difficult to resist.

Gloomy things too, both of simple and of superstitious fear, come across one; and though we arm ourselves against the latter, with all the force of our philosophy, we cannot entirely prevent ourselves from thinking with Hamlet, that there are, shrouded up in the black mantle of the night, things of which that philosophy is afraid to dream.

Even the most simple kind of inability to sleep—that which springs from no disease of the body or disquietude of the mind, but is the listlessness of the idle—that resistance of repose which one feels when the bodily or the mental exercise that alone can render repose sweet has been neglected, is by no means pleasant. This listlessness can happen only to one whose mental powers are weak or uncultivated, or have been neglected for the time; and where the deeper powers, those with which listlessness cannot associate, are not roused, irritation is sure to be active—just as water, which is too shallow for the swell and majesty of a wave, vexes itself in ripple and spray. This irritation, like an unbred cur, drives away the game which it is directed to seize; and, finding it worse than useless, we have recourse to those expedients which are supposed to gag the attention, without awakening either the reason or the imagination.

We repeat the numbers or the letters of the alphabet to the slow and dropping cadence of a dead march; or, better still, if we have accustomed ourselves to the task, we make rhymes, or perform operations in arithmetic or algebra. Sometimes these succeed; but very often when we are just at the point of success, and that at which we had been fagging is sliding away from us, the raw material of a dream, that loosening of the fancy which often precedes sleep, creeps into the field of our observation, coming, we know not whence, and composed of we know not what. As is so beautifully expressed by Eliphaz the Temanite—"a vision is before our face, but we cannot discern the form thereof;" we start, the effect of our labour is gone, and we are as much awake as ever. So struggle we out the weary hours, till the blue light and increasing cold of the dawn throw us into a broken and unsatisfactory slumber, full of dreams of mental terror and worldly disappointment, from which we at last awake, wearied rather than refreshed.

Even this is painful and perplexing enough; but it is nothing compared with the suffering of those who are under the infliction of that undefinable malady, which pains all the mind without piercing any part of the body. It is no mitigation of the anguish, though it should be a caveat against it, to say that it is generally the wages of dissipation, of sensual dissipation in many, of mental dissipation in more, and of the two combined in not a few. The anguish is not the less severe that the feeling of it may be dashed with the idea that it might have been avoided; and not the least vexatious part of the case is, that it falls heaviest upon those who have the most merit; is the affliction, not of the sot, but of the man of sensibility; and indeed, as it is a mental affliction, it cannot exist but where there is mind, and the depth and delicacy of that mind are the measures of its morbidity.

To such a one, the head is no sooner laid on the pillow, than the "spectre things" are around it. There is no need of slumber to make us dream, or of straining of the invention to find the terrific. The wildest conceits of those sons of the brush, who torture nature and their own imaginations, and combine the most incongruous productions of this world with the most grotesque conceptions of fancy, in order to learn the likenesses of the beings of another—the most magic productions of phantasmagoria, and of those illusions of vision, which the science of Optics has at once disclosed and explained—all that nature, in her "march of monstrosity," can produce, or that the most servid



and whimsical fancy can create, waking, and with the light of day,—are nothing to those marvellous things that come to the couch of the hypochondriac unbidden, and in the dark. Imagine the whole of the living things, on the earth, in the waters, or in the air, to be hewed into shreds, without being in the least deprived of their vitality, and that these shreds are reeling like leaves and dust in a whirlwind, and constantly changing their forms, their magnitudes, and their combinations, and you have some faint, but very faint, representation of the armies that invade the sleepless couch of this unhappy person. If he could contemplate them as a mere spectator, and with calmness, he might, odd and out of nature as they are, derive some pleasure from the contemplation; but they move *at* him and not *past* him. Sometimes they come rolling in heaps; and he starts and shudders at the idea of being buried under a spiritual avalanche; at other times, there opens a vista into the palpable gloom, at the end of which a moving thing makes its appearance. At first, it is small and distant; but it approaches and enlarges, and changes from deformity to deformity every instant. Now it is a thing with horns and claws—anon it is a face of the most distorted features, and the most wild and irregular expression—then it passes into a single feature, as an eye which, with nothing but darkness for its socket, fills up half the horizon—and again it is that chaos, which gives the feeling of dissolution; and just as the forehead comes moist with cold drops, and the horror of annihilation is begun, the tormentor changes to a new monster, or vanishes in thick darkness.

If the latter should be the alternative—and over that the victim has no controul—it is an escape, no doubt, but it is not an escape from misery. Reality comes in the room of fiction, and the fevered imagination runs over all the events, and occurrences, and relations of life, consuming merit, rooting out pleasure, and extinguishing hope. The sufferer resembles a mariner, who is awakening to recollection on the top of a foam-surrounded rock, to which he has been tossed by the power of the billow;—he is hemmed in, and all around is wreck and desolation;—the present is nothing, and, to him, there are no bright points in the past or the future; Conscience stands over the former with whips, and Despair over the latter with scorpions; in the path which he has travelled, he sees his own foot-prints in all the dark and difficult by-ways, while, at every turning, the clear and broad and pleasant way opens for a little, glowing with beauty, and gay with gladness, to the hand that he did not take. To all his friends, he feels that he has been an ingrate, and they appear to have been the same to him; all that has been done seems wrong, and all that is projected useless;—backward there is no consolation, and forward there is no hope;—he feels that he had better not have been, and wishes—and resolves not to be.

If the strength of the constitution can so “wrestle with the fiend,” as that one hour or two of such sleep as one in this mood of mind is capable of, can be obtained, the phantoms may vanish, the facts may recover from their distortion, and the sufferer may wake again to a world worth the having; but the exhaustion is great, and if the visitations be frequent, they consume the body and wear out the mind. But should that not be the case,—should the torment last out the night, and the spectres not quit the pillow till the patient gets out of bed, the

agony continues ;—nor is there any doubt that many of those melancholy “leaps out of life,” which are generally supposed to come from an overflowing of passion, and which the Dracos of the dark ages construed into crimes, and made the subjects of punishment—to the poor cold clay ! are the results of the agony of that sleepless night which is produced by indigestion, often recurring, and unannealed by slumber.

All that has been here described, and much more which no words can depict, has been felt, in countless instances, by those who were both *well* and *good* in the world,—who had no misfortunes to bar, and no “twitches of the worm” to embitter, their pleasures ;—but to whom the cup of enjoyment was full, and the moral appetite uncorrupted. When, however, the agony of real guilt mingles with the anguish of the disordered frame,—when “the arrow of the Almighty is within,” and “the poison thereof drinketh up the spirit,” the uttermost bourne of human woe is touched—there is a torment of which no man, even of ordinary immorality, can guess the depth ; and one moment of which is dearly purchased by all the fruits of the most extensive and successful villany that ever was perpetrated.

But this darkness and desolation, which annoy the restless, turn disease into gall, and crime into final retribution, may be, and often are, the sources of profit and pleasure. If there be no anxiety for sleep to irritate, no superstitious fear to alarm, no derangement of the system to agonize, and no guilt in the mind to torture, then the sleepless night may become a source of more exquisite intellectual enjoyment than the best selected library, or even the choicest pages in the volume of nature herself.

In those creations, elaborations, or workings, whether in the sciences, literature, the inventive part of the arts, or the arrangements of the business of life, in which the materials are all in the mind itself, and where there needs no reference to external things, the silence, the solitude, and the abstraction of the chamber, offer facilities and securities which cannot be obtained during the day ; and if recollection will but bring the materials, and remembrance preserve the work, a man may really do more for the furtherance of any purpose that requires thought, in a few quiet hours in bed, than in double the number of bustling days. During the day, you cannot shut out the world ; and though you could, you would not then be secure against the interruption of your own senses. Hearing, smell, the taste, and the touch, you may controul,—they are passive, as it were, and do not go out after their objects, but wait till these objects come to them. The eye, however, is an active and a wayward thing,—it will look in spite of you, and in spite of you it will sometimes make you abandon your own object, and attend to that which it has selected. It is true that a well-disciplined eye can never seduce us from the *action* which we are performing, and on the progress and completion of which we are bent ; but as we have no material controul over our *thoughts*—cannot hold *them* with our fingers, or run after them with our feet—no training of the eye can give us so much command of it as to prevent it from at times stealing us from the current of our thoughts.

But the temptations of our senses—of the eye in a peculiar and pre-eminent manner and degree, are not the only enemies of continued thought to which we are exposed during the day,—they are found in



every person or thing in which we have any interest or concern. One may have issued the usual and justifiable equivocal, by which the harshness of a blunt denial is taken off, "not at home to anybody;" the jingle may have come to the bell, or the rat-tat-tat to the knocker, as it happened; and the voice, though second-hand through the medium of either of these instruments, may be that of "the dearest friend we have." We half open the door, in order that we may certify ourself by the sound of his real voice. "Not at home, Sir." "Not at home!" reiterates that mournful tone, which comes for pleasure but finds disappointment; and we cannot resist peeping out by the side of the window blind, to see how it is borne. The very first object we see is the face of "the dearest friend that we have," looking full upon us, with that strange mixture of supplication and pity, and reproof and laughter, which so few have the power of resisting. Cogitation is thrown to the dogs. "Life let us cherish;" and farewell to our plans for the day, and to the same train of thought for ever. Should the resolution be able to resist this, and we allow our friend to go, half the mind goes after him, and pulls the resisting half with a force so equal to the resistance, that we are unable to think, and, in all probability, go in quest of him to whom we have been denied.

Even if no friend should break in for the generous purpose of driving away the "blue devils"—to make room for "the black," day may be still fraught with annoyance. The soft voice, or the other voice, of your wife—if you happen to have one—the prattle on the part of your children,—the horrible news or accident,—the music of the knife-grinder or the hurdy-gurdy,—a hundred things which you know, and a hundred others that you dream not of, may, each singly, or in all their combinations, drive you from your purpose; and render it utterly impossible for you to say when you rise in the morning, and verify the saying when you retire to bed, "to day, I shall think or plan, thus, or thus."

In the night, it is far otherwise; for, if you be safe from the music of cats and noses, the rattling of boards, and that hellish monster of the night—an unoiled door turning at its leisure upon its hinges, and returning upon the same, at those slow intervals, whose very slowness makes you hope that each is the last, and thus keeps you in constant suspense between "rise and shut," and "lie still,"—if you escape these, the total absence of bodily exertion, the embargo which darkness lays on the eye, the silence, the solitude, all combine to open largely the flood-gates of thought, and pours upon the memory a tide of invention, than the arrangement of which the mind can feel no higher, and taste no sweeter pleasure. Nor is it to be prized only for its positive good, but also for the evil that it presents. Whether continuous thought can be an opiate to the pain of compunction, I will not take upon me to say; but I know, from my own experience, that where it is, restlessness will not come at all, and the blue devils of indigestion are very shy about entering. Therefore, every one should cultivate the powers of nocturnal thought and invention. It is a habit; like all habits, it may be acquired; when once acquired, we need never be idle either by night or by day, and those portions of the night which are pain to the idle, may be rendered the most valuable portions of life,—because never else have we the same constraint over our minds, and the same security against inroads from without.

APRIL, 1828.

C

If we sleep afterwards, it may be that that which we have thought or invented may not be fresh in the memory, or may not, at the time of our awakening, be in the memory at all. That, however, is a matter of minor importance. When once a subject has been elaborated in thought, we never lose it. The storehouse of the mind is safe against both rot and robbers; and whatever we have trusted there is sure to be found when external circumstances render it necessary. Even when we have not the purpose and the connexion, that of which we thought in the silent hours before we slept, comes back to us through the mist of oblivion and dreams, with all the interest, and hallowed by all the charms of the history of that which ages ago had ceased to exist, and of which the pleasure is now wholly intellectual.

### NOTES ON ART.

THE motto of English art seems to be the old proverb "to let well-done alone." There is, however, another traditional saying, equally cogent, which implies that "well-begun" is but "half done;" and we wish our artists as a body could be prevailed upon to attend to and act upon the full import of this last rule. Till they do so, however they may please themselves or flatter one another, they will never secure the suffrages and approbation of other countries; or take that broad and firm stand among other Schools of Art, which is as it were the *table-land* leading to the highest eminences of renown, and which converts the effusions of self-conceit and petty rivalry into the efforts of a lofty ambition, and the emulous and at the same time independent aspiration after abstract excellence. It is only when we feel confident of the ground and principles on which we work from the common consent and opinion of others, that we proceed to raise the superstructure with calm composure and undivided enthusiasm, free from idle cavils and narrow jealousy: otherwise, sectaries in art are like sectaries in religion, who are more bent on defending the weak side of their cause, than on advancing the strong,—on maintaining their peculiar tenets and heresies, instead of standing up for the Universal Catholic faith,—and who nursing with angry fondness "the ricketty child," and stickling for the very points which are most frequently objected to them, (leaving general truth and nature quite on one side) make up for their own obvious and wilful defects by a hatred and contempt for all opposed to them. Nothing good or great was ever yet accomplished by the mere spirit of contradiction. As in a controversy, the disputants grow every moment more heated and absurd from their determination to allow nothing wrong in themselves, nothing right in an adversary, so the antipathies and altercations of different schools produce nothing but an exaggeration of their own natural faults and vices, a confirmed dislike of the excellences of their rivals; and it may be fairly pronounced that all beauty and grandeur, as well as all truth, is the offspring either of silent and self-absorbed study, or of a spirit of general humanity and sympathy with others. A French artist or connoisseur will hardly look at, will hardly hear of, an English picture or work of art: they smile at



the airs and graces of a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, laugh outright at a history by West, think Constable's landscapes very odd, and lend an incredulous ear to the praises of a bust by Chantrey. Why is this? They have been long accustomed to consider English art as another name for grossness and crudity; and if they are told of or even see an instance to the contrary, will not believe what contradicts their prejudices and their self-love, or do not think it worth while to court the exception, and still adhere firmly to their favourite maxim—*That the English are incapable of arriving at perfection in the Fine Arts.* How do we disprove this assertion? By retaliating upon them, and treating their pretensions in this way with utter contempt and obloquy; by scouting the very name of French art as a solecism, if not an indecency; by exclaiming against their grimace, caricature, dry, meagre outline, dead colouring, and mechanical finishing, and by considering it as a heavy punishment to be condemned to look at a French picture without being at liberty to make wry faces at it, or to express a disgust amounting to nausea. If they regard us as clowns and novices in art, we strike an even balance by setting them down as pedants and *petits-maitres*. Both charges are perhaps true; but as the faults we find in others do not turn to perfections in ourselves, what good results from either? We put too much of the Jack-tar, the John Bull feeling into this matter, and are for setting up a sort of Anti-Gallican school in the arts of peace as well as war. But painting and sculpture are not an affair of assault and battery; in a sea-fight or in the ring, to knock down or disable your antagonist is every thing, in the other case it is nothing;—all the ill-blood and ill-names in the world will not advance us one jot towards “the Raphael grace, the Guido air;” nor will the most extravagant hatred of French art serve as a substitute for the love of nature. Art rests upon the foundation of nature and genius, constitutes its own immortal pillar, and does not lean for a moment on the tortuous and perverse support of the obliquities of others. Instead of satisfying our idle humour, pride, and sloth, with their defects, we should strive to copy their excellences, and correct our own errors by the example and advice of our neighbours. Why should it be thought something like a disowning of one's country, a desertion of the national colours, for a French picture to be any thing but affected, for an English one to be any thing but slovenly? Must the eye as well as the tongue speak a different and discordant language in the two countries? Lest we should pique ourselves on our blindness and obstinacy, it should be well understood that the French are not behind-hand with us in this particular. Gerard (the best of that self-satisfied class) on seeing an Englishman admire Gericault's *Shipwreck of the Meduse*, (the only French picture that for the breadth, force, and depth of the masses and colouring, an Englishman can conscientiously admire) said, “Ay, that's almost as bad as your Reynolds,”—thus evidently shewing that any approach to certain excellences of the English, or escape from their own plaster-cast trammels, was an offence against the majesty of their great historical style; and that not to be exclusively French was to be decidedly bad. They see no medium between their own finical, and what they term our barbarous, style: assert not only their infinite superiority in the Fine Arts, but claim a monopoly in egotism and self-conceit; and if they are surprised at our supposing we can do any

thing ourselves, that we should dare to think they can do any thing wrong, surprises them still more.

We could wish that instead of mutual railing and an idle assumption of titles to precedence, in which nobody joins but the parties concerned, our countrymen might be the first to throw down the barriers of prejudice and false pretensions, and to silence the reproaches of their enemies, by acknowledging and reforming their mistakes, by adding correct design to an eye for colour and light and shade, by filling up the details after having thrown in the masses, by aiming at truth of imitation as well as striking effect, and by uniting learning and professional skill with genius and nature. It is only thus that we shall obtain a triumph over those whom we do not wish to proclaim their triumph over us, and earn a rank in the Fine Arts equal to what we have acquired in courage, in policy, in poetry, and in philosophy. That which is done at all is worth doing well; and whatever a nation attempts and makes a boast of excelling in, must (as it does so or not) redound either to its credit or disgrace. Having once entered the lists, it cannot suffer itself to be foiled with impunity. What we have already pointed out appears to us the most likely means of ultimate success in the new career, upon which we have ventured: whether that success is likely, under any circumstances, to be dazzling and durable, may admit of a doubt. The impediments to so desirable an event, and which we shall here reluctantly state, will reduce themselves to three heads: 1, natural genius; 2, the period we live in; and, 3, the want of, or false, patronage.

1. Its being made a question whether there is an English school of art, may be considered as a sufficient proof that there is not; for these things either do not exist at all, or are notorious and self-evident; they cannot be hid in a corner. No one asks if the sun shines or not: so if the sun of art breaks out with resplendent lustre, all men acknowledge it, or else it is vain to seek "with the taper light" of criticism, "the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish." No one among ourselves, or abroad, disputes whether the Author of *Waverley* is a great novelist, or the Author of *Childe Harold* a fine poet; that is a point conceded on all hands, and carried by acclamation, as all such points are: but if we proceed on the strength of this admission (and fancying ourselves universal geniuses) to tell foreigners that we have painters or musicians equal to these, they only stare at us for an answer. It is made a question in like manner, whether we (the English) have a national music; therefore we have none; for if we had (however we might be at a loss for terms and immediate examples) we should feel the answer stirring in our hearts and vibrating in our ears. The Italians have had a school of painting beyond a doubt; nay, schools upon schools, "like the morn risen on mid-noon." The Dutch and Flemish have had a school, no one can gainsay it; the Spaniards also have had theirs, though on a more circumscribed scale; but after these, we know of no others. The French and Germans may have painters admired by themselves, but not beyond certain geographical limits; and we are afraid the same, or more, may be said of us; our pretensions being hardly sufficient to have made very bigoted dupes of ourselves. One great and inimitable comic painter, Hogarth (though in himself a host) does not make a school. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with all his merits, was but a gorgeous reflection of



other schools and alien graces; what he added was by omission, "making defect perfection." Wilson again was but an unfinished Claude; and these are all we have to shew before the present time. Farther, the circumstances of there having been no school of painting in the first instance, renders it problematical whether there ever will be one: for such things are unsought-for and spontaneous; and Art, as well as Nature, produces its goodliest offspring in youth, not in age, after its earliest marriage with Opportunity. Academies, institutions, rules, are a consequence of this original prodigality and riches of the bounteous Pan, not the cause of it; and in general overlay instead of promoting the growth of taste and genius. The best names in English art (in the last century) were the founders of our Royal Academy, and did not arise out of it. Of our own times, it may be more difficult to speak with confidence, either from a suspicion of partiality or prejudice. But let a great genius arise, and it will soon disentangle itself from these envious clouds or dazzling vapours of the moment. Was not Canova's merit universally admitted with a kind of rivalry of admiration during his life-time? Was not David placed with one consent at the head of the modern French school? Was not West almost idolized a little before his death; and did he not enjoy a cold, formal, nominal supremacy of reputation, for above half a century? The age is not then backward to award the meed of fame, but apt to run before the proof. Wilkie's merit was instantly recognized; and, like all true merit, did not pass for more than it was. How many names, that in our remembrance "were cried out upon in the top of the compass," have since "gone to the vault of all the Capulets?" Who ever hears of the Opies, the Barrys, the Romneys now? Alas! with respect to them, the voice of fame is as silent as the grave; neither friend nor foe disturbs their repose! Pictures painted thirty or forty years ago, and still to be seen at the Adelphi, or in some lumber-room or stair-case, (where they linger by the favour of former friendship,) look as dead, as flat and cold, as the walls on which they are hung. Pictures, painted by Raphael or Titian, three hundred years ago, look as fresh and vigorous as ever, or mellowed and improved by age. What is the reason of this difference, which is no less obvious than it is lamentable? It is this. The last-mentioned specimens had "the principle of vitality in them whereby they should live;" every part is instinct with life and feeling; every object and circumstance of resemblance to nature is worked up with the utmost care and strength, making so many little outworks against the progress and ravages of time; and the painter, using the visible body of nature as the language to express his thoughts, has laboured *con amore*, and with success, to infuse into every particle of that body, or every word and syllable of that language, his own spirit and conscious intelligence, thus leaving a living miracle of art. Whereas our own artists (too many of them at least) not having sufficient spirit or sympathy with external nature to animate and pervade the mass of material objects they had to encounter, have chosen to consider the visible forms of things (the only language they possessed) not as a medium which they were to saturate with a sense of truth or delight, but as an obstacle in their way which they were to get over how they could—have smeared, and daubed, and scrawled at random (impatient of the restraint which should have been to them "perfect freedom,")—have

tried to represent nature in the gross, without going into the details and finer differences (as if a poet should try to write whole stanzas without the use of words,)—and by making their performances approach as nearly as possible to a *caput mortuum* at first, they necessarily sunk to that state, when the freshness of the colours was gone, and the artists or their friends no longer stood by to supply their deficiencies. We would not make an evil augury from what we know of the past; but if our contemporaries do not wish the same funeral dirge to be repeated over their works thirty or forty years hence, they must strive with the temptation that most easily besets them, and avoid the error of their predecessors. It is not that we think our countrymen wanting in genius and enthusiasm for works of imagination and taste—far, far from it;—but we doubt if their inspiration comes by the eye; it has other inlets and outlets; and if there is this inherent repugnance or indifference to the visible objects and material language of painting, no effort, no inducement or advice, will ever make them enamoured of it, or eager to encounter those difficulties, and undergo that labour, which are necessary to perfection in it, or to place themselves on a level with what others have done. It is not the going through a certain drudgery alone, the conforming mechanically to certain rules, that will do—there must be a constant and unwearied delight—a passionate sense of pleasure, mixed with the study and imitation of nature, to inspire the same pleasure in others. If we engage in painting as a task, and slur it over as a job, or as a mode of communication too slow and plodding for the rapidity and fire of our thoughts, we had better lay it aside altogether, for it uses no compulsion with any man. An artist who does not dwell with rapture on his work, who is not loth to quit it, who does not cast a long lingering look after it, but closes his painting-room door as the shoe maker shuts up shop, and hastens to the tavern or the club, is good for nothing. He may say with Christopher Sly, of what he daubs in or out in this humour, "Tis an indifferent piece of work, would 'twere done!" Neither can we on this head plead in our excuse, the want of the glowing expression and picturesque costume of the south, or of a former age. Vandyke painted English faces, so that we at this day see them as in a mirror; and Rubens and Rembrandt stole her florid hues, her shadowy transparency from Nature, under skies as dull as ours. It is the texture of visible objects, the last fine, evanescent, scarce perceptible difference, between the image and the picture, in which English art is deficient, and in which it will never succeed, till the student feels the same pleasure in the progress, as in the conclusion of his work, and more pleasure in seizing some exquisite turn, some newly discovered grace in nature, than in seeing his picture admired by all the world, or reading the circular puffs of it in all the newspapers! What we have here hinted may by some be considered as an indignity offered to English genius and to English art—as compromising the national pretensions altogether—but do we not object the opposite of all this to the French, who are yet a clever and highly accomplished people? Do we not see the grimace, the volatile character, the automatic gestures, the affectation, jejuneness, and pettiness of their favourite manner; and why should we refuse to see the slovenliness, the lumpishness, the rude and unfinished state of our own, unless we are too stupid to discern our own defects or too obstinate to mend



them? The case was hopeless as long as our natural infirmity was sanctioned by high authority; and to daub was declared (*ex cathedra*) to be gusto and "not to copy nature, was the rule." This fashion of thinking has, however, in some measure passed away; and one cause that helped to dispel the fallacy, was the annual exhibition of the Old Masters at the British Institution (which so enraged the Royal Academy) from whom it was found by ocular proof, that grandeur and breadth of design were compatible with the utmost delicacy of finishing—that there was a vast difference between Rembrandt and a sign-painter—and that a hand might be finely executed, though it had the usual complement of fingers.

2. Milton is apprehensive that "an age too late, or climate cold, had damped his wing;" so we apprehend that the present advanced period is too full of distracting interests, and general subjects of discussion, to be favourable to the genuine developement of art. Art appeals for its influence and support to objects of sense, or to associations immediately connected with them; and the mind, to excel in this pursuit, should be habitually occupied with objects of sense and the admirable works of nature. How then should it flourish, when the only object which any one in civilized society at present has under his eye, is the newspaper of the day? All other topics, "all trivial, fond records," all that he himself sees, feels, or thinks, are banished from his recollection; and the debates in parliament, the police-reports, accidents and offences, domestic treason, foreign levy, the King, and his Ministers, alone "live within the book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter." Suppose, by way of illustration, an old broker's shop to face a coffee-house in a bye street in the metropolis—an embryo artist detained there by business or the weather for half a day, might find a resource in looking out at the tattered prints, the odd articles of furniture, and in prying into the recesses of the shadowy gloom opposite his window. But who would think of doing this by way of passing the time, when he has four newspapers lying on the table before him, laden with the affairs and the events of the four quarters of the world?

"The vast, the unbounded prospect, lies before him."

When he can thus easily and mechanically possess himself of their contents, would it not shew a narrow and grovelling mind to occupy himself with what is to be seen in a single obscure corner of it? Or should he be fascinated with some charming effect of light and shade himself, dare he point out this idle discovery to a visitor who comes in and is intent only on seeing the *Globe*, the *Times*, and the *Courier*, and by there glancing his eye over all that is going on in the world, fancies himself an integrant and important part of it? Our artist will therefore turn from an object of still-life that excites so little sympathy, and go home determined to execute some grand historical subject, that shall keep pace with the march of public intellect, and make a great noise in the town, as the battle of Navarino or the King's Speech upon it. How differently wert thou situated, Rembrandt; and how wouldst thou have worked out of a miserable broker's shop, with its motley fragments and dim twilight, a perfect pattern of nature, that should have outlived all the pictures, pantomimes, and panoramas, of all the battles that ever

were fought, and been admired till the eyes of the mind had put out the eyes of the body, and the brain was turned with the din and turmoil of its own making! Works of art and fancy, painting and poetry, on this account flourish most in the earlier stages of civilization, before philosophy and science have too much generalised or multiplied the ordinary topics of reflection. If they do not burst forth then, we may well high-despair of them afterwards. Art is the growth of individual genius, and of individual observation; it is making much out of a little; whereas general reasoning and knowledge consist in reducing a great deal into a small compass. For the imagination to endeavour to keep pace with the understanding, — that is, to give a concrete representation of all that the other suggests in the abstract, is like the frog in the fable, trying to swell itself out to the size of the ox, till it bursts. It is impossible to exhibit the surface of the globe, except it be in a map; or to represent the great interest of states by the *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ* of a poetical fiction. Hence in a great degree the decline of art, of the drama, and of other things with the progress of knowledge; for the individual object or interest shrinks into insignificance before the pompous pretensions of general principles; or if vanity should prevail over modesty, art in that case steps forward to form an incongruous and unequal union with science. Every thing is then measured by a false and bombastic standard. Genius seems to have got a dropsy in the head. The whole is on a gigantic scale; and all that had been done before (as being merely addressed to the imagination and senses) has a petty and Lilliputian air. We take our ideas and measurements, not from nature, but out of an encyclopedia. A figure to be heroic must be half a mile high. A gipsy's fire by the road-side is beneath the dignity of art: we must have Etna or Vesuvius belching out volumes of flame. A mountain is unworthy of the name, unless it is piled on other mountains piled on clouds. To make a building look large and magnificent, an army drawn up before it are made to resemble rows of shining pins. A precipice that excites a natural terror, and makes the spectator giddy, is nothing compared with the fall from one fixed star to another (were that possible) — and a DELUGE that would drown all the cities, men, and living things in the world, is a very shallow and contemptible piece of business, because its greatest depth would form only a very small section of the diameter of the earth! Such are the theories of art that at present very much prevail, from confounding the images with the ideas of things; and that are inculcated and acted upon by artists of genius, who would, however, have made much cleverer geologists and mathematicians. We are of Werter's opinion, who prefers "the old Homeric notions of the boundless ocean, and the interminable shores, to our modern quackery, when every tyro thinks himself a prodigy, because he can repeat, after his master, that the earth is round." It is true in more senses than in one, good and bad, in pictures as well as in politics, that "*the schoolmaster is abroad!*"

3. There is but little patronage of art in this country, and that little is forced and bad. The secret of it is to be found, not in the love of art or admiration of genius, but in the dear delight which every Englishman has to see his own name with 5*l.* or 10*l.* (as it may happen) tacked to the end of it, as a subscriber to some charitable or fashionable institution. The guineas clink full and heavy in his purse, as they have an echo in the



public ear, and in coming forward in his new and superinduced character, he feels himself less a man of taste than substance. That is his true aim and ambition: the other he may be laughed out of, or wheedled into: he knows or cares little about the matter. When shall we hear of an English nobleman, as we lately read of a foreign cardinal, going round his gallery and taking leave of his favorite *chef-d'œuvres*, that Faun from the antique, that Venus by Titian, that Deluge by Caracci (as Rousseau took leave of the setting sun)—for the last time, and as what made him loth to quit the world? To this fine and spiritual old man these works did not at such a crisis seem childish vanities, but the only solid realities, the true solace and ornament of a long life. The phlegmatic moralist may think there was something extravagant and flighty in the instance: if he had sent for his money-bags, his rent-roll, his ermined robes, the same critic would have seen nothing extravagant or flighty in it, because he has the one feeling and not the other. Did we not see, the other day, the artists turned out on the private day of exhibition of their own works, at the British Gallery, as unfit to mingle with so much good company? *This will never do.* Art must be admitted beyond the *dais*, and sit as a companion with princes; or it will not aspire above the rank of a menial. It may indeed make its way in privacy and silence, uncourted and forgot; but if it is brought forward to be patronised, it must not be insulted, and have the door suddenly shut in its face. It cannot be pretended that the regulation alluded to is a mark of delicacy, lest the artists and exhibitors should be hurt by remarks made on their works, or their presence cramp the free expression of opinion; for, at the Royal Academy, the artists and the patrons dine together the first day, and compare notes very amicably: but, then, the Royal Academy are a sort of privileged class, with letters-patent from the King; whereas the poor candidates at the British Institution are entirely dependent on the countenance of the subscribers and gentlemen-purchasers, and are treated accordingly. *Exclusion* seems to be the first thought and condition of British enjoyment (as at the entrance of our parks and pleasure-grounds you always see, *Spring guns and man-traps set here*—as if the original owner had been a rat-catcher) and the patron of British art feeling no real enthusiasm or satisfaction in it, indemnifies himself for the sacrifice of time and money by giving himself an air over the person he professes to countenance, and from a mixture of jealousy and pride, making him feel his superiority in rank and fortune—the only superiority he has a thorough conviction of. In Italy, in Greece, the patron of art (of high art) was religion and the state; nay more, it was the people. The very air breathed an enthusiasm for such objects, and the artist was borne along to his end and his reward by the consenting voice, and admiring, eager, looks of thronging multitudes. It is in vain that there is a hand stretched out to pay, if there are not thousands of eyes prepared to see, and hearts to feel. “The rapt soul sitting in the face” of Raphael’s pictures, was answered by meeting looks of love and devotion in the kneeling spectators—or they would never have been painted. Could Raphael have had the spirit to conceive, the patience to finish, his divine works, if he had known that the first person he shewed them to would ask, “What is the use of that?” Art, then, “reads its history in a nation’s eyes”—not in a few select, fastidious, ticketed, equipaged, spectators, but in

the general burst of wonder and delight, whenever she shews her heavenly face,

"Making a sunshine in the shady place."

Genius is but a particle caught up and exalted by the general flame: no man is great or excellent but by sympathy with the spirit of the age or country in which he lives, any more than he can raise himself above the earth on which he stands by a bare effort of volition; and patronage, to be effectual, must be the full tide of public opinion, not a few drops sprinkled from on high, (and cold, comfortless drops they are) that serve only to tantalise the efforts of the artist, to flatter the caprice of the tyrant, fashion, and end in the ignominy and shame of merit and genius. If Michael Angelo and Raphael were living now, it would remain a profound secret to the world, from the change of times and circumstances: those, therefore, who talk of rivalling them, had better think of something else. If English art ever does any thing considerable, it must be something of our own; (we are not, like the French, a nation of imitators and mountebanks) and we must repeat our doubts, that if the thing had been in us, it would have appeared long ago. But to leave vague forebodings, and proceed to the actual specimens of the day, which had they overturned our *bilious* theory, we should have been the first to discard it,

— "Not willingly alone,

"But gladly, as the triumph were our own!"—

#### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 1. *Presentation of an English Roman Catholic Family to Pius VII. containing Portraits of Cardinal Gonsalvi, Riaria Maestro di Camera, Canova, Gibson, Rieppenhause, and others.* J. P. DAVIS.—Whatever we may think of our own painters, we do not conceive they are improved by domesticating abroad. The advice we would give to them would be, "Go to Rome if possible, stay for some time, see and ponder over all that you can, but do nothing there. The genius of the place is too mighty for you; return home, before you try to recover yourselves and feel your own strength." An English picture painted at Rome puts us in mind of a ploughman in a fit of the ague; it is heavy and sickly at the same time. The artist leaves his own sturdy vigour behind him, and reposes idly on "the ancient of days." It is running a race in a go cart; "travelling a bed." Mr. Davis is less than most English painters obnoxious to this censure;—for he has brought home a fine tone of colouring, which ought to put to shame the reds and whites of mere exhibitors. The portraits in this group do not appear to us striking or well-discriminated. We do not easily recognise Canova, nor the late Pope, of whom David has left a laboured *fac-simile*. The attitudes, too, are somewhat of the stage. There is still great and various merit in this picture; but we are inclined to believe that Mr. Davis' forte is the representation of grace and sweetness.



No. 5. *Venus awakens Love*. W. ETTY, A. R. A.—This small picture, as well as *Cupid interceding for Psyche* (No. 19) by the same, we utterly condemn, not for the nudity or indecency of which some have complained, but because there is a total want of beauty, grace, and expression, to clothe the nakedness and abstract the mind from it. Mr. Etty seems conscious of the coldness of his flesh-colour, and atones for it by the flabbiness of his figures. They are any thing but voluptuous or alluring. We would recommend to our artist to leave these small unfinished vignettes, these little doughy Rubenses as "toys of desperation" to others. His firm, broad, manly pencil, requires wider scope and a different subject. His large picture of *Judith and Holofernes* (No. 445) is in our judgement a noble and masterly performance. There is great breadth, force, a fine tone of colouring, and appropriate character in the athletic, recumbent form of Holofernes; the action and figure of the Judith is spirited and striking with a mingled expression of sweetness and fire in the countenance; and the whole composition is well arranged and powerfully done. The leg of the heroine is too much like a clay-model. One of the drawbacks and disadvantages of modern art is, that it learns in time to avail itself of the substitutes of mechanical helps, plaster casts, lay-figures, wax-preparations, &c.; in the first instance, the student had no recourse but to copy directly from nature. This picture however, if it does not touch the goal, is on the right road of art; could we see many such and often, we should cease our Jeremiads about native art.

No. 26. *La Fatiguée* (A. GEDDES) answers to its title, and exhibits an agreeable mixture of languid affectation and comic spirit.

No. 50. *Amphitrite*. W. HILTON, R. A.—We have seen better as well as more attractive pictures by this artist, who belongs rather too much (though he has tried to break the spell) to the old Westall and Hamilton school. To a classical style of grouping and composition, he joins an elegance of outline; but the filling up is feeble and vapid; his colouring is pleasing, though superficial. Of character or expression there is little. The best part of this picture is the contrast between a rosy Cupid and the dark blue ocean,—an effect similar to which is to be seen in Guido's celebrated *AURORA*.

No. 64. *The Beach at Brighton, the Chain Pier in the distance*. JOHN CONSTABLE, A. R. A.—This is one of numberless productions by the same artist, under which it might be written, "*Nature done in white lead, opal, or prussian blue.*" The end is perfectly answered; why the means should be obtruded as an eye-sore, we do not understand. It is like keeping up the scaffolding, after the house is built. It is evident that Mr. Constable's landscapes are *like* nature; it is still more evident that they *are* paint. There is no attempt made to conceal art. It is a love of the material vehicle, or a pride in slovenliness and crudity, as the indispensable characteristics of national art; as some orators retain their provincial dialect, not to seem affected. We have said enough of this; but small objections are of weight in small matters.

No. 80. *Portsea Ferry, looking into Portsmouth Harbour* (G. ARNALD, A. R. A.) has considerable merit. It has an effect of atmos-

peric air like Wilson, a little hard and metallic-looking. But the painter has taken pains, and endeavoured to do well. What we regret in so many artists is, that they are superior to their profession and scorn to be tied down to the drudgery of it.

No. 102. *The Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero*. E. DELACROIX.—This, whether the best picture in the collection or not, is the one which we would rather possess than any other. The figures are on a small scale, but for drawing, colouring, grouping, and costume, are admirable. Some of the faces are hardly marked enough. It is a rich and elegant study. We believe the artist is a Frenchman; but his work is equally free from the common vices of the French and English schools.

No. 130. *The Water-cress Girl*. S. DRUMMOND, A. R. A. This figure is lively and natural, but the execution too much resembles paste stained here and there with the juice of mulberries or some other fruit. This is a manner, and a bad one.

No. 131. *Wreckers off Fort Rouge; Calais in the distance*. C. STANFIELD.—This sea-piece is in the fine, bold, striking manner of Turner's early pictures. It is time that some one should take it up, since he himself has left it off—has soared to the empyrean of epic landscape and dreams only (with Pistol) of "Africa and golden joys!"

No. 136. *The Captive Slave*. JOHN SIMPSON.—This appears to us a true and fine study, full of nature and pathos. There is a moisture on the skin, which denotes both the physical constitution and mental anguish. "Thus painters write their names at Co." Let Mr. Simpson go on so, and he will arrive at something great, without jumping (as a preliminary step) over a canvass twenty feet high.

No. 142. *Psittica*. MRS. W. CARPENTER.—The title and the picture are equally nonsense.

No. 147. *Cows of the Ayrshire and Alderney Breed*. J. WARD, R. A.—These, like Mr. Ward's cattle in general, might be supposed to have been first carved in brass, wood, or potter's ware; and with that drawback, are clearly done to the life. But they have no motion in them, and are a sort of *live fixtures*, or what seems very nearly to be implied by the word, *stock*.

No. 229. *Walnut-gatherers near Richmond Bridge, Surry*. W. HAVELL.—This is a clever design, and would be still more perfect, if it were a *poker-picture*. It has that kind of indenting and colouring.

No. 245. *Female head from Nature* (MRS. J. HAKEWILL) is, if we recollect, very good.

No. 269. *Landscape, Penshurst Park, painted from Nature*. F. R. LEE.—Very like nature, very like a tea-board, and very much after the manner of Holland, who paints a kind of bald nature better than any man.

No. 301. "*Tick, tick*." M. W. SHARP.—Very clever and spirited indeed. The figure of the lady is almost too rich and balmy-breathing. We wish Mr. Sharp would mend one fault; that is, that he would put the skin on his flesh. As it is, his figures too much resemble the newly-painted statue in the *Winter's Tale*.



No. 302. *View at Cleveland, near Clifton, Somersetshire.* P. NASMYTH.—In this artist's minute, careful, but elegant manner. One would imagine Mr. Nasmyth had served his apprenticeship to copying botanical specimens.

No. 324. *Queen Elizabeth and Lady Paget as described in the romance of Kenilworth.* H. FRADELLE.—No, no! Sir Walter is inimitable. Our good friends of the palette, let him alone, do not meddle with him: there is that air, that grace and freedom about him that will foil all your efforts, that has no second to it and no equal but nature!

We would apply a similar remark to No. 328, *Don Quixote and Sancho*, by ANDREW MORTON. The idea we have of those two persons was never embodied by the pencil, nor ever can be, because it is too fully made out by the author to answer in all the particulars and subtleties to any single view of it. The subjects for painting are those which are perfectly well known, but of which only the outline has ever been given.

No. 329. *Who'll serve the King?* R. FARRIER.—We think this little piece very good, and much in the manner of Le Nain's admirable comic groups.

No. 336. *An Eagle disturbed at her prey by a Lioness.* J. F. LEWIS.—We should say that this was both spirited and natural, if the colour were not laid on so thin as to give an unpleasant sharpness to the outline. Something is here done; that with us is not a reason for doing something more, but for stopping short in the middle, lest we should spoil what we have done, or to avoid the trouble, vanity, and vexation of spirit of too much excellence.

No. 399. *The vain Jack-daw stripped of his stolen plumes.* G. LANCE.—This is an admirable sketch both for the colouring, execution, life, and spirit of the whole. It is a gaudy piece of still-life with all the flutter and affectation of genteel comedy. Weenix and Watteau might look on and approve. Good Mr. George Lance, we desire better acquaintance with you!

No. 400. *Coriolanus.* J. C. THOMPSON, R. H. A.—This is in that good old style of half informed inspiration, just venturing upon history and yet with a sort of sullen reserve, so that it can get back to portrait in case of need, that used to make people stare some thirty years ago in the great room at Somerset House. It should go back to the place from whence it came.

No. 417. *Affection.* THOS. HEAPHY.—There is here much sweetness and nature, but still we trace only a faint reflection of what we remember of these qualities in Mr. Heaphy's former works. This it is of which we complain, that our artists will not in general take pains to do their best; or having succeeded, grow weary of excellence, and instead of advancing forward, relapse into indolence and indifference again. They are shy and awkward with painting as a mistress, and cold and sulky with it as a wife. They are indignant at being excluded from its good graces, and yet feel only imprisoned in the possession of them. Mr. Heaphy may have learnt to look upon his art as a *bagatelle*; we cannot persuade ourselves to think so lightly of the obligations we owe him, nor of those which he owes to himself.

No. 425. *Il Penseroso*, by F. P. STEPHANOFF, is a spirited sketch or almost skeleton-design of the subject.

No. 482. *The Transfiguration*, W. BROCKEDON, has breadth and richness, but is one of those historical blanks, in which you only know that the artist meant a great deal, from the subject he has chosen.

No. 491. *The coronation of his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth* (H. E. DAWE) is remarkable for nothing but the juvenile appearance of the monarch, whom you might unwittingly take for Edward VI.

No. 510. *Itchen Ferry, near Southampton*, is like all Mr. J. Linnell's landscapes, that is, just like a deal-board streaked with lines of indigo and red ochre.

#### MR. HAYDON'S MOCK ELECTION.

Mr. Haydon's *Mock Election*, which has excited much curiosity, and of which a great deal has been said, is not at the British Institution, but forms an exhibition by itself at the Egyptian Hall. We confess it disappointed us. It had been compared to Hogarth for the variety and truth of the expression. Though a clever and spirited picture, this praise is not well-founded. On the contrary, Mr. Haydon has thrown the same air and character into nearly all the heads, young or old, grave or gay, so as to remind one of Dandy Dinmont's list of his terrier dogs, which was only varied into little Piper and big Piper, young Piper and old Piper, &c. This is a great fault in a representation of common-life; and we are at a loss to account for the defect in the picture, as the chalk drawings of the heads, which are in the room, are distinctly marked and true to the individual peculiarities of nature. These were, we understand, taken from the life; and we dare say the painted heads would have been equally good if, with time and other means, they had been finished from life. When an artist leaves his model to paint out of his own head, he must run into mannerism, extravagance or insipidity. But this is the consequence of hurrying through a picture for the purposes of sale or exhibition in the season, instead of endeavouring to make it as perfect as possible and waiting for immortality!

#### COPY OF RAPHAEL'S FRESCO.

##### *L'Incendio di Borgo.*

The gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours has been occupied during a few weeks previous to the commencement of the preparations for the annual exhibition, by a full-sized copy, made in Rome by Mr. Hollins an English student, of Raphael's celebrated Fresco, the *Incendio di Borgo*.

The original, it is scarcely necessary to state, adorns a side of one of those famous chambers, which being decorated by the paintings in Fresco of the immortal master, have become celebrated throughout the civilized world, under the designation of the chambers of Raphael. These great works were the result of nine years of uninterrupted pur-



fruits, and consequently are not all of equal merit. When Raphael, indeed, commenced his labours in the decoration of the pontifical apartments, he was far from having attained that perfection in the art, by which his name has been raised to so exalted an eminence.

His pencil retained much of the stiffness of his early style, derived from his master Perugino, even when having executed the first portion assigned him of the grand undertaking, his superiority to all his coadjutors appeared so transcendent, that Julius II. immediately ordered the labours of the others to be suspended, and what they had done to be destroyed, that the entire work might be confided to the hand of Raphael alone. It was in the progress, however, of his labours in the Vatican Chambers, that Raphael made his last step towards perfection. When he painted the *Incendio di Borgo*, the famous school of Athens had been already executed; every vestige of quaintness and mannerism had long disappeared; and he had attained that happy felicity of combining expression, force, grandeur and grace—of uniting art and nature—in which he has never been excelled, and which ranks him deservedly above every master who has flourished in any age or country since the revival of the arts. The work before us is a happy specimen of his most perfect manner. It is an example of the best and grandest style of design. It is most truly *Raffaelesco*; we use what may appear a pedantic expression, because no other could express our meaning.

The subject represented is the conflagration of a suburban quarter of Rome, called the Borgo, which was threatened with total destruction by fire in the ninth century, during the Pontificate of Leo St. Leo, who, says the legend, by his appearance at one of the windows of the Vatican palace, miraculously arrested the ravages of the flames. The numerous prints which have multiplied the copies of this picture, render any detailed description of its composition unnecessary. But it so abounds in peculiar excellences, and in lessons calculated to be profitable to all who study the arts, either for amusement or as a profession, that we are tempted to note a few observations suggested by the exact table copy which has been brought to England.

Among the most striking features in the composition of the *Incendio di Borgo* is the art displayed in attaching the whole interest and importance of the scene to the human figure. In this, Raphael adopted the now well known principle of the ancient Greeks, the remains of whose works he had attentively studied, not only from the examples abounding in his time, as now, in Rome, but from drawings made in Greece itself, by persons dispatched thither by him expressly for the purpose. Following the example of the artistlike effect of which he was so sensible, he has treated the fire itself as subordinate and accessory, thus introducing it only into the two corners of the picture, sufficiently to explain the terror and alarm which agitate some of the groups, and the occupations and bustle of others. In the principal part of his picture he has distributed men, women, and children, in every variety of fine character, grouping, and contrast. On their forms and expressions he has exercised his utmost skill—his antique learning:—the figures are all engaged in various modes—but every action and

expression has some evident relation to the principal story. The Pope, although in the distance, is rendered an important and prominent personage by his situation at the window of the Palace. His appearance there, at full length, in the act of making the sign of the papal benediction which was to be so efficacious, drawing without distracting the attention of the spectator, announces to whom the prayers of the occupants of the foreground are directed, and powerfully assists in explaining the tale of the miracle. To the composition of the centre of the picture no praise can do justice. The grace of the figures, the beauty and style of the heads—the grandeur, ease, and elegance of the forms and drapery—the animation, truth, and diversity of expression in the countenances, in which the nicest discrimination of individual character and of rank in life is observed—the never-failing variety in these several particulars, and yet the constant preservation through them all of the unity of the subject, are admirable. The mother on her knees, fully and decently attired, clasping her child, who rushes terrified and naked to her lap, and at the same time turning her head with a look of speechless anxiety to the conflagration, is an impersonation of the delicate and refined female, silent and quiet in her consternation, but betraying in her countenance and attitude the fear that agitates her. In most skilful contrast, both in point of situation and character with the last-mentioned group, is the severe and coarser, yet grand figure of the female, manifestly of inferior condition, escaping with her garments hastily and loosely drawn on, and clamorously driving her naked children before her. This group is again relieved by the elegance and innocence of another adjoining, in which a child on its knees, by the direction of its mother, is uplifting its folded hands to the Pope. The form of the child is as full of grace as the occupation itself, and the drapery is of most delightful simplicity. Of a character wholly different from any of these is the full-grown maid in yellow drapery, on her knees, imploring the interposition of the Pontiff. The figure is of great force and grandeur of design; the drapery is remarkable for its breadth, freedom, and splendid colouring. The figures in the distance, the woman and child ascending the steps towards the church, the assembled crowds kneeling under the windows of the palace, are perfect studies of graceful and natural grouping; of the isolated figures, the female with a vase on her head, on the left hand of the picture, is, as a single figure, one of the finest specimens of sublime and graceful composition that has ever been designed. If it has ever been equalled, it is only by the famous Magdalene, in Correggio's celebrated painting of St. Jerome.

The group of the son saving his decrepid sire is a most delightful episode on filial piety: and is one of the most powerful parts of the whole picture. In this we may remark the fine and expressive character of the heads; those of the old man and woman more especially;—the effective contrast between the emaciated frame of the father and the athletic form of the son;—and the other varieties of youth and age presented by the boyish figure of the grandson and the aged yet still robust person of the woman, who is in drapery. These figures are



truly Greek. The young man near the last-mentioned group, who, suspended at the full stretch of his body, by his hands, as he lets himself down from the wall to escape the fire, his feet not yet reaching the ground, presents a wonderful muscular display, and a striking diversity of attitude and action with the other youth bending under the weight of his venerable burden. Beyond the youth descending the wall, a further variety, and one scarcely less forcible than the former, is presented in the figure of a man raising himself on his toes to receive from over the wall the infant of a wretched mother, in a state of nudity, whose delicate form and expression bespeak her to be of the higher class, and whose escape is intercepted by the flames. The muscular action of the legs and body of this man, as he raises himself on the toes, is unsurpassed in anatomical expression by the happiest efforts of Michael Angelo.

One of the circumstances most deserving of remark in the artistical management of the composition of this picture, is, that in the great number of figures which it contains, nearly every one is entire and perfect in itself—every head has its corresponding figure complete—a hint by the way to historical painters of modern days! The architecture has been made entirely subordinate to the figures, and subjected to contribute to their importance. The columns, the idea of which, as appears by their arrangement, was suggested by the celebrated ruins of Jupiter Stator, in the Foro Romano, although the order has been oddly enough changed from Corinthian to Composite, are not twice the height of the human figure—another instance of imitation of Greek practices.

With regard to colour, the *Incendio di Borgo* is one of Raphael's most successful productions. It is throughout on a broad fine principle: and there are parts,—the torso, for instance, of the figure taking the vase of water from the girl below him—the grave hue of the architecture and smoke which surround him—and on the opposite side of the picture, the figure reaching for the child—the wall and the figures against it—which are equal to the finest specimens of Titian. The *chiaro-scuro* is perfect throughout. From this picture and the *School of Athens* we trace, beyond a doubt, the origin of the style of light-coloured architectural back grounds employed by Paul Veronese in his finest works.

With regard to the copy, after the observations which the contemplation of it has suggested, it is almost superfluous to add that it is ably executed. The feeling and skill with which the spirit and character of the original have been caught and conveyed are surprising, and bespeak an artist possessing true feeling and high powers. On the authority of many travelled persons, both architects and amateurs, with whom we have conversed on the subject, we can attest the fidelity of the copy. The task was Herculean, and such as none but a real enthusiast in his profession would have undertaken or could have persevered in. We regard it as we would a successful translation of a fine poem from an obsolete tongue: as in itself a grand and valuable work of art. Although copied in oil, the effect of the fresco has been very happily preserved. The colouring appears in some parts dull—but this defect is owing to the fading, here and there, of the original, which the artist has thought proper to represent, exactly as it exists at present. We trust that this splendid copy of one of the noblest works of art in the world will become national property.

APRIL, 1828.

D

## CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

### No. I.—FRAYSSINOUS,

BISHOP OF HERMOPOLIS, MINISTER OF STATE, AND MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

A SEAT in the Academy is considered as the Field Marshal's baton of French authors. Its possessor is honoured with the name of "immortal;" and, in spite of the epigram of Piron,

Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien,  
Pas même académicien,

there is no degree of literary eminence, however exalted, which does not covet the coat embroidered with oak and laurel, the distinguishing mark of the "Forty."

The name of *academy*, we need scarcely say, is not of modern invention; but was given by the divine Plato to those gardens in the Ceramicus (a suburb of Athens) where he was in the habit of discussing philosophy with his pupils; and from this the sect of that illustrious philosopher took the name of "Academic," and the disciples of his doctrine were called "Academicians." But the name, which originally belonged to none but the followers of Plato, was subsequently adopted by the members of all the various societies, philosophical or literary, which have been in so many cases established by dullness or profusion for the benefit of ignorance and vanity. The "golden chain of the Platonic succession" was broken by Justinian; and a vast filagree of baser metals, of lead and brass, has been exhibited as framed of its pure material and in its massy and graceful pattern. Italy, France, Germany, Spain, England, all founded their academies; and the names of *lincei*, *ardenti*, *addosmentati*, *fellows*, and *academicians*, which were boldly assumed by their members, too frequently served but to adorn the bastards of science, the cunning usurpers of the genius of great men, and the impudent intruders into a sanctuary where they presented nothing to the God but blemished or fictitious sacrifices. Molière, Pascal, the two Rousseaus, and Diderot, were uniformly rejected by the French Academy. Etienne and Arnault were excluded from it. And while miserable writers, or pretended philosophers, such as Roger, de Quelen, de Frayssinous, the Duke of San Carlos, C—— M——, Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, have seats in the French Institute, in the Royal Academy of Madrid, and in the Royal Society of London, Beranger, Sismondi, Barante, and Moratin, have not obtained admission into those halls from which Genius has been driven out by Dullness.

It is to the poet Baïf, and not, as many writers have asserted, to his contemporary Ronsard, that France owes the origin of its Academy. Charles IX. declared himself its protector, and often presided at its meetings; for that sovereign, like Dionysius the tyrant, and Nero, whom he resembled in so many other particulars, had a mania for writing verses, and, like them, wrote none but bad ones. At the death of Charles IX., the new-born club placed itself under the protection of Henry III., who showered upon it the marks of his favour. But the civil commotions, and the death of its founder, Baïf, soon dispersed it: nor was it until nearly a century after, that some paltry poets, and ob-



scure men of letters, who assembled to read their verse and prose compositions at the house of a secretary of Louis XIII. happened to invite the jester of Cardinal Richelieu to the honour of attending one of their meetings, and so delighted their auditor, that he turned the attention of his master to the society, and obtained, through his means, letters patent for its erection into "The French Academy," with the restriction of its numbers to forty. This took place in January, 1635. The first act of literary authority perpetrated by the Academy was a memorable blunder. It declared that the *Cid* was a contemptible tragedy, and that the poet Cardinal Richelieu was very superior to the poet Corneille. It admitted the minister, and closed its doors thrice over to the Father of the French Drama. The laurel was refused admittance; but the golden branch, though not the gift of a Deity, was certain to procure an entry. The public received this academic bull, as it now receives the homilies of his Grace the Archbishop of Paris; the chaplets were heaped upon Corneille, as they are now heaped upon Beranger; and epigrams, "sharp sleet of arrowy shower," were poured upon the learned body which had censured the *Cid*, and has since taken to its bosom the subject of our paper, M. de Frayssinous.

M. l'Abbé de Frayssinous is, as his name indicates, one of that Gascon race, which, since the restoration, has flooded Paris, obstructed all the channels of government, multiplied in all the public offices, and which threatened shortly to transfer the capital to Thoulouse, but that the fall of the ministry of Villèle, Peyronnet, and Co., has interposed a barrier to the further inundation of these sons of the Garonne. Born at Curiere, in the department of Aveyron, in 1765, (no one knows from what parents, or in what rank of society,) the young Frayssinous lived in the obscurity of some country parish, when, in 1801, he who restored the altar and the throne named him honorary canon in the chapter of Notre Dame, and member of the Faculty of Theology in the Imperial University.

The catholic religion had long been an object of the attacks and sarcasms of infidels. The Abbé Frayssinous was resolved to avenge it for the imputations which had been heaped upon it; and from the pulpit of the church of the Carmelites, and afterwards from that of St. Sulpice, he hurled his orthodox thunders against philosophy, and the opinions of the age. His earlier conferences, held in the church of the Carmelites, were interrupted by the jealous authority of Napoleon, until the holy orator had consented "to thank the Almighty for employing a powerful hand in the re-establishment of the altars." In these preachings M. Frayssinous was only a secondary performer: he proposed the objections, and filled the part of counsel for the devil. But the counsel for the devil became advocate of heaven, like Bolingbroke, "patronising Providence," so soon as the conferences were removed to the vast theatre of St. Sulpice; and the counsel for heaven became, after the restoration, the most flaming of the apostles of royalism, and the most desperate of the enemies to liberal opinions,—according to the fashion of that large class of persons, who, while professing especial piety, prove themselves hypocrites by the utter absence of that love to man, which is the best evidence of love to God. The terrible anathemas which he hurled against infidelity attracted attention, and if they did not open the road to salvation for the sinner,

at least cleared the way to fortune for the preacher. The Abbé de Frayssinous was successively appointed royal censor, and inspector-general of education; almoner and preacher to Louis XVIII., bishop of Hermopolis, and member of the academy, minister for public worship, and peer of France.

At the period when the first conferences of M. Frayssinous took place, the defence of Christianity brought with it the charm and merit of novelty. Their author, hated by power, could claim the interest of the good by the sacred title of his misfortunes. In the midst of that mass of flatterers and slaves which surrounded the conqueror of kings, he sometimes let men hear the language of a free spirit. Thus while regret for the former state of things brought the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain to the conferences of St. Sulpice, hatred of the imperial despotism, the freshness of the subject, and the love for every kind of independence, collected the youth of the colleges around the pulpit of the preacher. The subjects handled by the Christian orator were serious and difficult; for where are the evidences of religion to be searched for, if not among the deepest foundations and darkest recesses of human nature? But his discourses were not numerous, and, each of them being restrained within simple and obvious boundaries, never extended to such a length as could weary the attention of the audience; nor had he then learned to disgust by fanaticism the friends of toleration and reason.

When the Abbé de Frayssinous was admitted to a seat among the forty immortals, he was to the full as unknown in the republic of letters as his noble colleagues the Count D'Aguesseau, the Abbé-minister Montesquiou, the Duke of Montmorency, and the obscure Ex-abbé Villar. He had no other literary evidences to present but an edition of the *Génie du Christianisme*, enriched by him with some notes and commentaries, and an ultramontane pamphlet, which a noble peer completely ground to powder at its first publication. A rolling fire of epigrams greeted the new member; and it was to escape from the sarcasms of which they also were victims, that his illustrious brethren persuaded him his desk contained substantial proofs of fitness for the academy, and made him resolve to publish those famous conferences which had excited as much curiosity at Paris, as did the sermons of Mr. Irving in London.

These conferences are written with sufficient force and even elegance, and exhibit a sinewy logic; but they are crowded with obvious faults, which counterbalance the qualities we have just mentioned. M. Frayssinous has presented us with second-rate copies of the celebrated compositions of Clarke, Bergier, Abbadie, Jacquilot, and Duvoisin,—with common-place repetitions of all that has been written in favour of Christianity,—with a series of cold argumentations which the crowd cannot understand,—with much of manifest inconsistency,—and with bitter reproaches against Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Cabanis, Volney, Saint Lambert, whom he criticises unjustly as writers, instead of blaming them for their opinions, as he might perhaps do with sufficient reason. There is nothing in these conferences of the evangelical inspiration of a St. Augustin, of a Bourdaloue, or of that Bossuet of whom it was said that, “arming his thoughts with fire, he thundered against the haughty brow of incredulity, and shook to their



foundations the monuments of falsehood erected against heaven;" and there is nothing of that holy unction wherewith Fenelon touched the soul. M. Frayssinous has himself declared that "The doctrines of religion are fixed in the human heart by the deepest roots;" and yet addressing himself intirely to the intellect, which in many cases rejects his proofs, he neglects to speak to the heart, which also has its proper faith, and to these feelings which have their own religion. In contrast to his rival the Abbé de Laménais, he works for the smaller number whom he wishes to convince, and turns from the multitude whom he might persuade. He deals out the coldest ratiocination, while his competitor for glory imbues his eloquence with life and passion, advances, as was said of Demosthenes, only by vigorous and impetuous bounds, and if he does not convince, astonishes, excites, overwhelms by the power and earnestness of every word. The defence of the Christianity of the Roman Catholic Church is the purpose of M. Frayssinous. The existence of God is the point from which he starts; and from this principle, established, as he thinks, by our consciousness, by the moral order of the world, and by the perfection of physical nature, he deduces as consequences, the existence, and immateriality of the soul, which was made in the image of its Creator, and subjected by him to the observance of a natnral law, established, unchangeable, and universal; which, in making us the servants of duty, obliges us to the practice of an external worship, whereby we may be excited to the practice of it by the prospect of future rewards and sufferings. The religious principles taught by an ecclesiastical establishment are the foundation of morality; and the religious principles the most favourable to morality are those of the religion of Jesus Christ, as proved by the miracles, from which result the excellence of the mysteries, the truth of the prophecies, the heroism of the martyrs; leading on to the merits of the good old times, and the blind submission which was then professed for the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, beyond which there is no safety. "If our ancestors," says the preacher, "violated the precepts of religion, at all events they respected them. If their conduct was not pure, if they sought to ally Christianity with pleasure, and piety with enjoyment, they did not, however, attempt to justify sin by blasphemy; their hearts were corrupted, but they were docile." Thus it is, as has been remarked, that according to the Bishop of Hermopolis, libertinism is atoned for by devotion; vice is harmless when it is found in company with docility; obedience to the Church is everything, and morality nothing. Were they not such opinions as these which were smitten and blasted by the provincial letters of Pascal? And need we wonder that with such principles as these the Abbé de Frayssinous has declared himself protector of the Jesuits.

The sons of Loyola, thanks to the toleration of the former director of public instruction, the courtier-naturalist, the protestant-papist, Cuvier, obtained a footing on the soil of France. Under the ministry of the Bishop of Hermopolis they have completely seized the kingdom, usurped the schools and the churches, and declared war against mutual instruction, and civil liberty. Being a hot partisan of the congregation, M. de Frayssinous never ceased to defend its acts in the Chamber, but, we are compelled to say, with more zeal than eloquence

his name remains disgracefully connected with the affair of Made-moiselle Loveday, whom fanatical proselytizers withdrew from the grasp of paternal authority; and he is still more ignominiously stigmatised for having sought to protect Contrefalto from the just severity of the laws. Friend as he is to the Jesuits, the late minister of Charles X. could be nothing else than an enemy to the interests of France, which needs neither Jesuits, nor congregations; and everywhere, except at Montrouge, there was loud and triumphant rejoicing over the fall of this last accomplice of the ministry of Villèle.

---

## No. II.—M. ROYER COLLARD.

PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES; MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, &c.

The senatorial eloquence of France, which dates its birth from the year 1789, has, like the country itself, experienced a revolution. The ardent passion for liberty, that constituted the eloquence of that period, has been converted into a spirit of philosophy, enforced and animated by the power of speech, which now delivers the oracles of truth in both the Chambers of France. A peculiar energy of thought, a vehemence of diction, and an overcharged exaggeration of sentiment, characterised the style of the revolution; but a deep reflection and conviction, and a certain austerity of enthusiasm respecting duty and truth, constitute the ingredients of the new eloquence: of this M. Royer Collard is both the example and the inventor. The chaste severity of his style resembles the pruning-hook of Phocion, who said to his countrymen, "You are lofty like cypress-trees, and like them you overshadow the tombs."

Royer Collard (Pierre Paul) was born in 1763, in the vicinity of Vitry le Français, of an honourable and ancient family. He was an advocate in the parliament of Paris, when the revolution broke forth, and being a friend to a well-regulated liberty, he embraced the prevailing opinions, but still with the spirit of moderation. He was elected a member of the Council of the Commune in 1789, to which, in the following year, he was nominated Secretary. He held this office till the 10th of August, of memorable notoriety, when Danton said to him, "Young man, come and brawl with us; and when you have made your fortune, you will choose, at your ease, whatever party may suit your taste." This convenient doctrine was, however, rejected by M. Royer Collard, as derogatory to his honour. He had the good fortune to escape from the excesses of the revolution, and was, in 1797, nominated Deputy to the Council of Five Hundred, in which he pronounced a very spirited speech against the oath demanded of the clergy, and in favour of expatriated individuals. He earnestly appealed to his colleagues to espouse the cause of justice, which he styled the wisest and most profound policy, and thus concluded his discourse: "To the savage accents of democracy, invoking audacity as its first and last resource, you will reply with the healing accents of justice, justice, and nothing but justice." He sat only three months in the council, as his election was annulled on the 18th Fructidor. At that period, the partizans of the Bourbons conceived hopes of seeing the ancient monarchy restored, and formed a council in Paris, which corresponded with the proscribed princes. Of this council M. R.



Collard was a member, along with the Marquis de Clermont, the Abbé de Montesquiou, and M. Becquey; but Louis XVIII. having taken refuge in England, the council broke up, and terminated its resolutions. M. R. Collard then quitted the perilous path of politics, and devoted himself to privacy and retirement till the year 1811, when he was nominated Dean of the Faculty of Letters at Paris, and Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy. At the time that he undertook the task of instruction, the system of Condillac was recommended in the works most estimable by their literary merit, as well by the most approved practice of education. *Cabanis*, *de Tracy*, and *Volney* had written books, the object of which was to complete, rectify, explain, and direct the doctrines of Condillac. The ingenious Garat, in his lecture in the Normal Schools, the agreeable and witty Lacomigueres in the *College of France*, had contributed to propagate them, and render them popular. Never did any innovator meet with more formidable obstacles than M. Collard, who, being without name, or disciples, without patron or authority in science, attempted to combat, at the same time, the "Ecole Sensualiste" and the "Ecole Reveuse," with the utmost vigour, and substitute in their room the Scotch school, which was then totally unknown in France. The effect produced on his auditory by the grave and powerful eloquence, full of emotion and serious conviction, with which he attacked the opposite systems, cannot be easily conceived. The weight of his authority imposed silence on the refractory, and the insensible; while he captivated others of more docile minds, elevated them, and strengthened their conviction, instructing them in wisdom and reason. "He had to perform," says one of his disciples, "the part of Socrates towards the youth who listened to his lectures."

The course that he delivered met not, at first, with brilliant success; the period in which he delivered his instructions was not favourable to philosophical studies, and the bulletins of the grand army engrossed all the public attention. But he was gradually and insensibly listened to, followed, and admired; his lectures began, as we are informed, by exciting attention, and were afterwards received with a comprehension and full conviction of their truth. It was not till then that an attempt was made to undermine the system of Condillac, when the philosophic movement took place during the latter period of the Imperial Government, and which at the restoration (thanks to the instructions of the attractive Cousin, that favourite champion of the modern philosophy) has enlarged its sphere with greater activity, and has since multiplied its conquests every day. The events of 1814, that brought back the king to France, found M. R. Collard occupied with works executed in retirement with the spirit of intellectual independence. As his merits were well known to Louis, he was successively nominated Director-General of printing and bookselling, Counsellor of State, and member of the Legion of Honour. On the return of Napoleon in March 1815, M. Collard threw up all his public employments, retaining only the title of Dean, and professor of the faculty of letters. After the second restoration, he was recalled into the Council of State, and nominated president of the commission of Public Education. His conduct in this eminent post was attended with a great improvement in all the branches, and was particularly distinguished by the marked predi-

lection that he evinced for the Lancastrian method of instruction. Being a deputy in 1815, from the department of Marne to that chamber, which was styled, "Introuvable," and which filled France with victims and scaffolds, M. R. Collard voted uniformly with the minority. After the ordonnance of the 5th of September, which produced the dissolution of that assembly, he was called by the general wish of his fellow-citizens to make a part of the new chamber, and voted in the minority of M. Decases. During the session of 1817, a party was formed in France, which was styled the "Doctrinaires." It was composed of moderate men, who were friends to the principles of the revolution, and to the throne of the Bourbons, of which they wished these principles to be the foundation. Messrs. Guizot, Kera-try, and the Duke de Broglie, were members of this party, and M. R. Collard was considered as its head. The "Doctrinaires" were very pleasantly styled the party of the *Canopy*, because as was observed of them, all the members could be assembled under it. In 1819, the ministry having engaged in counter-revolutionary measures, M. R. Collard resigned his post, as president of the commission of Public Instruction, and remained as a simple deputy, continuing uniformly to vote with the left side of the chamber, in which he distinguished himself during the last session, by his speech on the liberty of the press, which has opened to him the doors of the French academy.

M. Royer Collard is of lofty stature; his features are masculine, and the general aspect of his countenance is striking and elegant. It is perceptible from his manners, which are not sufficiently polished, that he is more accustomed to the closet than the drawing-room. His great learning, his irreproachable morals, and the moderation of his principles, make him a most formidable adversary to the ministers. The reputation which he possesses of belonging to no party but that of his own conscience, gives great weight and authority to his words. When in the tribune, at the commencement of his speech, he is, at first, slow and monotonous, but he becomes animated by degrees, and shortly after, impressive and impassionate. When he discusses any theory, he handles it with so much facility and energy, that he finds at command not only precision and force, but also imagination, sensibility, and all the deep and powerful emotions of the orator. He is then as eloquent as Pascal, by the force of his logic; he reasons with a conviction so profound, and so strong a desire of impressing it on another, that his lively demonstration excites the feelings, and finds its way to the heart, till it agitates its very inmost recesses. In order to rouse the eloquence of M. Collard, a great subject is necessary, and a vital question; and he resigns to others those everyday attacks, which constitute the oratorical fortune of *Mechin, de Pompieres, Casimir, Perier*;—like a great captain, he gives his subalterns full liberty to skirmish, and reserves all his own strength for pitched battles. If a law on sacrilege is the question, he thunders against hypocrisy till he levels it to the ground; and if a blind faction ventures to annihilate the freedom of thought by crushing the liberty of the press, the orator, applauded by France, will awe his audience into a most respectful silence, while he overwhelms his antagonists by a mass of arguments and facts; so that his adversary, in order to escape from shame and detection, will take refuge under the royal robe. His



eagle eye embraces at a glance all the points of the most complicated questions, and he obviates the most plausible arguments and the most artful objections raised against his own opinions. He never blinks the question, but encounters it with all his might; and far from enfeebling by that means the drift of his arguments, he gives them additional vigour by his bold display of open and manly warfare. Neither the quick points of Foy, the fire of Manuel, the exquisite sensibility of Laine, nor the flowery force of B. Constant, characterize his style of eloquence, because it results from the quality of the heart, and the constitutional warmth of the speaker. In short, it is the high intellectual powers of M. R. Collard that constitute him a great orator. Let us observe, in addition to his other merits, that his lips have never been defiled with falsehoods; that he never has recourse to those pious frauds so frequently adopted by the spirit of party; and, we may without any apprehension of valid contradiction, apply to him the classical compliment of being "*Vir bonus dicendi peritus.*"

### THE ROUÉ.\*

THIS is a very remarkable book; remarkable, alike for its keen and deep knowledge of human nature, and the spirit and animation with which that knowledge is embodied and displayed. There are no dissertations—no formal setting-forth of the metaphysics of the heart (if we may so speak)—but its most recondite and nicest, as well as its fiercest, workings, are placed before the reader by the natural current of the deeds and thoughts of the actors in the story. The author, we are convinced, must have seen much of life, and both have noted the actions of those around him with an observant eye, and traced them to their causes with a curious spirit. The general tone of his mind we should conceive to incline towards liveliness and comedy; the ordinary course of the narrative being gay and *tranchant*—even to the occasional sin of a *pun*; but this, besides being agreeable in itself, serves to throw into stronger relief the scenes both of sadness and of fiery passion, which form the more important parts of the book.

The scene is laid, for the most part, in fashionable life in England; and the manner in which the author renders this available to his purpose is, indeed, a great relief, after the vulgar and ignorant caricatures which have been foisted upon the world as portraits of that society. In the work before us, these things are made, as all such things should be, only accessory. They tend to set forth the characters of the persons of the story—to "give a local habitation and a name" to the scene of what is passing. And, certainly, the verisimilitude adds greatly to the illusion; and makes us feel as if we were reading memoirs, rather than a novel.

The first volume is devoted to the details of the heroine's education; and if, afterwards, when we reach the busier and more passionate portions of the book, we regret that so much space has been dedicated to what may in some degree be considered preliminary matter—certainly, while we are actually reading it, we have no anticipation of

such a feeling at all. The heroine, whose character is most delightfully drawn, and most admirably *sustained* (a very rare merit), and her sister, are finely contrasted—the one is all *form*, the other all *feeling*. This contrast the author would seem originally to have intended to carry through the book; but, when he once gets fairly into the stream of his main story, it is forgotten; and we see very little more of it, after the Roué himself appears upon the scene. The whole of the account of the education, however, is given in so admirable and so detailed a manner, that we should have scarcely conceived it could be the production of a male pen, had not the body of the book borne the impress of the stronger sex in every line. The episode of the governess is inimitable; not, indeed, as a sample of the genus, but as a portraiture of *some* individuals who come within the class. We are tempted to give a few features from this sketch:—

‘Miss Wheeler was, in reality, about seven-and-twenty; but by the style of her dress, aided by certain little operations of art on the cheeks and eyebrows, and a very judicious disposition of the hair, she did not appear more than one or two-and-twenty, to which she owned. Without being regularly beautiful, she had points about her features and figure which rendered her a very attractive person. Large dark eyes, of whose power she was perfectly aware, and whose natural fierceness she had schooled into languishing glances; jet black hair, hanging in glossy ringlets over her forehead, so as to hide the height of her too prominent cheek-bones; a mouth, the corners of which Lavater would have said bespoke ill temper, but that the lips were extended into a perpetual smile, to show a fine set of teeth; were the principal characteristics of her face; while her figure to all appearance was perfect symmetry, though rather upon a large scale.

‘The art of dressing to advantage she had studied critically; and appeared to know the defects of her own person, only that she might be able to conceal them the more effectually. She knew the precise effects of every kind of costume, and she had studied them all with a critical nicety—from the voluptuous undress wrapper in the morning, which displays by concealing beauties, to the splendid costume of the evening, when female charms are allowed to appear in their full dress.

‘The expression of attitude had been another of her favourite and successful studies: no one knew better than herself how to sweep a well-turned arm and white hand over the strings of a harp—how to throw up her eyes from the piano to the ceiling with an air of enthusiasm—how to dispose her limbs more attractively on the elegant luxuriance of a sofa, or with more playfulness on the more lowly ottoman.

‘All women, if they consider their beauty at all, consider it with regard to the admiration it excites in the other sex, and the envy it creates in their own; but few knew so well as Miss Wheeler the ideas of men upon this interesting subject; and by this means there was not a point of her beauty or conduct that did not speak to the senses of those whose admiration she wished to attract.

‘Yet all this intimate knowledge of effect she could conceal under the semblance of elegant simplicity and fashionable carelessness: though in the midst of it, a nice observer might perceive the lynx eye with which she watched the success of her manœuvres.’—Vol. I., pp. 196—198.

This portrait, we think, is admirable, and we regret we have not space to give the little drama, of which this lady is the heroine; but we must hasten on to *The Roué*. Great pains have evidently been bestowed upon the delineation of this character, but they have been bestowed successfully. Sir Robert Leslie, the roué, is a highly-finished



representation of a man of rank, fortune, talents, and personal beauty, who devotes all these advantages to the systematic pursuit of pleasure, or (for in his vocabulary they are convertible terms) of women. All his other indulgences are estimated only as they conduce to the success of his one great pursuit;—military distinction, which he has earned amply,—fashionable weight in the world of London—large fortune—vivid and varied talents—and extensive, though probably superficial, acquirements,—all are valued by him only as *means*, his end is one and indivisible. A fantastic caricature of such a character as this it is, perhaps, not difficult to draw. A *hachis* from Sir Harry Wildair, and Lovelace, and Valmont, tricked out in the fashion of the day, is easily made up, and may pass muster with the crowd, till some Ithuriel critic touches the image with his pen, and (to change the metaphor) giving a plume alternately to each of the original owners, leaves the poor jackdaw bare. But Leslie is a very different composition from such things as these; he may belong to the same genus as two, at least, of the masterly portraiture we have instanced above; but he bears the stamp of individuality on his brow—he is of a class apart, and stands alone.

We are let more intimately into the knowledge of the minutiae of the character of Leslie, by a considerable portion of the story being thrown into the form of letters to a *frère d'armes* (in every sense of the term,)—to a Pythias-friend. It has been well said, that where the object is to throw the interest upon personal feelings and character, it is the preferable course for the novelist to make that person speak for himself: accordingly, we have here Leslie's representations of occurrences, with his comments upon them, the *facts* of which are given in the narrative parts of the book, thus combining the two advantages of making the story clear, and minutely developing character at the same time. Of the story it is not our purpose to give any detail: the skeletons which reviewers make of the plots of books are anything but *anatomies vivantes*—all that they effect is to spoil the pleasure of the reader, when he turns to the work itself. The Roué is essentially a novel of *character*, and we shall endeavour to give some extracts which will prove that we have not been guilty of exaggeration in what we have said of the masterly manner in which the more prominent ones are drawn. The following, which depicts the months *succeeding* the heroine's honey-moon is admirably, and therefore sadly, true to nature.

' In the mean time, Trevor and Agnes had almost realised their sanguine anticipations during the first month of their marriage. The morning ramble—the social evening—produced the pleasures they had expected from them, and Agnes was still in the plenitude of their enjoyment, wishing for no change, her heart full of happiness; blessed, and trying to bless; but Trevor soon—very soon—began to feel the want of that excitement upon which alone he existed. The calm and quiet enjoyment of his wife's society, which immediately succeeded the first rapturous possession of her beauty, was not at all calculated to keep alive the mind, and the affections, and the passions of such a man as Trevor. He missed the necessity for plotting and planning, which had kept him so continually occupied during his probation as a lover; a perpetual round of the quiet enjoyments, the placid pleasures with a wife, which characterised his present existence, proved to him but a poor compensation for days of restless impatience, succeeded by one hour of rapturous intercourse enjoyed by stealth with his

mistress. He began also to be astonished at discovering how much the idea of opposing and tormenting Lady Pomeroy had added to the pleasure he had felt in his interviews with Agnes.

With such feelings as these, the endless succession of morning rambles, noontide rides, and *tête-à-tête* evenings, soon became insipid. Agnes was still as beautiful, her society as delightful, her wit as buoyant, her conversation as brilliant, and her music as sweet as ever; but they were his. He had a right to their possession; he enjoyed them without exertion, and they lost half their value in his opinion.

Ashamed, however, to appear thus vacillating in the eyes of a woman he admired and respected as he did Agnes, he still kept on in their usual routine, though it was with much the same difficulty as a man feels to keep his eyes open when he is almost irresistibly overpowered with the inclination to sleep. It was in vain, however, that he determined to enjoy himself as usual; the incipient yawn would intrude itself in the midst of his quiet pleasures; the hunting notices were eagerly looked after; the necessity for intercourse with the surrounding gentry was gradually discovered, and the morning ramble was frequently exchanged for a gallop after the fox-hounds, and the quiet evening sometimes broken in upon by the hunting companions Trevor brought home to dinner, or by the necessity for their attendance at some party in the neighbourhood.—Vol. II., p. 50—53

He began to fancy that the air grew cold and bleak; voted his country neighbours a bore; talked of the opera and his clubs, and wondered what all the world were doing in town. He gave two or three hints about business and his banker; inquired frequently if Agnes did not long to see her sister and Lady Pomeroy; wondered whether they did not wish for their presence in town; and in short, to use a vulgar phrase, "beat about the bush" till Agnes too plainly perceived his drift. He was ashamed so soon openly to confess that all his enthusiasm for solitude and the country had so hastily vanished. His encomiums upon green trees, autumnal tints, delicious rambles, and domestic *tête-à-têtes*, were too recent for him to disavow them. He thought this would be too fickle even for him. But Agnes, with the keen eye of love, read it in his listless glance; understood it in his faint praise of that which, a little month since, had called forth enthusiastic admiration; and felt it in the absence of all that pleasure which used to be so apparent during the first weeks of their union.

She sighed to think it was so; but her affection found a thousand excuses for her husband in the activity and excitement of his former life. She gave up her expectations of enjoying life with him alone, and of keeping all his society to herself, and even began to think she had been unjust and selfish in ever having entertained them.

In her inclination for the continuance of the life they had been leading, she forgot that it was his own protestations that had led her to imagine that it was to continue; or if she did now and then sigh over the recollection that he had made them, and breathe a wish that he had acted up to them, she repressed her sighs and her wishes within her own breast, and determined to do every thing that could contribute to her husband's pleasure.

Influenced by this determination, she entered the library with the intention of proposing a journey to town, and was thinking how she should prevent the suspicion of the real cause of her proposal, when he met her at the door, with an open letter in his hand.—

"Oh, my sweet Agnes," exclaimed he, "the most unlucky *contretemps* in the world. These men of business, they never will let one enjoy a peaceful hour in the country; they have no ideas of the pleasures of solitude. Would you believe it, my love? this letter is a mandate from my lawyer. It says, that the title to the Dorsetshire estate requires immediate and personal attention, and it is of so much importance, that I fear—" Agnes



smiled—"yes, indeed, love, I fear that I must tear myself away from these peaceful scenes—" Agnes smiled again—"where we have enjoyed so much happiness—"

"And of which you were beginning to be so much tired," interrupted Agnes. "Nay, nay, my Trevor, don't deny it," said she, putting her hand playfully on his lips, "it is but natural that a mind like yours should again wish for its usual activity; again wish for the pursuits which habit has rendered second nature."

Trevor protested her society was all that he wished on earth; that her conversation was sufficient, her music the only sweet sounds he wished to hear. But Agnes again stopped him by exclaiming, "Oh, yes! all this is prettily spoken; but confess now, Charles, don't you think you will enjoy my society better, and appreciate my music more justly, had you the opportunity of comparing it with that of others?"

She looked archly as she spoke, and Trevor's consciousness suffused his brow and cheek with that slight glow of confusion, which, in a woman, would have been dignified with the title of a blush.

A good-natured shake of the head, an affectionate kiss, and a playful exclamation of "naughty boy," set the whole matter to rights with him; and from this moment every preparation was made to quit that place, in which a few short weeks since he had almost sworn he could pass his life; that place, within whose limits he had protested were contained all that he wished on this side of the grave; all that he had sworn was fame, fortune, and happiness to him.—Vol. II., p. 56—60.

This conduct works its natural and inevitable result: after the most bitter pangs, arising from love requited only by neglect, the love itself at last becomes extinct: and *then*, at that critical moment, when a loving heart has, from ill-requital, ceased to love, Leslie appears upon the scene—a man skilled to perfection in the knowledge of woman, and in the arts by which she is to be won. The progress of his passion for Agnes—for this time he really loves—and the manner in which his feelings act upon her's, are wrought out with the hand of a master. Such knowledge must have been bought by experience. But let Leslie speak for himself:—

"So much for them; and now, Fred, for the pith of my intelligence, the marrow of my letter. Put all that has gone before aside, as we do the rubbish that has accumulated in Rome, before we come to the tessellated pavement—the veritable soil of the mother and empress of the world. Dost remember Trevor? There's a bathos! it puts you in mind, no doubt, of Juliet's nurse.—

Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous—Where's your mother?

and you say, What the devil has the empress of the world to do with our quondam acquaintance Trevor? Why, neither more nor less, Villars, than that this vacillating fellow, who always rowed in our wake at college, and followed our example at an humble distance on the Continent, has married a woman that deserves to be empress of the world, if everybody had their deserts.

But nobody has, else we should not be where we are; for we are certainly deserving of a throne or the gallows, though for the life of me I cannot tell which; and at present we have attained to neither of them.

But to this—yes, I will call her woman—but such a one, Villars!—one of my *peculiars*! How shall I paint her to your imagination, Fred? For it is too gross of itself to conceive such a creature without the aid of my pen; yet by my soul

It strains me past the compass of my wits to describe her with any degree of justice.

‘ Indeed, what artist would be equal to the task, even with the aid of all the colours which nature has so kindly furnished for the imitation ?

‘ The hand of Raphael could not have depicted her dignity ; Corregio’s mingling colours could not have portrayed her softness ; the glowing pencil of Titian would have failed in her complexion ; and Michael Angelo himself could not have done justice to her form.

‘ As to her eyes, her complexion, her hair, I cannot attempt to describe them ; her first impression, and I am yet speaking from first impressions, is like that which we both felt on our first contemplation of the Via Sacra and San Pietro,—so overwhelming that the mind has no leisure for details.

‘ It is precisely that kind of beauty which defies analysis ; a beauty arising from a complete whole ; a beauty which, as Hogarth says, ‘ is seen and confessed by all ; yet, from the many fruitless attempts to account for the cause of its being so, inquiries on this head have almost been given up, and the subject generally thought to be a matter of too high and too delicate a nature to admit of any true or intelligible discussion.’

‘ Imagine, if thou canst, Milton’s Eve mingled with Byron’s Gulnare ; Desdemona’s delicacy with Juliet’s voluptuousness ; in short, imagine something that thou hast never seen, and thou may’st perhaps hit upon something like Agnes—Trevor—for Trevor is her name by *law* ; that d—d law which confines a woman to one man, and gives him the power of monopoly over a magazine of charms that might have furnished beauties for a hundred of her silly sex. Then she is as unlike the rest of them in manners and mind as she is in person ; she acts from feeling instead of form ; sets ceremony at defiance ; thinks for herself ; patronises talent wherever she can find it ; takes up the cudgels in defence of the oppressed and injured ; detests affectation ; and in the midst of fashion, is the creature that nature intended her to be, and that poets have made her.

‘ She has imagined a world of her own, and peopled it according to her imagination,—and strong in the native elegance of her own mind and person, astonishes the little minds of those who tread in the steps, or follow in the train of their predecessors.

‘ She owes every thing to the creative energy of her own mind. She acts, and thinks, and speaks for herself,—she is original,—and all the masters in the world, with their arts of mannerism, and dancing, and music, would have only spoiled her, as the wretched plasterer Maderno destroyed, with his frippery, the magnificent design of Michael Angelo.

‘ Now is it not a shame that such a creature should be thrown away upon such a fellow as Trevor ?

‘ And how did he get her ? say you. Why, they danced together at one of the prince’s juvenile balls when children,—they met together again at the Dashington university quadrilles, which you and I, like fools, used to despise, knowing that the head of the college was only preparing pupils to turn them over to our hands in a greater stage of maturity. He handed her into the carriage at her presentation,—he danced through the first season with her,—was opposed by her relatives, and carried her off. This is all I can find he ever did to obtain her.

‘ The fact was, the lucky rascal was the first who whispered the word love in her ear,—her heart and soul had already been attuned to the sound by her own nature and the nature of her studies. Trevor was thrown in her path at a critical moment : to do him justice, the fellow has enough ardour while a pursuit is new,—the injustice done him by her relations roused the demon of opposition-generosity in her mind,—her imagination filled up the outline of a hero, which Trevor had given her, with qualities of her own creating, and she became his. Will he keep her ? what think you ?

‘ I say, Fred, I was just thinking what a glorious mistress such a creature would make ! What a companion for the bright moonlight nights of Italy ! What a form to contemplate in the placid bosom of the Larian lake ! Then, the sensation she would create in the saloons of Florence ! the comfort at



the little albergos ! Altogether——But I must not think of it, I suppose.”—Vol. II., pp. 151-157.

Such is the opening of that pursuit upon which the fate of this lovely creature was doomed to turn. The whole of its progress is traced with equal minuteness and felicity ; and we are withheld from giving one or two of its most highly-wrought scenes, solely lest we should mar the interest of the reader in a story most originally and happily constructed. We shall leave this untouched, and proceed to the “ last scene of all.” Leslie is on his death-bed ! and brought thither by the hand of his dearest friend, for his having not considered even *his* wife sacred. Mutual forgiveness, however, had been exchanged—for the lady herself was guiltless—and the fevered thoughts which crowded his mind “ he attempted to allay by his old habit of writing to Villars.” The letter is given as written at broken intervals ; but even of these fragments we can find room only for a few :—

‘ I have been used to will, and to do, all my life ; and never recollect saying I WILL, that I did not. Is then the power of volition to fail me only now, when I say I will live ? No—no, life is strong within me. These physicians judge by their own emaciated fragile bodies : they have no idea how much such a firm-knit, athletic frame as mine can suffer ; and yet the devils tell me I shall die : and as they pronounced the fiat, a legion of other devils seemed to enter, and run riot in my mind ; and appeared to dance about me, laughing and chattering, with a kind of hellish joy, as though it were to welcome me. Where—where—*where*, to welcome me ?”—Vol. III., pp. 399, 400.

‘ These physicians are fools—drivellers : they say I must sleep ; and one of their cursed potions has procured me an hour of hellish refreshment. But I am awake—yes, awake once more ; and it was but a dream—a thing to laugh at—a thing that we have laughed at together. I am awake ; and in opening my eyes to all the realities about me, though those realities are grave doctors, pale faces, hopeless countenances, they are heaven to the hell I have just quitted in awaking. Fred, I dreamed I was in a beautiful garden. Everywhere flowers bloomed around me, and beneath my feet, fresh and fair to look at, blooming as though Nature had just painted them, and sent them forth spangled with dew to scent the morning air ; and I felt, Fred, young again ; felt as you and I used to feel when we were boys, and chased the butterflies at Eton. Ha ! that twinge !

‘ Oh, that we had never chased anything but butterflies ! But we have, Fred. Well, I felt an indescribable longing for every flower that I saw, and I stretched forth my hand to pluck them ; and as I plucked them one by one, they withered in my touch : but I still grasped and grasped, on this side and on that ; but every one faded, one after the other ; and the grass and the bright daisies withered under my feet, as I proceeded, till I looked back, and all that was gay before was one blank scorched-up desert—and I felt a sense of desolation. Suddenly, the desolation changed ; and I found myself, how I cannot tell, in that paradise of Mahomet, which, in our hours of folly, we used to think was such a charming thought of the prophetic hypocrite ; and made us cease to wonder at the rapidity with which, in his early career, he made proselytes to his faith. And there were women, beautiful women ! the bane of both of us, Fred, flitting about in all the loose attire of eastern costume, amidst the shady groves and bowers of roses with which the place was filled, and all the passions of my nature—those fiery passions—but you know them—seemed roused ; my loss of blood was not felt in my sleep ; and I pursued, and caught in my outstretched arms a lovely form, that resisted me no more when it felt my warm arms entwined around it. It turned, and I beheld Fanny ! lovely as when we first knew her, with her blue eyes and flaxen tresses ; and I had all the feelings of

former times ; and there was everything about her that was lovely in woman—the soft lip, the heaving bosom, the rounded form—and I pressed her to my heart, when suddenly the cheeks assumed a livid hue—the eyes became sunken, yellow, and lustreless—the heaving bosom shrunk into ungainly folds—the firm flesh seemed to soften into disease, and she sunk a corpse out of my arms on to the ground. Still the same burning passions seemed to drive me on, and I caught one lovely form after another, only to *feel* them *die*—do you understand that ?—to *feel* them die : aye ! even as Othello seems to do, when hanging over Desdemona he feels pulse by pulse slacken and evaporate, till he appears to have taken leave of the world, and all the life it contains in the words—‘ She is dead.’

‘ And thus one after another failed me. Beauty turned to blackness, life into death, at my touch, as the flowers had done before ; and yet there remained the same fiery determination to pursue—the same burning impetus to urge me onward. At length but one remained ; and she fled from my pursuit—and faster and stronger than all the rest. But I came up with her, and it was—‘ Agnes !’ Let me breathe at the name, or rather let me shudder. It was Agnes, all that I remember her—the loveliest I had seen ! and she smiled upon me, and talked peace and comfort to me, and my heart seemed to forget all that had gone before. And my arms were once more around her, and her head drooped upon my breast, and I pressed her closely, and her kerchief fell in the slight struggle ; and I stooped my lips to press them upon her bosom, when, to my horror, as I breathed upon it, it turned black—black ; and a huge serpent seemed to be coiling round its beauties, and covering them with his venom ; and I looked up, and her face was fleshless—her sockets were eyeless—her teeth were lipless : the arms that were around me were mere bones ; and the fingers that pressed mine were thin strings of sinews, still warm and wet with flesh that had just fallen from them, and upon which myriads of worms preying in a grave which yawned at my feet ; and I heard a laugh, and a voice, and I looked into the grave, and it was Trevor, calling upon me to bring his wife,—and she obeyed the call,—and I could not disentangle myself from her firm grasp, but was forced forward, till we fell—fell—fell, into the loathsome grave together ; and I awoke—awoke, and found this earth a heaven ! Fred, if there be a hell, I have been there,—and these doctors, these dolts, would have me sleep. Oh ! I hope I shall never sleep again. I would rather invent some machine to prop my eyes open, than take their cursed opiates to damn me before my time.—If I am to die, I will die waking.

‘ Fred, I have been trying to summon to my aid all the arguments of those philosophers in whom we used so much to delight, from the ancients down to Voltaire and Rousseau,—and my mind has clung with an indescribable tenacity to all those which were wont to be so convincing to us in the heyday of our enjoyments, and they are all fresh in my memory. I can repeat them every word,—but it is all in vain : all their strength, all their seeming truth, seems to elude my grasp, like the phantoms in my dream. As I catch at them, and attempt to hang my faith upon them, they all dissolve one after another into airy nothingness, and all at the word *death*. This magic word seems to dispel all those dreams of philosophy, upon the truth of which we pinned our faith. DEATH ! how I hate the word ; and yet, if I look through my window, I see it written in gigantic characters on the broad blue sky. If I look round my chamber, I see it written like the fate of Belshazzar on the walls, and inscribed in the pale faces of my physicians and servants. If I bury my face in my pillow, I see it there—death !—death !—DEATH—nothing but DEATH written everywhere. Who would think that five simple letters could produce a word with so much terror in it ! Oh !——’—Vol. III., pp. 403-408.

Thus the book ends ; and we will not weaken the effect of *such* an ending by any addition of our own. Awful, indeed, is the death-bed of the wicked !



## PRESENT STATE OF SWITZERLAND.

WE have a vivid recollection of our youthful delight in reading Coxe's interesting 'Letters on Switzerland.' In after-life, the tours of Bourrit, and of Coxe's French translator, Ramond, together with the warm colouring of some of Rousseau's descriptions, excited in us an ardent curiosity to visit that romantic region. That anxiety has been repeatedly gratified. We have dwelt in Switzerland for months together, both in winter and in summer; and although our enthusiasm has been much tempered, yet we look back upon the country without disappointment. There has undoubtedly been much exaggeration in the ordinary descriptions of Swiss attractions. The natural beauties of the country, seen by travellers during the summer months, have been drawn with the brilliant colours of that season, which fade and pass away with a more protracted residence. With regard to its people, the old Helvetians, the mountaineers of the central cantons have still much of the stern virtues of their ancestors, but little of the social qualities. The educated society of the towns resembles the corresponding ranks in the rest of Europe. The beauty of the Swiss *bergères* has been much exaggerated also; indeed, the sex, generally speaking, is not remarkable for personal charms, beyond a glow of health, the gift of their climate. The same may be said of the Arcadian simplicity of the mountaineers, whose mode of life can only have attractions for a native.

The principal charm of Switzerland consists in its political independence, and the peace, freedom, and personal security which are thence derived. There is also a blunt honesty and manliness of spirit in the people, which spring from the same source. To a traveller coming from France, and consequently weary of the monotonous appearance of vast cheerless fields, shabby country towns, and coarse-looking peasantry, the transition to a country of blue lakes and lofty mountains, with a varied landscape of neat villages, well stocked farms, and inclosed grounds, and, above all, the feeling of emancipation from the rule of douaniers, gendarmes, and passport inspectors, render the first impression on descending the Jura mountains one of un-mixed delight. To him also, who has retraced his steps from the syren-regions of the south, after having inhaled the Tyrrhenian breezes, feasted his eyes on the wonders of classic lands, and enjoyed the luxuries and the giddy pleasures and gaieties of Italy, we would appeal, whether, in crossing the Pennine Alps, and finding himself once more in the regions of storms and snows and roaring torrents,—on beholding the dark pine forests that protect the peaceful valley below, and the humble *chalet* which shelters the simple, contented mountaineer—whether he has not felt his best feelings renovated,—whether he has not thought again of *home*, more frequently than he did in the gay regions he left behind,—whether the lines of Goldsmith have not involuntarily occurred to his memory,

—Turn from them, turn we to survey,—

Where rougher climes a nobler race display.

All this we have felt forcibly and repeatedly; and we believe it is

APRIL, 1828.

E

this contrast with the countries on either side, which constitutes the principal charm of Switzerland to a stranger. A feeling of dulness, indeed, often succeeds ; for Swiss society is not brilliant or lively. Here the passions are calm, and the spirits are sobered down, and an appearance of puritanic rigidity is observable in several parts of the country.

Since the peace, few travellers have written, *ex professo*, on Switzerland. We are unacquainted with any complete tour, except Simond's, and *that* we can hardly call complete. His observations are often common-place, and the almost total want of feeling for the beautiful, which is apparent in the works of this writer, leaves a dryness in his pages which is wearisomely felt by the reader. There are, however, several German or Swiss writers on Switzerland, whose works we would recommend to those who travel for the sake of studying the countries they visit. Wyss' 'Tour in the Oberland and in the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen,' with the excellent map annexed, is a very useful guide to those interesting and much-frequented districts. Dr. Ebel's 'Traveller in Switzerland,' in French, is a valuable companion through the whole of the country. Of Mr. Kasthofer's learned and sensible work 'On the Smaller Cantons and the Rhetian Alps,' translated lately into French, we cannot speak in too high praise. Mr. Kasthofer's object was chiefly statistical ;—he directed his inquiries to the condition of the people, the state of agriculture, and the ameliorations which were obviously wanted, but he did not neglect other topics. He describes manners, he paints nature, he reminds his readers of historical facts ; in short, his book is the most philosophical, and, at the same time, the most instructive, that has been written on Switzerland during the present century.

The French have also had a tourist in Switzerland,—Mr. Raoul Rochette, of Paris, a young man of some literary reputation in his own country, and a member of the Institute. He has written three volumes of letters on Switzerland, in which some lively remarks and pretty descriptions are marred by a tone of sentimentality almost laughable, and at times by a spirit of sarcasm quite as irksome. Raoul Rochette published, in 1820, his first volume of letters on Switzerland, addressed to his wife. In it he exhibited a mixture of paradox and flippancy, and much inexperience of men and things. But the last letter on Geneva was written in a spirit and tone altogether inexcusable. He arrived in that city on a Tuesday, delivered a letter of introduction to one of the most distinguished savans, by whom he was politely received, and invited to spend the evening with some of the best society of the place ; called on his banker, who referred him to his clerk, as to money matters ; sauntered about the *rues basses*, but, on account of the rain, could not see much of the town, and still less of the environs ; and next day left the place. And yet, in the course of four-and-twenty hours, including those he slept at his inn, he found materials to indite a very long and very abusive letter against the poor Genevese. He could not bear to see the "rue St. Denis transferred to the foot of the Alps," "nor the sight of rags and tawdriness spread before republican stalls." "Interest," says he, "is the god of the Genevese,—the spirit of Calvin is forlorn and forgotten. Literary studies are despised at Geneva ; poetry, if it ever should come there, would expire among arithmetical figures ; and the sound of eloquence would



be drowned by that of the ten thousand hammers of watchmakers and mechanics. The posterity of Necker swarms at Geneva; but Jean Jacques, were he to return to life, would not find here a single disciple. The same influence is observable in the arts, they paint only for ready sale, landscapes, horses, caricatures. *I do not think* there is a single historical painter; but they reckon several manufactures of miniatures, for the Genevans make even their features an object of trade." This tirade is quite in the style of that full-mouthed, but unmeaning oratory which infected French writers towards the end of last century, and out of which they now begin to emerge. The Genevese were indignant at Mr. R.'s attack; and, at last, an experienced hand bestowed on him a deserved castigation, in a reply, addressed "to Mr. R. R. Member of the Institute, Professor of History, and Royal Censor," which letter was published at Geneva and Paris, in 1820. The tone is calm, the reasoning pertinent, and this pamphlet we should recommend as one of the best illustrations of Genevan character, habit, and institutions.

In a second volume of letters published in 1823, containing his observations on Switzerland in two subsequent journeys, Raoul Rochette made to Geneva the following apology: "I find it very difficult to get at a favourable point of view from which I might see Geneva; I have never seen it either sufficiently near or sufficiently far off to view it to advantage. It is not long since, a traveller \* who seems to be proof against spleen as well as enthusiasm, after having spoken both evil and good of Geneva, has settled and married there and become naturalized. *Another traveller, who had only passed through Geneva* on his first visit, and who had scarcely caught a glimpse of the place, published a satirical letter against it. This same traveller, on a second journey, has found here all the doors open; the men have taken pains to afford him every information, this has been their only reproof; and the ladies have smiled on him as their only revenge. Among a people whose detractor he had been, he has met with none but friends." p. 268. Certainly the *amende honorable* could not have been made with a better grace, and with more perfect ease and French nonchalance.

But a more creditable and more important apology, written by Mr. Raoul Rochette, not for the Genevese alone, but for the Swiss in general, is his reply to one of Mr. de Bonald's ultra rhapsodies, which the latter delivered from the tribune of the House of Deputies. This gentleman, while pleading for the independence of the Greeks, took it into his head to attack the legitimacy of the Swiss government. In his mystic, oracular jargon, he said he was willing to acknowledge in the Helvetic states, the right of a civil, but not of a political authority over their respective commonwealths; for the latter jurisdiction belonged to the great powers of Europe, to whose good will and pleasure alone those little states owed their existence, and in whom, therefore, the right of suzeraineté was vested." This monstrous principle is justly scouted by Mr. R., who certainly cannot be accused of too liberal ideas, but who properly reminds his countrymen of the numerous treaties entered into for the last three centuries by the principal powers of Europe with the Helvetic republic, and asks whether a government ceases

\* Mr. Simond, the author of 'Travels in Switzerland and Italy,' whom Mr. R. R. seems to have characterised with tolerable correctness.

to be lawful as soon as it becomes weak? "What would become of Europe," exclaims Mr. R., "what would become of legitimacy itself, if we were to assume that strength alone constitutes right?"—*Pref. to vol. II.*

This controversy is not such a work of supererogation as it might be supposed at first sight. There are many seeds of injustice, old and new, scattered over Europe by unprincipled administrations, royal, republican, and imperial, which have clouded the mind of society, and which threaten the existence of every state that cannot raise half a million of soldiers. For instance, another distinguished military member of the House of Deputies, and of the liberal side too, said also, very coolly, that in the event of another war with Austria, the French must take military possession of the Swiss Alps, as of an advanced post in the heart of the enemy's country!

The situation of the Swiss federation since the peace has been peculiarly delicate. The French invasion of 1798 had revealed the secret of its weakness; it had also given a plausible opportunity to the old pretenders, the Austrians, to interfere, under the plea of assistance. Buonaparte's subsequent protectorate had weakened still more the moral strength of Switzerland. Whatever may have been the further views of that chief, it is clearly proved that his organization of Switzerland, like that of Italy and of Germany, was only temporary. He had rudely stripped the Helvetic federation of some of its finest appurtenances; Valteline, Geneva, the Bishopric of Basle, Neuchatel, and the Valais, had been dismembered. The canton de Vaud was to follow next; the measure was in contemplation just before the Russian war; and it was spoken of in the bureaux at Paris, with the accompanying comment, that a country where people spoke French ought naturally to form part of France! However, the administrators and employés intended for Lausanne and Vevay were disappointed; the reverses of 1813, and the restoration of 1814, placed Switzerland out of the pale of French protection. The allies took it under their care, and it must in justice be said that, at that epoch of sweeping annexations and unblushing bartering of countries, Switzerland was better treated than she had reason to expect. Russia and England were her friends; Alexander was attached to Switzerland through his preceptor La Harpe; and there is no doubt that this circumstance, joined to his ambition of popularity at the time, led him to support her independence, against French and Austrian influence. But when the war broke out in 1815, was the neutrality of Switzerland respected? And what security is there, that, in case of another war between Germany and France, the Swiss territory will not be again violated, unless the Swiss assume a military appearance too formidable to be wantonly encountered by the belligerents?

And here we meet again our Parisian traveller, Mr. Raoul Rochette, who repeatedly, in each of his three volumes, persists in condemning the military exercises and the system of tactics now adopted and taught all over Switzerland,—the school of artillery established at Thun,—the frequent reviews of the militia of each canton,—in short the care that is bestowed to have the whole of the male population trained up and disciplined according to modern institutions. Mr. Rochette thinks all this labour lost; for, according to him, the defence of Switzerland ought still to be "entrusted to its natural ramparts, the Alps, and to



its mountaineers, led by the sound of the horn of Uri, and armed with the bow of Tell." And yet a few pages before he had told his readers that Switzerland was far removed from the days of Morgarten and Sempach; that its relative weakness proceeds from its having remained stationary while all around it has changed, and that the Swiss feel the concussion of every movement which takes place in Europe." p. 404. Then it is not sufficient to trust to the barrier of the Alps, and to assemble the shepherds and hunters at the sound of the bugle of Uri and to draw the bow of Tell! But, says Mr. R., "their poverty and their mountains must be the protectors of their independence." Did they protect them in 1798? and even granting they might now, that mixed security would apply only to the little cantons, to the Waldstæten; but what is to become of Bern, Geneva, Zurich, Basle, and St. Gall? They are neither poor nor protected by the Alps.

In their foreign as well as in their domestic relations between canton and canton, the utmost delicacy and prudence are essential to the independence of the Swiss. They must avoid giving offence to other powers, whilst they ought to endeavour to strengthen the ties of sympathy between the various members of the Confederation, old and new. It is this consideration that has led the Genevan legislature, during their last year's session, to pass a law restrictive of the press, in matters of external politics, and especially in what *concerns the Helvetic Allies of Geneva*. Imperious motives have excused this measure. At the epoch of the restoration, the old cantons were not very anxious to have Geneva for one of their body, the Genevese having, amongst the more sober German Swiss, the reputation of being a restless, meddling people. Some of the cantons are aristocratic, many are catholic; the Genevese are mostly protestants and liberals. The caustic spirit of the latter has prompted them, at times, to ridicule their allies, who, however, in case of need, are their only protection. These considerations led the executive to propose the measure above alluded to. A committee was appointed to examine the project of a law on the press, the members of which were almost all of the liberal party. The project was adopted, however, with some modifications; the law was enacted, and the liberal legislators were stigmatised by the ultra liberals as *Jesuits*!

Several of the Swiss cantons are aristocratic; Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald are the most purely democratic ones. The people of the latter are as free as men can be who live in society; yet with such an entire liberty there is amongst these people an invincible repugnance to innovation. They have even abolished the liberty of the press, because they thought it useless in a country where every one knows his rights, and where, we may presume, very few people think of writing. They have no written constitution, but customs transmitted to them through five centuries. There is no distinction of dress, and no separate classes in society; while the greatest fortunes amount to only about two thousand pounds. The Landsgemeinde, or general assembly, consists of all the male population above sixteen years of age; it appoints the magistrates, the chief of whom is the Landamman. These assemblies used, in former times, to be stormy, but now every business is conducted with the greatest calmness, and there is, at the same time, an indolence and want of emulation, which tend to

relax the severity of republicanism. The more active and wealthier families contrive to monopolize the offices of the state, and many citizens neglect to attend the *Landsgemeinde*. The people of these cantons are strictly catholic, and yet they of old enacted restrictions, by which they drew the limits between the clerical and the secular jurisdictions, and repressed the exactions of the former; this was at a time when crowned heads bent in the dust before the papal tiara. It seems, therefore, that liberty is not incompatible with the catholic religion. We will quote a passage of Raoul Rochette, whose account of the little cantons is more pertinent than other parts of his work.

"The town of Schwytz, with its ample, commodious, and clean buildings, where peasants are lodged like noblemen, and where every man is a citizen, presents a singular mixture of rustic simplicity and of republican dignity. The principal hotel, kept by an ancient chief magistrate, the landamman Heidegger, is very different from our inns; there is an atmosphere of probity and decency which makes the traveller think himself under his own paternal roof. The churchyard is in the middle of the town; after divine service, the people love to assemble and loiter in this spot, where I have seen them kneel on the tombs of their relatives and utter prayers. Aloys Reding, the last hero of Swiss independence, lies buried here. The appearance of comfort, which is so remarkable in the canton of Schwytz, shows that liberty has not been to these people a stepmother; the old Swiss liberty made her children thriving and happy, whilst the shadow that some of us have taken up in latter days tends only to crowd men in factories, in camps, or in mines."

Mr. R. is one of those who like to compare things which are perfectly dissimilar. The institutions, however free, of a great commercial over-peopled empire, cannot make all its inhabitants as comfortable and as contented as the farmers and shepherds of the patriarchal Schwytz.

It is in the little cantons that R. Rochette, bating an occasional turgidity of language, and some fits of sentimentality, raises himself to the level of his subject. A Frenchman, he renders homage to those who bravely, though unsuccessfully, opposed the unprincipled aggression of Frenchmen; he is inclined to do justice to all, whether Catholics or Protestants, aristocrats and democrats; and he has something kind and considerate to say to each, except to the authors and abettors of the invasion of 1798.

The canton of Appenzell is divided into two Rhodes or districts, Protestant and Catholic; the latter is agricultural, the former is a country of manufactures, wealthier and more industrious. The Catholic Appenzellers, however, are the finest race in Switzerland; strong, healthy, and well built, while the women are in every respect worthy of their husbands. Both sexes are fond of showy colours, especially red; they wear red caps, red ribbons, and red waistcoats, which suit their rich complexions. The town of Appenzell is the capital of the Catholic district. Mr. Rochette is by no means a bigot, and he thus speaks of the religious practices of the place:—

"The quantity of images and sacred emblems which decorate the walls, both inside and outside of the houses, and the various convents and nunneries, give to this town the appearance of a monastic community. It wears a claustral aspect, which, in the midst of this



smiling landscape, of this pure and bracing atmosphere, produces a sensation far from pleasant. On entering the inn, I could fancy myself still in the church; and my bed-room, hung up with saints and relics, and furnished with a benitier, resembled much the cell of a monk. I entered one of the chapels, which are scattered all over the country, and which, on holidays, are filled with shepherds, who descend from the mountains, and give to piety their leisure hours. A Capuchin, standing at the foot of the altar, was explaining to them the passion of our Saviour, in a language which I did not understand, except by the signs of emotion, indignation, and even fury which the audience manifested, followed by sobs and cries, and shrieks, which became really appalling. Reflecting I was a stranger, I felt for a moment afraid they might take me for a Jew, and make me suffer for the sins of my supposed forefathers."

There is much feeling of aversion still towards the Jews in German Switzerland, especially at Basle and Schaffhausen, an anomaly in a country where religious tolerance is very generally understood and practised. The shameful outrages committed against the Jews by fanatics, in several towns of Germany, in 1817, must be still present to the recollection of our readers. The rallying cry for these worthless Christians was *hep, hep, hep*, meaning *Hyerosolima est perdit*.

Zurich is the most important city of Eastern or German Switzerland; there is much activity in trade and manufactures, and also in book-selling and the fine arts. The house of Orell and Füssli is known for the beautiful coloured engravings of landscapes and costumes which it executes, besides its excellent maps and prints. They have given to the public a great work, "Dictionary of the Artists," in 4 vols. folio. Mr. Füssli is himself a man of letters, and a contemporary and friend of Muller, Bodmer, and Lavater. Mr. Gessner, the nephew of the celebrated poet, has another bookselling and typographic establishment. He published, some years ago, Wieland's translation, with comments, of Cicero's letters, arranged in chronological order, a work in high repute among German literati. H. Meister is one of the living literary characters of Switzerland; he has written an amusing description of his native country, styled 'A Journey from Zurich to Zurich.' He is said to be the author of many of the letters published under Grimm's name. Professor Orell is also a political and philological writer of considerable reputation. There are several literary and scientific societies and institutions at Zurich,—a lyceum,—a school of medicine, and one of vocal music, the latter under the direction of Nægeli. The public library of Zurich is copious, and rich in MSS., especially relating to the history of Switzerland. All this commercial and intellectual activity exists in a city which does not reckon more than about twelve thousand inhabitants.

We wish we could say as much for the laws and social habits of the people of Zurich, as for their industry and mental acquirements. But legislation and jurisprudence are in a very imperfect state in most parts of Switzerland. Although politically free, the people of these countries are far from enjoying civil liberty. Each canton has its peculiar laws, and the criminal code and practice are mostly in a barbarous state. Interrogatories are carried on in private; the absurd requisite of the confession of the accused is still considered necessary;

and severe treatment in prison, and even some modes of torture are resorted to. The executive often interferes with the judicial power. Some countries, such as Geneva and Vaud, have made, since the restoration, salutary reforms in their laws and judicial system; but most of the German cantons preserve their old customs and practices. It is to be observed that Buonaparte, by his act of Mediation in 1804, did not interfere in the internal administration of the respective cantons; he only looked to secure their political dependence upon himself.

Aarau, the capital of the new canton of Argau, is the most literary place in German Switzerland. Journals and pamphlets, political and literary, are published there. Zschokke, a Saxon by birth, but naturalized in Switzerland, is the principal writer of the day. His works are very numerous; they have been collected and published lately at Aarau, in twenty-eight small volumes. They consist chiefly of tales, biographical sketches of native characters, among which are those of La Harpe, Steiger, and Burkhard, political and historical essays, and several critical and satirical papers. Zschokke writes professedly for the people, and has succeeded in the difficult art of being popular.

Speaking of living writers, we may add a few words upon the other more eminent authors of Switzerland. Bonstetten, a Bernese patrician, has been long settled at Geneva, and writes in French. Bonstetten is past eighty. At fifteen he was introduced among courtiers and literati; he has lived in the north and in the south; he has known two ages, in the social, as well as in the literary world. Having been acquainted with the leading characters of three generations, his recollections must be very valuable. He is said to be writing memoirs of his distinguished contemporaries. His heart is Swiss, his judgment German, and his wit French.

The history of Switzerland, during the middle ages, previous to the assertion of its independence, abounds in incidents of a romantic character. A lady, Madame d'Ordre, has published a series of tales referring to those times, which she has styled '*La Suisse Féodale.*' The well written novels of Madame de Montolieu, though mostly translations from the German, constitute some of the most current publications of Switzerland in the present century. This lady is still living near Lausanne, but we believe has given up writing on account of her advanced age and her infirmities.

If we add to these M. Lullin de Chateauvieux, of Geneva, his countryman, the well known Sismondi, and one or two more perhaps, we have a muster of the living literary characters of Switzerland. In saying this, we do not include the scientific writers and the naturalists, of which that country is justly proud, such as De Candolle, Pictet, and Huber.

Literature, properly speaking, does not enjoy great favour in Switzerland. The Swiss are by no means a romantic, imaginative race; they have had few poets with the exception of Gessner and Haller: although living in the midst of the most wild and sublime scenes of nature, they are a very prosaic matter-of-fact people. Few among the Swiss take even the trouble of visiting the more remarkable sights out of their own canton. We know many people at Geneva and Lausanne who have never visited the valley of Chamouny, although they have travelled in the course of their lives to Italy, France, Germany, and



even England. And yet the Swiss have the reputation of loving their mountains, and of pining and withering when far from them. This, we believe, if ever true in our days, can only be the case with the natives of the Alpine districts ; but even their attachment is of a calm and not an enthusiastic nature, as some have fancied ;—they hardly notice those objects when near, but they miss them after a protracted absence.

The country of the Grisons, the easternmost part of Switzerland, has been, till lately, very little frequented by travellers ; it is, however, one of the most curious Alpine regions,—its mountains, its glaciers, yield in nothing to those of Bern and of the Waldstæten. It is in that country that the Rhine and the Inn have their sources, the second of which rivers may be considered as the parent stream of the mighty Danube. The manners, language, and history of the people are also peculiarly remarkable.

The population of the canton of the Grisons amounts to about eighty thousand. They are sprung from three different races, the Rhetians, who are the most numerous and the most ancient, the Germans, and the Italians, who inhabit the southern vallies. The Rhetians are supposed to be the descendants of the Thusci or Etruscans, who took refuge among these mountains when the Gauls, under Bellovesus, invaded Italy ; they were conquered by the Roman arms, under Drusus and Tiberius, and fell afterwards under the sway of the Ostrogoths and of the Franks, who established the feudal system. We find them in the tenth century under the various jurisdictions of the Bishop of Coire, the Abbots of Disentis and of Pfeffers, and of several petty secular lords, all, however, acknowledging the nominal suzeraineté of the German empire. The wars of the Guelphs and Gibelins, and the disputes between the bishop and the barons, desolated the country, and the oppressions and inhumanity of the latter against their vassals caused several revolts. At last a convention was entered into at the village of Trouns, in 1424, between the vassals and their lords, among whom were the Abbot of Disentis and the Counts of Werdenberg and of Sax, which guaranteed to the people their rights of property, personal security, and equal justice by law. Such was the beginning of the High League, called also the Grey League, from the grey frocks the deputies wore. Trouns was to the Rhetians what Rütli had been a century before to the Swiss. Another league was formed in the lands belonging to the Bishop of Coire, between the commons and several lords, under the sanction of the bishop himself ; this was called the league of the *House of God*. At last, at the death of the powerful Count of Toggenburg, in 1436, who left no children, the valleys of his jurisdiction declared themselves independent, and formed the third league, called the league of the *Ten Jurisdictions*. The three leagues formed, in 1471, a perpetual alliance among themselves, and afterwards another treaty of alliance with the Helvetic cantons. The Grisons afterwards conquered the Valteline, and figured in the Milanese wars.

In the French invasion of 1799, the country of the Grisons was the theatre of war between the French and the Austrians and Russians, who disputed between them the passes of the mountains. The cruelties committed by the first invaders led the inhabitants to revolt, but they were overthrown and slaughtered without mercy. At last, by

the act of Mediation of Buonaparte, the Grisons took rank in the new Helvetic confederacy as a canton, and such they have since remained. Like their neighbours of the Waldstæten, the Grisons have adopted a democratic form of government. At the elections, each of the candidates appears supported by his respective friends, who, by the strength of their muscular arms, strive to place him in the curule chair, raised on a platform in the middle of the hall. Two-thirds of the population of the Grisons are of the reformed religion, and the remainder are Catholics.

The Grisons speak the language called *Romantsch*, which is peculiar to that country, although traces of it are to be found in some of the Swiss dialects, especially in the countries near the lake of Geneva. The *Romantsch*, which is spoken in the Grey League, is a mixture of Latin, Italian, and German, with some terminations, which sound like Languedocian or Limousin. A grammar of it was published at Bregentz in 1805.\* About thirty works, chiefly on religious subjects, constitute the literature of the *Romantsch* language. There is one work of general interest on the history of Rhetia, under the following title: *Chronica rhetica, ou l'histoire dal origine, guerras, alleanzas, et auters evenimaints da nossa chiara Patria, la Rhetia, our da divers Authurs componeda da Nott da Porta, et per bain public a cusst seis fatta stampar da N. Shucan. In Scuol, anno 1742.* Of this scanty literature, thus confined to a remote corner of the globe, polemic works constitute a considerable proportion; these have attractions for the mountaineers, and employ, even at the present time, the Grison presses, five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The *Ladin* dialect, which is spoken in the valley of Engadine, has a still closer analogy with the Latin and Italian, than the *Romantsch*. It is softer and more agreeable to the ear; and some philologists have pretended that, by means of this ancient dialect, we might trace the true pronunciation of the old Roman language. There are a few books also printed in the *Ladin* language.

The Romance language, spoken formerly in all the south of France, and of which the Languedocian, Catalan, Valentian, and Balearic, and perhaps also the Piedmontese and Savoyard patois, are dialects, was a mixture of Latin and Teutonic, with Celtic terminations and syntax. The use of pure Latin was lost in those countries towards the ninth century, and the Romance superseded it in France and Western Helvetia. Charlemagne ordered the bishops to make use of it in their predication. The oath taken at Strasburgh in 812, by Charles the Bald, is one of the oldest documents in Romance language. It begins with the following form:—*Pro Deo amur et pro Christian poplo, et nostro commun salvament, disi di avant, in quant Deus savir et podir me dunat, si salvarai, io eist meon fradre Karlo, &c.*

The following is another specimen of the actual *Romantsch* of the Grisons:—*Senza dubt ei il Christgiaun la pli nobla et la pli perfetgia denter tuttas creatiras ch'è en vegnidas ord il Tutt-pussent maun de Diu.* It is evident that the *Romantsch* and still more the *Ladin* languages have the closest affinity with the Italian, from which they differ chiefly and almost solely in the termination of the words.

\* Mr. J. Planta published, in 1776, in London, an account of this curious language.



The country of the Grisons is now become accessible to carriages on the Italian side, by the two new roads of the Splugen and the Bernardin mountains. Travellers coming from Germany can now proceed from Constance and St. Gall, to Coire, and, after visiting the glaciers of the Rhine, pass into Italy, without being obliged to go round by Western Switzerland to meet the Simplon road. Some of the highest and the wildest summits of the Alps are in the Rhetian chain; the Galanda, the Bernina, the Maloja, the Muschelhorn, the Julier Alps, and the Septimer. Gothic castles, mostly in ruins, are scattered over the valleys of the Grisons and of Engadine. They are memorials of the violence and oppression of the middle ages, when mountain tyrants often perished by the just revenge of the irritated peasantry. Brutality to the female sex was in these sequestered regions, as well as at Rome and in Sicily, the immediate cause of revolt. A tradition says that the Lord of Gardovall, in the valley of Engadina, from his castle, perched on a lofty rock, cast his eyes on a handsome maid of the adjacent village of Camogask. He ordered some of his men to bring him the young woman that same night. Her father, struggling with his feelings, replied, with apparent calmness, that he preferred bringing his child himself, next morning, to the castle. The men went away; and the unhappy father ran to his friends, who, sharing his indignation, swore to put an end to the misery of their country or perish together. In the morning, both father and daughter proceeded to the castle, the latter dressed in bridal vestments. Some of the conspirators followed as a retinue, others concealed themselves near the castle gate. The Chatelain ran to the steps at the entrance, and, lost to all sense of shame, was going to embrace the maid under the eyes of her father, when the latter, drawing a dagger, plunged it into the heart of the tyrant. The castle was immediately forced by the conspirators, the satellites of the Chatelain were slaughtered, and Gardovall was set on fire. The whole of the valley of the Inn rose and became free.

A very useful work for travellers in the country of the Grisons has been published last year at Zurich, by Dr. Ebel, under the title of '*Voyage pittoresque dans les Cantons des Grisons, et à travers les Cols du Splugen, et du Bernardin vers les Lacs Majeur, et de Como*,' one vol. 8vo, with maps and plates. Dr. Ebel gives a geographical and statistical description of the Grisons, with curious information concerning their manners, language, &c. besides a full account of the natural curiosities, and an accurate guide to travellers. He describes, also, the two southern roads which lead into Lombardy, one over the Splugenberg to the lake of Como and Milan, the other over the Bernardin to the lake Maggiore, and to Turin and Genoa. The first has been made by the Austrian government of Lombardy to favour the trade of Milan. The latter has been effected at the united expense of the Grisons and the king of Sardinia, as it opens a direct communication from Genoa and Turin to Eastern Switzerland and Germany. Mr. Kasthofer, whom we have already mentioned, makes the following remarks upon these two great roads:—"One, the Bernardin, pierces boldly through the rocks, and goes almost direct to its object with a sort of republican boldness; the other seems to parade and manœuvre round the flanks of the mountain in order more easily and securely to reach

its summit,—a not inexact type of the genius of the two governments. A petty spirit of rivalry induced the Austro-Lombard commissioners to oppose, by every means in their power, the completion of the Bernardin road; they intrigued with the Canton of Tessin, through whose territory it passes; they even threatened, but to no effect; the road is now finished."

Mr. Kasthofer examines the often-debated question, whether these roads over the Alps are more useful than they are dangerous to Switzerland? He observes that the Alps and the Jura, impassable as they were to wheels, did not prevent the fatal and repeated invasions of 1798, 99, and 1814, 15; that Switzerland is no longer a mere pastoral country; she cannot remain insulated in the midst of commercial and refined Europe. Deprived as she is of seas and canals, obstructed by mountains and torrents, roads are the only resource left to her trade and industry. As for the pretended contagion of communication to manners and morals, it is now an exploded objection; give the people an object in view for bettering their existence, a new interest in life, and these will counteract the influence of idle vices that strangers may introduce into the country." Thus argues Mr. Kasthofer, a patrician of Bern, and we are pleased to find such liberal sentiments coming from that quarter. His arguments are worthy all the sentimental effusions of Mr. Raoul Rochette, who, like some other visionary men, would make the Swiss retrograde to the times of Tell and Winkelried, and resort to the bow and the sling, against the cannon of modern warfare.

On the Bernardin road, near the frontiers of the Grisons, an inscription gives the following admonition to the Rhetians:—

JAM VIA PATET  
HOSTIBUS ET AMICIS  
CAVETE RHÆTI!  
SIMPLICITAS MORUM  
ET UNIO  
SERVABUNT AVITAM  
LIBERTATEM.

The lovely valleys of Chiavenna and Valteline, on the Italian side of the Alps, had been given up by the Sforza, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by the Grisons to that family. The Valteline was since that epoch subject to the Grisons, who sent their commissioners under the name of *podestà*. These offices were publicly sold, and the officers so appointed remunerated themselves by bartering justice in their government. The disgrace of this system was felt by the Grisons themselves, who, in 1791, proposed that the people of Valteline should pay a land-tax of 4 per cent. which would have produced about 53,000 florins to defray the expenses of a regular administration; but the municipal council of Valteline remonstrated upon this as an attempt against their rights as guaranteed by the three leagues. In 1797, however, Buonaparte, after having conquered Milan, listening to the representations of some emigrants, united by a mere stroke of the pen the countries of Valteline, Chiavenna, and Bormio, to the Cisalpine republic. The landed property of one hundred and thirty Grison families was confiscated at the same time. Since the restoration, those fine valleys



have remained united to Lombardy, under the present Austrian government. They, too late, regret their former Grison government, under which they paid hardly any taxes, whilst now they pay nearly half a million of livres land tax, and a nearly equal sum as register, custom-house, salt, and tobacco duties. If the administration of justice has been improved in these countries, they certainly have paid dear for it.

The inhabitants of the bailliages of Lugano, Locarno, and Bellinzona, which are also on the Italian side of the Alps, and were subject to the Swiss cantons, were likewise invited by the Cisalpines to revolt, but, rejecting the insinuation, they remained true to Switzerland, and, in 1799, became, by mutual consent, an independent canton, and have since formed part of the Swiss federation, under the name of Tessin, from the river of that name. This is the only part of Switzerland which can be properly called Italian.

But we must now recross the Alps into *real* Switzerland. German Switzerland alone can be so denominated. The French or Welsh cantons form but a small part of the Swiss territory; and their manners, habits, and sentiments are very different from those of the old cantons, which are all *tudesques*. Geneva and Neuchatel are the most Frenchified parts of Switzerland; Vaud somewhat less; Basle, Fribourg, and Soleure are more than half German; Bern almost totally so. Bern is a very remarkable country; its patricians, their cautious and crafty policy, their wise and moderate administration, and the thriving and contented state of the people, remind us of the two great republics of Rome and Venice. Bern is the last remaining specimen of the old patrician governments. The Bernese aristocracy seems to have caught some of the spirit of the Venetian senate, rendered milder and more liberal in crossing the Alps, by the influence of the reformed religion.

The institution, or rather institutions, at Hofwyl, near Bern, under the direction of Mr. de Fellenberg, have long attracted the attention of travellers. Yet few have given a distinct idea of the principles of this establishment. It consists of a high school, or college, in which nearly one hundred boarders belonging to some of the first families of Switzerland, Germany, and Russia, are educated; of a farm for experimental agriculture; and of a charity-house for poor children, who are admitted from five years of age, and instructed in agriculture, and made progressively to cultivate the ground, so as to defray in time the expense of their support. All the implements for the labour of the field, constructed after the most improved methods, are made at Hofwyl. In the approximation of these various institutions for different classes of youths, Mr. Fellenberg has had in view to foster the feeling of sympathy which ought to connect the two extreme links of society. He strives, not to mix the two classes, but to prepare each for its respective condition, and to suggest to each reasons of contentedness and satisfaction, by instructing them in the arts and knowledge requisite to fill their several stations in the world. The education of the poor differs essentially from that of the rich, except in the cultivation of the principles of equal justice, and of sentiments of mutual benevolence. There are about thirty teachers for the college; grammar, humanities, and history, form the ground-work of education. Greek is taught before Latin, and Homer's *Odyssey* is the first classic put into the pupils' hands. The history of the Bible, and Herodotus

among the profane writers, introduce the historical studies. Geography is taught, beginning from the topography of the country adjoining Hofwyl, and enlarging its sphere with the increasing curiosity and capacities of the young men. The physical part of geography is thus made to precede the political, and the latter is studied in connection with history, beginning from classical or ancient geography. The pupils are made to draw the shape of the countries they become acquainted with, as well as several objects of natural history, and this accustoms their hands to obey the eyes, and prepares the way for the study of drawing. Botany is early taught to the boys in their excursions through the neighbouring country, and afterwards in a more advanced age when they are taken to the Alpine valleys and summits. Courses of chemistry and physics are also given. Music, both vocal and instrumental, is not neglected, and is made subservient to moral and religious instruction. Thus, (and this appears to be a characteristic of Mr. Fellenberg's method of education,) the various studies are made to go hand in hand. There are no classes for a gradation of separate lectures, but the pupils are distributed into sections according to their abilities and dispositions, and each section is intrusted to a teacher. If a boy shows an originality of mind that cannot adapt itself to the progress of those around him, he is put under the care of a particular professor, and receives private lessons in that particular branch of learning for which he shows a decided disposition; so that one is not kept behind by the tardiness of the rest. The physical and moral education is particularly attended to by Mr. Fellenberg himself. Gymnastics and pedestrian exercises fortify the body: every pupil has a portion of garden which he cultivates, and the produce of which is employed for the benefit of the poor. The boarders dine always with Mr. Fellenberg and his family; they are thus accustomed to domestic habits and becoming manners, and the elder ones have also the advantage of being introduced into the most respectable societies of Bern. Mr. Fellenberg does not stimulate emulation in learning by the common practice of rewards and punishments; paternal remonstrance is substituted. Every Saturday evening a public recapitulation is made of the conduct of the students by the professor to whom their moral education is particularly intrusted, and they are allowed to speak in their defence, or in extenuation of their faults\*.

The great difference between Fellenberg's principle of education and that of the late Pestalozzi, is, that the latter set off from the principle that the mind of the child contains the germ of all his future knowledge, and that it is only required to bring forth its own ideas, rather than encumber it with the ideas of others. Pestalozzi followed, therefore, the mathematical method for every branch of education, to the exclusion of every other: thus the feelings of the child were dried up, and in many cases vitiated. Fellenberg, on the contrary, does not acknowledge any exclusive system: he sees in the child two faculties; one of

\* Many of the most important points of Fellenberg's system have been successfully introduced into England by the Messrs. Hill, at their establishments at Hazelwood and Bruce Castle, with modifications and additions, which give to their system of "Public Education" quite an original character. An association of the most distinguished persons has been recently formed in Sweden, for the purpose of introducing the system of Messrs. Hill into that country.



producing and cultivating its own ideas, the other of receiving additional ones from external causes. With him the study of humanities precedes that of mathematics. Yet he agrees with Pestalozzi so far as to direct at first the pupil to study by himself, and therefore to form an original judgment, rather than to overload his mind at once with positive and dogmatic learning.

Switzerland is a country of moral as well as physical contrasts. By the side of Protestant Bern, of the democratic canton de Vaud, of Hofwyl and Pestalozzi's liberal institutions, of those two hives of industry, Geneva and Neuchatel, stands the old canton of Fribourg which has been denominated *the Spain of Switzerland*. Fribourg is a land of convents; its government is strictly aristocratic; the industry and education of the people are at a very low ebb. Those who speculate on the causes of the discrepancies in human society, have laid the blame of this wholly on the Catholic religion. We cannot help thinking this judgment too sweeping. The republics of Florence, Pisa, and Genoa were also Catholic, and yet they were wealthy and independent, and their people industrious and enlightened in the proportion of the age in which they existed. We have no wish to enter this vast field of discussion; but we dislike the illiberal servility with which one traveller follows the other in making Catholicism the scape-goat for every thing that is wrong in Catholic countries. We might allow that the practices of that religion, and the spirit of its hierarchy, must have an influence on the condition of the people, but we cannot assign a single cause in explanation of all the phenomena of society. One thing has been overlooked in speaking of Switzerland, and that is, that the Catholic districts are, generally speaking, the most mountainous, the most central, and the least favoured by nature and climate. One of the causes of the languor of industry at Fribourg has been seen by some in the absence of a *Caisse d'hypothèques*, or security for mortgages, by which means capitalists are deterred from employing their funds in the country. Yet in the Bernese Oberland, mortgages have been the ruin of the peasantry, and that Protestant district is in a worse state than its Catholic neighbours.

The high land of Gruyere, in the canton of Fribourg, is another part of Switzerland little visited by travellers, though well deserving notice; yet it is accessible in a few hours from Lausanne and Vevay. It has been well described in a little book published lately at Paris\*.

We seldom hear any thing of the Swiss Federal Diet, or Supreme Congress of the Nation. The fact is, that the sittings of that honourable body are very destitute of interest. There are no speeches or debates, properly so called; at least they are not made public. Before the opening of the session, the president communicates to the sovereign council of each canton the subjects of the ensuing deliberations, and these are discussed in the respective assemblies of the various states, from whom the deputies to the diet receive their instructions, from which they must not swerve. These assemblies, therefore, have only to explain the spirit, and support the propriety, of the opinions of their respective constituents. If some new case arise, they must send for further instructions. The diet does not interfere with the private administration

\* "Course dans la Gruyère, ou description des mœurs et des sites de cette intéressante contrée."—1826.

of each canton, except when it affects the interest of the whole confederation. It fixes the quota of men and money which each state is to furnish; it carries on the diplomatic correspondence of foreign powers; appoints ministers and consuls; and watches over the general safety and welfare of the country. The decisions of the diet are made known through the newspapers. It assembles, by turns, in each of the principal cities of Switzerland.

And now we must bid farewell to the land of old Helvetia, with its blue lakes and snow-capped Alps. We intended to take our readers with us on an excursion to Chamouny; but the mountains of Savoy form a separate region. They belong to an Italian kingdom, and we must defer the account of them to a future period.

### SONNETS.

#### I.

My soul is made for peace. I could spread out  
To the deep power of Joy, ev'n as a leaf,  
A vine leaf, in the moonlight, or a sprout  
Of silent ivy on a temple old—  
But that I live beneath the shade of grief,  
Under a dark mystery, and behold  
In all things an inexplicable dream,  
As if there was no truth, but all did seem.  
Come to me then, beloved! Let me feel  
Thy human, living being near to me,  
Another, yet the same. Thy kisses heal  
All doubt, and in thy love I know myself to be.

#### II.

Thou art no more my dream by day and night,  
Thou art no longer, Isabel, to me  
The dream of all my thoughts; yet still a light  
Is lingering in my breast, that comes from thee,  
Most gentle and most tender—as the moon,  
On the calm evening of a summer day,  
While yet the sun remembers his bright noon,  
Will often spread a softer light, and lay  
Sweet peace upon all hearts, a presence still,  
And rather felt than seen. But I am ill  
At heart, and not like summer is my mind,  
And not like balmy evening, but a blind  
Dungeon of night makes my soul dark and drear—  
No sight, motion, or sound, but silence and dim fear.



## THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE public performances of this society settle the *fashion* in instrumental music as truly as a synod of milliners in spring decides what bonnets or tippets are the properest to be brought up. We hear at the Argyle Rooms, on alternate Mondays, whether Mayseder, or Spohr, or Beethoven, is lord of the ascendant in violin playing; and the composer who there predominates will be found oftenest on the music-desks of amateurs;—a class of gentlemen-performers who exhibit their bowing and shifting to crowded evening parties,—discuss the faults of Mori, or the excellences of De Beriot, or the promise of Oury,—are authorities in musical table-talk,—without caring for *music*, patronise its professors,—and, from labouring to acquire skill upon an instrument, mistakenly rank themselves as lovers of the art itself. The excessive cultivation of instrumental performance in London has, by a natural consequence, a most injurious effect upon musical taste. Professors find that they gain applause and favour, in proportion as they vanquish mechanical difficulties; that rapidity of finger and neatness of execution are (without being employed in developing the mind of a composer) of themselves all-sufficient; and thus they spend their lives pretty much to the same purpose as the gymnast, who practises leaping over a stick, raising it every now and then an inch, that the difficulty may be commensurate with his improvement. The vanity of the artist increasing with the consciousness of his mechanical power, and his income depending on a certain assumption of superiority in the eyes of the public, he cannot endure to appear in his proper sphere as the servant of the composer, but is to himself “all in all.” He monopolises every plaudit, and therefore selects that sort of music to play in which the execution will appear every thing—the invention nothing. This state of things has been gradually progressive since the time when Giardini came over to astonish the English public, then little acquainted with a more elaborate or finished style of violin playing than Mr. Michael Festing, or Mr. Richard Collett had bequeathed. If, however, there was ever a chance of a revolution in musical affairs, such as would make composers, singers, and players take their proper respective situations, it is at the present time. The Royal Academy sends out so many young professors, that mechanical skill is no rarity; already Braham roars in vain, and Miss Paton has flourished herself out of favour. The Philharmonic Society recurs to the beautiful and natural sinfonias of Haydn. Concerts and oratorios are always crowded, and clapping begins to be less a test of impertinence and bad taste than formerly. All that is now wanted is, that a knowledge of the first principles of the science should be well diffused; and the acquirement of this knowledge is easier than even learning to play a good deal out of tune on the flute, and unquestionably of more value. So should we have fewer critics upon performers, and sounder judgments upon compositions. There is still wanting in music a designation for those concert performers, who, being only conversant with their instrument and their music-book, at present bear the title of musicians—a term which is equally inapplicable to singers and players, unless they are theorists as well. Owing to the opinions and influence of violin-players in the choice of the Philharmonic Society’s new musical pieces, we will venture

APRIL, 1828.

F

to say that there never yet existed a society so egregiously imposed upon by great names. Beethoven, it seems, *must* be good because he is Beethoven; but we are convinced that his last intolerably long and fantastic sinfonia, had it been the composition of a young English author, would, after a trial, have been rejected with contempt. Puerilities and extravagance have been consecrated by a voyage across the Channel, or such overtures as Spontini's *Olympia*, or Weber's *Preciosa*, would never have figured in the concert-bills. The performances of the Philharmonic Society have been esteemed by clever foreigners a sort of *cold* perfection; they say it has the finest players, with the least love of music, of any band in Europe. This indifference will doubtless make the return of the society to the good old sinfonias (which has taken place during the present season,) less unpleasing to the performers, as it is a favourable reversion for the real amateur. We have already heard, in the first and second concerts, two sinfonias out of the twelve Haydn wrote for Salomon; a sinfonia in C, by Mozart, and one in the same key by Beethoven; a violin quartett and quintett by the same author; a concerto on the piano-forte, by Mr. Cramer,—all excellently performed, and an earnest of good selections in future. The violin amateurs, who, we before remarked, take their cue from professors, as to the fashionable composer of the day, will now re-open their volumes of Haydn's quartetts. When Haydn became, in the *dandyism* of art, too poor and easy a writer for professors, he was instantly despised and rejected of the dilettanti, and was thrown aside for May-seder and Onslow. Even while he was in fashion, his fine compositions were frequently made by amateurs subservient to their love of *fiddling*. A friend of ours, a violoncello player, has related to us that the most unpleasant quartett party at which he was ever present, was one at which three gentlemen led by turns: two of them had often exchanged places, but the third was modest, and held off from the post of leader, and at last complied with the pressing invitations of his companions, to show, as he said, what he *could* do. It would have been better had he said, to show what he *could not* do. The three amateurs had learned to scramble over the notes that Haydn had written, but the meaning of their author, further than an exercise for the bow and finger-board, was unknown and unthought of. It is a great mistake to think that the performing upon an instrument makes a person capable of giving a correct opinion on music,—he must join to it experience, theoretical knowledge, and some insight into a composer's intentions.

#### ENGRAVINGS.

##### LONDON LITHOGRAPHIC ALBUM FOR 1828.

THIS is a selection of highly finished Drawings by celebrated artists of the present day, printed by Messrs. Engelmann, who, as lithographic printers, are treading close on the heels, or passing Hulmandell. Some of these drawings possess both taste in arrangement, and beauty in the execution; one is far superior to the rest, namely, "*Le Chapeau Noir*;" next to that, we prefer "*The Bedouin Arab*," which possesses clearness and intelligence; the mechanical execution of "*The Drowsy Messenger*," is, perhaps, the best of the collection. The "*View of York*," by Nicholson, is the cleverest among the landscapes; "*Miss F. Ayton*," and the drawing entitled "*A Sketch*," are a pair, that would puzzle a connoisseur to decide in which of the two the artist has exhibited the worst taste.



## FAMILY PORTRAITS.

## No. I.—INTRODUCTORY.—THE FAMILY HISTORIAN.

OF all kinds and descriptions of society of which I have either tasted or “heard tell,” there is none that, in my esteem, can at all compare with a large party in an English country-house. The party must be well assorted, that of course; there must be a sufficient number of agreeable people, and yet there must be a certain proportion of *passives* also. And this is by far the most difficult part of the selection. It is comparatively easy to judge of the extent and quality of the talents of a clever man, and to know how far he will, or will not, assimilate with such another. But, there must be listeners as well as speakers—receivers as well as givers—and the difficulty is to get good ones. For, mere “dumb dogs” will not do:—they must be people of intelligence and information, and yet—I must recur to my first illustration—they must be passive still.

Well, in this, as well as in every other ingredient necessary to constitute “an agreeable party in a country-house,” a friend of mine, with whom, a short time ago, I was passing a few weeks, had been eminently successful. There were about twenty of us assembled in a large, old-fashioned, yet most comfortable house, about one hundred miles from town (within reach for one’s post to come in at breakfast—the true criterion of distance); in the midst of a park eminently picturesque and beautiful—surrounded, in the outskirts, with pheasant woods, and only ten miles from the kennel of a crack pack of foxhounds. This sounds well, and it was well: there were billiards within, and hunting and shooting without, for the sporting men;—there were the most romantic walks and rides for lovers, and lovers of the picturesque;—there were an admirable library, and a very fine and curious collection of pictures, for those whose tastes were more intellectual;—there was dancing for the young, and there was music for the musical—and, there were an undeniable cellar, and a first-rate artist of a cook, for all.

And the party was formed in good proportions: the sporting men were not mere sporting men (*laus Deo*!); and when they chanced to bring home one of that calibre to dinner, he soon found that he was in too great a minority to expect to usurp the conversation, from the time the ladies left the room, with accounts of the famous runs they had had last year, besprinkled with topographical minutiae of Uffenden Wood, and Bowley Green, and Wormington Park Gate, sufficient to furnish an enemy’s quarter-master-general with adequate knowledge of the whole country. Neither were the literary men blue, or the learned men pedantic; but their knowledge and their brilliancy mingled naturally and charmingly with what chanced to be going on, and raised and brightened the character of the whole. This certainly was a black swan of a party—for there was a painter in the house, who was neither a coxcomb nor cantankerous.

Those six weeks were to me peculiarly delightful; and yet the pleasure I experienced was not directly derived from the inducements to it I have detailed above. I made the acquaintance of a very

remarkable and delightful person, whose society gave me very great enjoyment. I became known to him also, in the pursuit, or, to speak more strictly, in the riding, of a hobby of the moment—in the subject of which he was most intimately skilled—indeed, to his knowledge of which the reader will owe whatever entertainment the following series of papers may furnish him. The circumstances to which I allude are these:—

My friend's place is a very ancient one: the house itself is of the date of the middle of the 16th century—but his family has been "seated there" as the phrase goes, since the time of Edward III. There is, indeed, a tradition in the family, of a certain Gascon Knight, a follower of the Black Prince, having founded it, as regards England, by his intermarriage with the daughter of the wealthy English proprietor of Arlescot Hall, as the place was then called, as now—if, as indeed it is evident is the case, the term Hall be not of much more recent introduction. The present house, which was originally built about the reign of Edward VI. or Mary, consists of a vast number and variety of corps-de-logis, thrown together in an irregular and picturesque manner, with their gable ends in front, and with pinnacles and ornaments of that style when Gothic, properly so called, had ceased to be, and yet before the introduction of the Italian mode. In the midland parts of England, in particular,—to which the generic termination of the name of the place plainly proves this to belong,—these houses are frequent;—and, being built of a fine grey stone, which assorts admirably with the yellow and green moss-stains, (for want of a better term, for it is not quite actual moss), which time incrusts it with, they have a highly venerable and peculiar character.

Such is Arlescot Hall, the seat of Sir Edward Meynell, one of the original baronets of 1611, and lineally descended from Sir Eustache de Mont Ménil, a Gascon Knight, who bore the banner of Chandos, at the battle of Najara—and passed into the immediate service of Edward the Black Prince, after the death of that his most gallant and successful follower. Of these facts no one can be at Arlescot a week without having the most intimate and accurate knowledge. Sir Edward,—an old college friend of mine—is quite a man of this world, and of this day, with the exception of somewhat antiquated notions on the score of family descent. One of the most remarkable ways in which this propensity is manifested at Arlescot, consists in the existence of a long and very striking gallery, carved with dark oak, after the fashion of the 16th century, and in every respect in perfect keeping with the date of the house, but in fact built by Sir Edward himself, for the purpose of receiving, from the various rooms in the house, all the FAMILY PORTRAITS to be found within the walls. And, certainly, whether we consider the date of the present building, or the state of the arts in England two hundred years, or so, before—it is not a little remarkable that, at the head of the gallery, there should be placed a splendid whole length of the Sir Eustache aforesaid—in a full suit of knight's armour, and with a most gorgeously emblazoned escutcheon of his arms attached to the top of the frame. That the picture is a very old one there is no doubt;—it is, therefore, answering no sort of purpose to incur the eternal abhorrence of Sir Edward by hinting any scepticism of its extreme age, and consequently of the identity of the



worthy whom it represents. Every body, therefore, at Arlescot considers this the undoubted effigies of the great ancestor.

This stalwart warrior being at the head of the catalogue, it will create the less surprise that there are very few prominent names throughout the genealogical tree, whose portraits are not included in it. Sir William, the first, who was killed at the Battle of Shrewsbury—and Sir William, the second, who was custos, attendant, spy (call it what you will) of the Duke of Orleans who was taken at Agincourt, during his captivity at Windsor—and Sir Humphrey, the great Yorkist—and Sir Henry, the description of whose dress at the Field of the Cloth of Gold occupies four small-quarto pages of the closest hand-writing I ever read, or did not read—and Lady Mary, who lost the favour of Queen Elizabeth by choosing, being her maid-of-honour, to fall in love with, and to marry the reigning Méné of that day—and——— but there is no use stringing names upon names thus: the fact is, that the Meynells seem to have been a family most fond of preserving their own pretty, or ugly, faces—for the collection is most numerous, and very little broken. From Holbein downwards, the genuineness of the portraits cannot be doubted—and, indeed, as far as I know, no one, except a few scape-grace sceptics like myself, ever doubts the authenticity of even the elder pictures.

Altogether, however, the series is, undoubtedly, exceedingly curious and interesting; indeed, were it only as giving a consecutive view of the progress of the art, it would be well worthy of study. But the changes of costume, and of accessories of every kind, are equally displayed; and, as in the line of an old and wealthy English family must necessarily be the case, the points of history upon which this series of portraits touches, give to it additional importance, and derive from it the illustration of individual persons and fortunes. To contrast the style of the great portrait-painters of England—Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Lawrence—by merely walking a few yards, is certainly of extreme interest. But to me, I confess that it is of still stronger, for me to be able to say to myself, as I gaze—thus did men live and look three hundred years ago;—this man played at tennis with Surrey, and this at mall with Buckingham—this lady was the most celebrated beauty in Elizabeth's court, and this churchman the sternest bigot in Mary's.

Feeling and thinking thus—for I am aware that there is quite as much of feeling as of thought in it—I was accustomed, while I was at Arlescot, to pass several hours, almost every day, in the portrait-gallery; now endeavouring to trace in the arch and intelligent smile of a man of wit and pleasure about town of Queen Anne's days, whether he was Whig or Tory—a follower of Pope and Swift, or of Addison and Garth; and to assimilate the dissertations of Will Honeycomb upon dress, and the allusions of Sir Harry Wildair, with the periwig and embroidery of the beau's portrait;—and now gazing on one of Lely's beauties, till I almost pardoned Charles II. for the pension from France, and the Dutch at Chatham, when I considered that his extravagance and his careless and luxurious indolence alike arose from the extent of his fascination by women such as these. [Was I not right in saying, just now, that there was to the full as much feeling as thought in all this?]—

But I am mixing my subsequently acquired knowledge with the effect which this collection produced upon me in my original state of ignorance.

I could judge, from my general knowledge of costume, of about the date when the original of each portrait had lived; but of his individual history, or of in what degree or circumstance he might be connected with public events, I, of course, knew nothing. I at first applied to Sir Edward, to his extreme gratification and delight; but, though he knew the name of each, and the broad facts that Sir Humphrey was governor of Calais under Edward IV., and that his eldest son had connected the house with the Plantagenets by marriage,—yet I soon found that my questions got beyond his depth. I believe I was unreasonable in my expectations; but with such a long-continued line of portraits, of a family so ancient and so distinguished, I believe I almost hoped to find a sort of chronicle of the house, running parallel with the general history of the country; and, albeit thereby violating the definition of a parallel, occasionally joining in the line of history itself.

‘Really, you are getting beyond me,’ said Sir Edward to me, one day that I was questioning him about some particulars in the life of his ancestor, Queen Mary’s bishop, ‘but I will find you an annalist, who, I warrant me, will satisfy even *your* curiosity; if he do not go beyond it. I will introduce you to my cousin Arthur, which, seeing the interest you take in this gallery, I should have done long ago, but that he has been up at Oxford, and returned only last night. Get your hat, and we will walk up to the vicarage: Arthur St. John is a man well worth knowing, on many accounts, but with your present mania about the “*faits et gestes*” of the Meynells, he will be invaluable to you. He has, for the last twelve years, been constantly hunting up all the old manuscripts and documents of every kind in the family chest; to say nothing of his searching out and deciphering every monument in the whole country, which has the slightest vestige of the name or arms of Meynell. I don’t know whether he is going to write a “*Memorie of the Meynells*” in general, or a biography of his favourite, Sir Eustache, in particular; but I know he has a portfolio full of notes on these subjects, and from these stores it is that I reckon upon your gaining all the information you need about the persecuting priest you were so curious about just now. He is not, I can tell you, the individual of the race of whom I am the most proud.’

Mr. St. John was the vicar of Arlescot. His father, a poor country clergyman, had married a Meynell, which had disoblged her family, who never would see her afterwards. Her husband, being an ambitious and self-seeking man, was greatly disappointed, and, it is said, treated her with very little kindness. She died early, and thus the connecting link was broken. It was not, therefore, till at a comparatively late period, that Sir Edward Meynell and Arthur St. John met. It was in Switzerland that they chanced to be thrown together; and they speedily conceived a strong liking for each other, which terminated in Sir Edward presenting him to the living of Arlescot, which he had now held about thirteen years.

Arthur St. John, at the time I was presented to him, was about two or three and forty years of age. He was tall, and of a fine person,



but exceedingly thin and pale. His dark hair was profusely mingled with grey; and his eyes, though they seemed at one time to have possessed brilliancy and fire, wore now a mild, deep, and contemplative expression, bespeaking thought and sorrow. Yes, sorrow! At the first glance I was certain that Mr. St. John was one of those persons on whom some *one* fixed calamity has settled—who bear within their breast one constant subject of wearing pain. How far I was right, the reader will presently see.

Mr. St. John received me with great courtesy, and even kindness, when he heard of my interest in his favourite pursuit; for it seemed that he devoted the whole of the considerable leisure which a small country parish afforded him, to genealogical and historical researches into the history of his mother's family. It was strictly his hobby; and it had arisen from the same circumstance which caused it now, for the moment, to be mine;—the contemplation, namely, of the extraordinary family gallery of which I have just given a description. His collections on the subject were very voluminous and complete; and it is from them that I purpose to lay before the reader the series of *Family Portraits* to which these details are introductory. But the fittest introduction is a portrait of the historian himself. I soon found *him* to be a study far more interesting than his dead ancestors. I cultivated his acquaintance,—I may say, his friendship,—closely. He has himself told me the history of his life; and various of his friends have informed me (for my interest led me to make minute enquiries) of various of its leading circumstances; thus I have become possessed of the best materials of biography—the manner, namely, in which a man views his own actions, and the manner in which they are viewed by others. From these materials I have drawn up the following story, which I have thrown into a form completely narrative, that the painter may be wholly out of view, and leave nothing but the subject painted to receive the reader's attention.

## PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

### PART I.

‘Heus, Rogero! fer cavallos,

• Eja! nunc gamus!

Jam repetit domum,

Matris et oscula

Suaviter repetamus!—*Dulce Domum.*

NONE but an English schoolboy can form an idea of the ecstatic feelings which attend ‘breaking-up.’ The opinion that our school-days are the happiest of our existence is true in nothing but this. The delight which we experience at going home is, perhaps, almost the keenest that we feel at any period of our lives: and, probably, it is so from the very fact that those days are so little happy at other times. Who is there among us whose heart does not beat at the remembrance of the almost delirious joy in which he used to be plunged during ‘the last week?’ and, at last, when the very morning itself arrives, and he jumps into the chaise, hired weeks before, to ensure it—oh! it would be almost worth while (and it would be a heavy price) to put oneself to school again for a half-year, in order to taste the enjoyment of that hour!

With what joyful energy used a whole choir of young voices to shout out the beloved chorus of the Home Song, a verse from which I have selected as an epigraph to this chapter, *Domum, domum, dulce, dulce domum!* Yes, sweet and beloved, indeed, is home then! Time has not chilled us, the world has not corrupted us, as the young bird returns to its nest, so do we to our parents' arms and dwelling. And with what undoubting faith did we receive the tradition of how that song was written, and of its author's fate! The story ran, that a boy—a Wykehamist it was said—was, for his idleness and ill-conduct, left at school during the holidays; he pleaded hard to be forgiven, but his friends were inexorable. Accordingly, as soon as the last chaise-full of his companions had driven off, he retired to his solitary chamber, wrote the song, of which the above is part,\* and died at the end of a few days, of a broken heart. It may seem childish to record such a legend at this time of day, but the feelings which are allied to it are too vivid not to sway the heart strongly even now.

It is certain, at least, that the two young gentlemen, whose return from school has suggested the foregoing reflections, would have thought them childish enough. They were Eton boys, near the top of the school, between seventeen and eighteen years old, and, of course, far too manly not to hold in scorn all the more juvenile associations from which such thoughts spring. Still, delighted they were. Youth, health, high spirits, ardent anticipations—what needed they more? Joyous, indeed, was their conversation, and short seemed the way, as they rattled along as rapidly as damns, promises, and double-pay could urge the post-boy.

'Get on, my lad, get on, we shall be late,' exclaimed one of the travellers, letting down the front window of the chaise, 'I want you,' he added, turning to his companion, 'to see the view from the top of the hill, and it will be dark if this fellow does not get on faster. See, yonder are the out-lying woods of Mabledon; but it is three quarters of a mile from there to the Park-gate.'

They reached it at last: the porter's wife at the lodge beamed with smiles as she flung the gates wide, and exclaimed, 'God bless you, my lord—you are welcome home,' as the chaise whirled through. 'Now, St. John,' he exclaimed, 'look out on this side; there is the river, and yonder is the obelisk; and you can just catch a glimpse of the clock-house over the stables, in the angle of the valley—the weather-cock is glittering in the sun. This view from the London lodge we reckon our crack prospect, I can tell you.'

And well they might: it was a view such as is to be found only in England; and there only in the seat of an ancient and wealthy family. The scene consisted of two boldly swelling hills, along one of which they were now passing, clothed with the most luxuriant woods, whose tufted tops were glowing under the splendour of a July sun-set. The trees, advancing more on some points than on others upon the brow of the hills, gave beautiful variety to the ground, by thus affording vistas into the thick of the woods, and by the picturesque effect of the dotted clumps and single trees, which formed their termination. Between these hills stretched a broad and beautiful valley, with a fine stream running throughout its whole length. At the farther extremity ap-

\* It is in Latin rhyming verse, and consists of several stanzas.



peared a bridge, near the opposite side of which some of the chimneys of the house were visible. 'It is beautiful, indeed,' exclaimed St. John, 'most beautiful—most magnificent!' and he continued to gaze with increasing admiration and delight, as Lord Mabledon pointed out to him feature after feature of the prospect as they advanced.

At length, as the chaise proceeded along the brow of the hill, and, subsequently, began to wind down it, the house appeared in full view. It was of white stone, and of the Ionic order of architecture, simple, grand, and of vast extent, such, evidently, as could be occupied only by a man of princely fortune. St. John gazed in silence: the image of his own humble home rose upon his mind, and the contrast was too forcible to be pleasing.

'See,' Lord Mabledon cried, 'they have perceived our coming, and are on the steps to receive us—but where can my sister be, that she is not there?—she used always to be the first to welcome me. Ah! here she is, I declare,' he exclaimed, as, at a turn in the road, they beheld a female figure, on a white poney, coming at three-parts speed to meet them. She approached;—nothing could have formed a more charming object for a painter than that on which St. John now looked. The poney, milk-white, and with its long, silken mane and tail floating on the wind, was, to ordinary horses, what an Italian greyhound is to the rest of his species. But St. John saw not the horse—the rider rivetted his looks and thoughts. It was a girl about sixteen; tall, and slenderly formed, but already with that beautiful outline of form, which is always accompanied by grace, and which gives the promise of full developement at maturity. Her hair, brilliant and profuse, was blown by the wind in dishevelled luxuriance about her cheeks, glowing at once with the effects of exercise and of emotion. Her large full eyes flashed through their long lashes with the animation of joy; and as, stretching out her hands with delight towards her brother, a smile of affection irradiated her whole countenance, St. John thought he had never beheld a being so lovely. She was not encumbered by a habit: she seemed to have started upon horseback to meet her brother: a velvet foraging cap was flung lightly upon her head, giving her streaming hair to view, and her ordinary gown betrayed a foot like Cinderella's in the fairy stirrup.

'Dear, dear George!' she exclaimed, as she rode up to the chaise; 'welcome home a thousand times! how delighted I am! And you're looking so well! We did not expect you for this hour, or I intended to have met you at the gate!' Lord Mabledon greeted his sister with equal fondness; and it was only after a dialogue of some duration that he turned to his friend, saying, 'But I forgot—Arthur, I must present you to my sister. Emily, this is my friend, Mr. St. John; Mr. St. John, he added, with mock formality, 'this is Lady Emily Lorraine.' Lady Emily smiled, and bowed, and, looking at the disorder of her dress, blushed a little, saying, 'I will canter on and put Titania up; you will find them all in the hall, waiting for you;' and, giving the rein to her little mettlesome steed, off she sprang as rapidly as she had come.

A few minutes more, and they drove up to the great entrance. Lord and Lady Missenden were in the porch, and Mabledon was eagerly embraced by each. Their son was evidently an object of equal pride

and affection. As soon as the first greetings were over, he hastened to present his friend, and as the friend of such a son was he received. Lord Missenden was a man somewhat under fifty; tall, handsome, and of peculiarly gentlemanlike aspect. His countenance was usually thought to wear an expression of coldness, but at this moment it was lighted up by all the warmest and strongest feelings of his nature. His Countess was little turned of forty, with more than the remains of great beauty, and possessing those manners, the perfection of which is perhaps to be found in no other person than an Englishwoman of condition, who is no longer in her youth. Their polish, grace, and fascination may exist at any age; but their full ease can scarcely be possessed until the consciousness which must ever attach to 'a beauty' has in great measure passed away.

In a few moments, Lady Emily again joined them, and they proceeded together to the drawing-room. It was full of company, a large party being then at Mabledon; and to most of them Lord Missenden presented his son and his son's friend. To this last, every thing was new and dazzling. The splendid room, opening *en suite* to the library and music-room, crowded and glittering with all the varied and brilliant luxuries of modern furniture; the exotics which shed their perfume through the windows opening to the ground; the lovely home-view which was seen through them, beautiful as that at the entrance of the park had been noble; the grand scale on which every thing around him seemed modelled; all served to strike St. John at once with admiration and even surprise. His home was widely different. A small parsonage, with a parlour on each side of a narrow hall—modestly furnished; such was the dwelling in which he had been born, and in which his holidays had hitherto been spent. His father, who was, as I have said, a clergyman with a moderate living, seeing the promise of strong talents in this his only child, had sent him early to Eton, with a view to the advantages of the 'connections' that might be formed there, and with especial injunctions to the boy to neglect no opportunity of making them. The father had calculated correctly as to his son's talents; his advancement was rapid, and his distinction great; but he had utterly mistaken his fine independent spirit, when he had tried to instil into his young mind the mean maxims of a *tuft-hunter*. Arthur St. John was a noble, open, and generous boy, whose very last idea was the worldly advantage which such or such a *liaison* might prove to him eventually; and holidays after holidays, when his father asked him, in Eton phrase, 'Who is your chief *con* now?'—he had the mortification to hear the plebeian names of Jackson, Thompson, or Jones, in answer. But, at length chance effected what would never have been accomplished by design. The circumstance of two or three boys leaving school at the same time, brought young St. John next to Lord Mabledon, the eldest son of the Earl of Missenden, a nobleman of immense wealth, and great political influence. The two boys became inseparable; in all schemes, whether of study or pleasure, they were united. Lord Mabledon, without having the striking talents of his friend, was sufficiently quick and clever to appreciate, and go along with him; and so total, at the same time, was the absence of all rivalry, that his gratification at the distinctions which St. John's talents gained him, was scarcely inferior to that of Arthur himself. Content,



as the school-phrase goes, 'to do his own,' Lord Mabledon aimed at no more; and, consequently, his anxiety for his friend's success was unmingled with any feeling of personal emulation or jealousy.

The boys rose together; and their friendship continued unbroken. Each constantly spoke of the other at his home; and, at length, the proposal of Lord Mabledon to bring his friend home with him the next summer was readily acceded to by both fathers; by the one merely to gratify his beloved son,—by the other with the view to his son's advancement.

As Arthur stood, nearly unnoticed, in the magnificent drawing-room at Mabledon, gazing upon the brilliant scene which still dazzled his eyes, even when his mind had recovered from that sensation—the contrast of the little parlour at his father's parsonage, with its plain paper, and mohair chairs, and old-fashioned window seats, rose, with a somewhat painful vividness, before his fancy's eye. But his good feelings soon drove this idea from his mind: 'Of all things in the world,' he thought to himself, 'the last allowable to me is to cherish feelings of envy towards Mabledon. Generous, open-hearted, noble fellow that he is, I can feel nothing towards him but friendship and esteem! He is the best friend I ever had in the world; and long, long may we remain so.'

'There are music and cards, Mr. St. John,' said Lady Missenden, coming up to him; 'but I conclude you will be of the party in the music-room. Miss Brabazon is a most celebrated singer; and I will venture to say you never heard a finer finger on the piano.'

'I dare say not,' thought St. John, as he followed his noble hostess to the music-room.

There sat, at the instrument, a tall, bold-looking girl of four or five-and twenty, who, after vast tumbling over of music-books, and shifting of the lights, and divers other of the *minauderies* usually let off by distinguished lady-performers, at last fixed on a bravura from an opera then in vogue, and began to play the symphony in certainly a very masterly way. She then sang—correctly, brilliantly, powerfully—but the performance gave St. John no pleasure—it was all head-work, the feelings had no share in it.

'How divinely Miss Brabazon sings!' exclaimed aloud, at the end of the piece, a powdered, formal, old man, rising from a sofa on which he had been asleep during its course; 'don't you think so, Sir?' But without waiting for St. John's answer, he continued, 'She was under Tramezzani for two years, and he said he never had a pupil of such excellence. Lord Mabledon,' he added, bustling up to him, 'do persuade Lady Emily to sing one of her charming little French songs; pray do, Lady Emily, let me entreat you:' and, when he had fairly seated her at the piano, he went back to his sofa and his sleep.

Lady Emily sat down smiling and blushing, as young ladies still can do *before* they are out—and pulling off her gloves (*manches à gigot* were not then in fashion) displayed an arm which St. John thought the whitest and most finely turned he had ever beheld; and though his experience was only that of a stripling under eighteen, he was not far wrong in his judgment. Lady Emily burst at once into her song, which was one of those of delicate archness and *malice*, which no language but French can express, and to which the music (it is the point beyond which

French music should never attempt to go) is at once so beautiful and appropriate. St. John almost started as she began: her voice was a round, rich, *contr'alto*—and, though he did not know it by its technical name, yet he felt that it was not the voice he had expected from one so young and apparently so delicate. But his delight equalled his surprise: she seemed to revel in the gay, yet wild, notes with which the burthen was brought round again at the conclusion of every verse—and, each time there was some new out-break of beauty, some new combination of sweet sounds.

Oh! how delightful is it to gaze on an object such as this!—a young creature, beautiful as the day, beaming with youth and gushing spirits, and the consciousness of exciting and deserving admiration—her eye flashing—her voice quivering—as a smile, bright as the first rush of sun-light over the sea, seems almost struggling with the music for possession of the exquisite lips! Oh! at such a moment we forget that so bright a being can be born for aught save happiness, and love, and joy—still more, that the very excess of her fascination is but too probably in exact proportion with her future sorrows!

St. John thought not thus. He gazed, he listened—both yielded him delight unspeakable—but he was contented to feel it, he did not analyze it. At his age, indeed, we *enjoy* happiness; we do not pause to dissect and demonstrate it. When we do that, our hearts are already beyond the power of experiencing its full and unsophisticated joys. In the prodigality arising from plenty, in youth, we fill the cup of ecstasy to the brim, and empty it at a breath. Afterwards, it is scantily filled, and we pause to *savour* every drop.

‘Again!—again!—pray, again!’ exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once. ‘Encore!—I beseech you, Lady Emily, encore!’ said Mr. Evans, the powdered, formal gentleman, awaking from his sleep. St. John did not speak; but he fixed a look of mingled admiration and entreaty, which nothing but a warm and passionate heart could give to the face—and beneath which Lady Emily’s eyes quailed, as she blushed deeply—and, after a pause to collect herself, began her song again.

It was long before Arthur St. John could close his eyes in sleep that night. The emotions of the day, so many and so various, had excited him far beyond the pitch to which rest will come. Above all, the strongest passion of human nature had that day dawned in one of the most passionate hearts which the hand of that nature had ever formed. Arthur St. John, for the first time, had felt *love*.

## PART II.

‘Thus lived our youth, with conversation, books,  
And Lady Emma’s soul-subduing looks;  
Lost in delight’—CRABBE.

LADY EMILY had had great curiosity to see Arthur St. John. Her brother had been in the habit of speaking of him constantly as his dearest friend; and she knew from the same source that his reputation for talents was pre-eminent among those whose occupation it was to judge of talents. The arrival of a person, whose coming had been prefaced by circumstances such as these, could not be an indifferent event to a young lady of sixteen, whose feelings and ideas had not as yet been fashion-bitten and made worldly by joining in that most heart-



less, selfish, cold, mercenary, intercourse, called, emphatically, Society. If her passions were not as yet deep and powerful, her feelings, at least, were quick and sensitive. The romance natural to her age lay piled within her heart, ready to take fire at the first touch.

But St. John felt far more strongly still, and saw and guessed nothing of all this. Fielding has somewhere said, in substance, that it is seldom that a very young, and consequently inexperienced, man expects to meet with villainy in the world; for how should he know of it, unless he be a villain himself, and thus be prompted by suggestions from within? And how, therefore, should St. John be able to guess the paler affection which existed in Lady Emily, while he burned with a passion, fated to give its colour to his whole life?

If a party in a country-house be deserving of the praises I have showered upon it in the opening of this paper, it is certain that it possesses at least one advantage in an incomparable degree—viz., the ease and rapidity with which we become acquainted with those with whom we sympathise. In London, three years will not make two persons of opposite sexes so well known to each other as three weeks will do in the country. Three weeks!—why, in that space there may be condensed the whole history and fate of a human heart; opening, crisis, and catastrophe!

And so it was with poor Arthur. Lady Emily's attachment to her brother was great; and, while he was at home, she was constantly in his company. She rode with him in the morning; she got into the same little coterie at night; and in all this St. John mingled. He admired her exceeding beauty; he was fascinated by the grace, animation, and even archness of her manners: he was touched by the *sentiment* which was constantly upspringing in every word she spoke. Above all, he was dazzled and made drunk by her very manifest admiration of him. Nothing, indeed, adds more strongly to the fascination of a young and charming girl than the circumstance of those fascinations having the assistance of her evidently appreciating our sweet self, according to the modest estimate which we ourselves are apt to form of that person.

And thus did Lady Emily look on St. John. She hung upon all he said, and gazed upon his face as she spoke; she appealed constantly to his opinion; and exclaimed 'Oh! how beautiful!' when he once repeated to her a couple of stanzas of his composition. She would sing his favourite airs; and shewed deference to his taste and judgment in everything. Was it possible to resist this? Wanderings in magnificent woods, in the most beautiful summer evenings that ever came out of the heavens, (at least, they seemed so,) with sunsets, and moons, and poetry, and fancy, and feeling, and the most accommodating *tièrs* in the world, in the shape of a careless, boyish brother, who 'thought no harm,' and saw and heard nothing that was not on the surface, and thus gave the danger of a tête-à-tête, without its consciousness: in such circumstances as these, what could St. John do, but fall in love? He did;—and that with all the headlong powers of a passionate heart, and, alas, with all the fixed intensity of a firm one!—

What say'st thou, wise one? "That all-powerful Love  
Can Fortune's strong impediments remove;  
Nor is it strange, that worth should wed to worth—  
The pride of Genius with the pride of Birth."

I do not say that soaring visions like these were thus accurately defined in St. John's mind; but that certain vague images of an elegant and picturesque parsonage, with a honeysuckle growing into the windows, and a green lawn stretching down to a trout-stream, with a couple of children playing on it, and Lady Emily sitting under the trellis-work, smiling as she watched them—that some such picture as this did occasionally form itself in St. John's imagination is most certain. It was foolish, perhaps, but so it is to be in love at seventeen, and yet very sensible people are so, every day.

Lady Emily's feelings, on the other hand, were far from being so definite as this. She was thrown into the intimate society of a most striking young man—her brother's chosen friend; she felt the brilliancy of his talents, and the general superiority of his manner; and, above all, she was touched and delighted with the manifest power which her attractions had over him, and which she continued to exert more and more, as she perceived their daily increasing effects. This was not coquetry, properly so called: it was not done for the purpose of display or of tyranny—but she felt it altogether to be delightful, and she indulged in it, without enquiring as to whither it was to lead, or what its effect might be upon either St. John or herself.

Thus days and weeks rolled on. The young men were not to return to Eton, but were to commence residence at Oxford at the end of the long vacation. Thus they were to pass the three months from Election to the beginning of Michaelmas Term, at Mabledon. The proceedings of the young people were little observed: they were thought almost children; and if Lady Missenden sometimes perceived symptoms of admiration for her daughter in Arthur St. John, it was merely with a smile, and without an idea of danger for either party.

But danger there was, and that deep and imminent. One evening, in the beginning of September, Lady Emily had strolled with her brother and St. John as far as the London lodge, of which I have already spoken. The air was of that rich, balmy temperature, which the close of day, in a fine autumn, so often possesses; and a glorious harvest-moon shed her luxurious and luxuriant light upon the scene. When they reached the gate, Lord Mabledon recollected that he had some directions to give to one of the game-keepers, whose lodge was about a mile farther on, along the skirt of the park; and, thinking that it would be too far for his sister to walk, he desired St. John to take her home.

Alas! what a dangerous position is this! Two persons, young, beautiful, full of poetry and romance, and whom the constant intercourse of a considerable period had been drawing nearer and nearer to each other, were thus placed alone in a scene, to the loveliness of which nature and art had both contributed their utmost;—it was evening—there was a deep, soft stillness—they were beneath that light

‘Which ev’ry soft and solemn spirit worships,  
Which lovers love so well’ —————

—their arms were linked, and the quickened pulsations of the heart of one were felt against the bosom of the other—which *thrilled* at the touch. Ah!—one *has* known such moments—and years of pain were well repaid by one of them;—one *has*—but it is no use plunging into one's own reminiscences: my present business is with St. John and Lady Emily, whom we left walking home together from the park-gate,



They proceeded in silence down the hill; but the thoughts of both were busy. Their conversation had been more than commonly animated while Lord Mabledon had been with them, and the revulsion was consequently felt the more. It is probable that, at no moment of their intercourse, had Lady Emily felt more strongly or more tenderly towards St. John. The subject on which he had previously been speaking, though a general one, he had contrived to turn so as to give individual application to his feelings towards her:—he had spoken warmly and eloquently—and she was touched. He was now silent—but she was well aware of what nature that silence was.

At length he stopped suddenly. The place where he did so was in one of the most confined points of the prospect; it could scarcely be to gaze on *that* that he paused. ‘Lady Emily,’ said he, in a voice of which the calmness seemed the effect of preparation, ‘on this spot I saw you first: it was here that, with your heart beaming on your face with love for your brother, my eyes first beheld you. Gracious heaven! what a change has taken place in my existence since then!—I was then careless, free, light-hearted—now, my whole soul is engrossed by an overwhelming, a devouring passion. Lady Emily, I see by your manner that you do not misunderstand me—you know, you must have known for some time, that I adore you!’—and the violence of his emotion made him gasp for breath. Lady Emily trembled, but did not speak. St. John continued—‘My love for you has been consuming my soul for weeks—it has reached that pitch that I could no longer conceal it, and live;—say, say that you do not feel anger towards me for speaking thus—say that you do not hate me.’

‘Hate you!—oh God!’—exclaimed Lady Emily—and, suddenly checking herself, she was again silent.

St. John hung on her words, and paused, expecting to hear her continue:—‘Speak to me,’ at last he said—‘will you not speak to me?’

‘Mr. St. John,’ she answered faintly, ‘this must not be.—You are my brother’s friend—and my’—she paused for a word—‘my—regard for you is great, but I must not hear this’—

‘And why not?’ interrupted St. John—‘why not, unless you despise me?—why not hear me speak thus, unless I am hateful to you?—I know that I am poor—I know that your rank places you infinitely above me—I know the country clergyman’s son has no right to look up to the earl’s daughter—but *I love you*—I doat on you—I feel *this*, and it annihilates every other consideration. And, oh! if you have even the slightest atom of that regard for me, which I have sometimes dared to hope—(and the joy of the idea has driven me almost wild)—you surely must compassionate the state of feeling which has driven me to this disclosure.’

‘I cannot be insensible,’ said Lady Emily, ‘to the value of such feelings from one like you—I cannot but feel pride of the highest kind at having excited them—for I *believe* you. I am very young, Mr. St. John—and I know you are too generous to deceive or trifle with me—’

‘By heaven!’ exclaimed St. John—but I shall not detail the protestations of a lover in answer to a speech like this: he was any thing rather than a hackneyed one—and yet his expressions were, I will answer for it, exactly what a Richelieu or a Valmont would have used upon a similar occasion. Nature teaches: these artists of lovers only imitate what they recollect once to have felt.

Suffice it, that before they reached home that night, Lady Emily and St. John had sworn to each other unlimited and eternal love—and the first burning kiss of passion had been impressed upon her beautiful lips.

### PART III.

'Lilla's a lady.'—T. H. BAYLEY.

I SHALL not dwell on the period which passed between the scene I have just described, and that fixed for the young men to go to Oxford. The disclosure of their passion went no further than to each other. It has been said, and most truly, by a great master of human nature\*, that 'Quand on est d'accord l'un et l'autre, on sait tromper tous les yeux : une passion naissante et combattue éclate ; un amour satisfait sait se cacher.' The word *satisfait*, as used here, carries with it, it is true, a far more extended meaning than can be applicable in the present case ; but still it is applicable ; for, in the innocence of their youth, their passion *was* satisfied by the very fact of its confessed existence, and by the almost unlimited intercourse which it was in their power to command. To Lord Missenden the idea of his daughter's forming an attachment to a person of St. John's rank in life never occurred ; nay, he had not ceased to consider her a child, and the subject was altogether foreign from his habits of thinking. Lady Missenden, besides also continuing to regard her daughter almost as a child—a mistake into which handsome mothers will frequently fall—never dreamed of such a thing as a serious attachment springing up between a school-boy and a girl of sixteen. She might, perhaps, sometimes fancy there was a childish flirtation arising merely from the juxta-position of the parties—but this amused her, without exciting any stronger feeling.

Lord Mabledon, from his more constantly being in the company of his sister and his friend, was not quite so blind. He saw that they were becoming attached to each other ; but, as his own feelings on such subjects were much more those of an Eton boy, than such as many lords of eighteen feel now-a-days, he never thought of its acquiring sufficient importance for him to interfere. He was exceedingly fond of both : he was delighted in their society, and he was glad to see they were fond of that of each other. The whole business had no graver character in his eyes.

At length Michaelmas term called St. John to Oxford, and the lovers parted. He left Mabledon with an additional pang to those naturally occasioned by his first separation from the first object of his love : for, in despite of all his entreaties, Lady Emily refused to write to him. By some strange contradiction of principle, though they had for above a month carried on the intercourse of a clandestine attachment, yet she could not be persuaded to consent to a clandestine correspondence. Whether it was the actual tangibility of communication by letter, or the extreme difficulty which would attend the establishment of such a correspondence, or both,—certain it is, that St. John could obtain nothing more from Lady Emily than the permission of now and then adding a few words at the end of her brother's letters, and of having sometimes a message addressed to him in her own. How different this was from a direct correspondence, I leave it to those few people in the

\* Voltaire.



world to judge, who have ever written or received such letters themselves.

Two years passed away, and St. John and Lady Emily had not met in the interval. Lord Missenden had gone abroad with his family, which had occasioned this separation. But, in the midst of change of scene, and severe study, and active exertion, the image of Emily Lorraine was still constantly present to Arthur St. John. It was the spur which goaded him to struggle for distinction; it was the sweetest part of his triumph when he obtained it. His disposition was keen and warm, but it was also firm and intense; his passion had been formed under the operation of the former qualities, it was retained and cherished under that of the latter. He had set all his heart upon one cast; the hazard of that die involved the extremes of happiness or anguish.

Lord Mabledon had left college and gone into the army, and was at this time abroad with his regiment; so that the interruption of St. John's intercourse with Lady Emily was total.

At length, Lord Missenden's family returned to England. It was the month of April, and they fixed themselves in their house in town, in order that Lady Emily might 'come out.' She did so: and was soon in the full whirl of that monstrous compound of selfishness, wickedness, frivolity, and folly, a London season.

It was in the middle of June that St. John was able to get away from college, and, hastening to London, the first thing he did was to hurry to Grosvenor Square.

'Is Lord Missenden at home?' he said to the powdered, fat, grumpy personage, who emerged from his leathern tub, with all the brutality, at least, if possessing none of the other qualities, of Diogenes—

'No,' said Cerberus.

'Is Lady Missenden?'

'No.'

'Is Lady Emily?'—he was in the act, although not strictly according to etiquette, of asking, when he caught a glimpse of her bounding across the hall, and up the stairs. It was but a glimpse; but it sufficed to throw the blood into his face, and back again to his heart with a rapidity that took away his breath. He was going to enter, without waiting for an answer to his last question, when the porter again reverberated his emphatic 'No!' and, sorely against his inclination, St. John was obliged to retire in despair.

Three days afterwards a card came, with due formality, from Lord and Lady Missenden, to 'request the honour of Mr. Arthur St. John's company at dinner,' that day three weeks. Not a word of old friendship or recollection; no three-cornered billet from Lady Missenden beginning, 'Dear Arthur,' as of yore: all was chilling, stately, and exceedingly *proper*. Arthur could not endure the suspense: he twice, in the interval, called in Grosvenor Square, but he never could gain admittance. The torment he suffered during those three weeks, I would not, though I am a poor man, undergo for as many thousand pounds. Now, he doubted of the endurance of Lady Emily's attachment. 'Surely, surely,' said he, 'she might, under such circumstances as these, have broken through her resolution not to write, and given me one line, if it were really only one, to say, that she was unchanged,

APRIL, 1828.

G

that she loved me still. But she has been half over Europe, she has been "La belle Anglaise" in half-a-dozen capitals: she has forgotten the poor, lonely student, who was far away, and who had nothing but his imperishable love to offer her.' But then again the recollection of all that had passed during that dear summer at Mabledon rose upon his mind, and he would exclaim, 'No! it is impossible!—that creature can never be false!'

At length the day came. St. John found a large party assembled. Lord Missenden received him cordially, and Lady Missenden with the greatest and most friendly kindness. She inquired with interest about his progress at Oxford, and communicated her last news of Mabledon, and gave him his last letter to read. St. John was touched and gratified at this, but his eyes were wandering in search of one, a single glance of whom was to decide his fate. But she was not present; and she entered only just before the servant who came to announce dinner. The crowd pressed forward, and they did not meet. As soon as they were seated at dinner, St. John found that Lady Emily was on the same side of the table as himself, so that it was impossible for him to see her without making a marked endeavour to do so, which even he felt was, at such a party, impossible. His worst forebodings came across him. Was this accident, or design? If the latter—but he could not endure the thought sufficiently to dwell on it. St. John was near the door; and, as the ladies passed out, Lady Emily approached him, and, holding out her hand, said, 'How do you do, Mr. St. John?—I am happy to see you again.' He fixed his eyes full upon her, but her's were cast to the ground, the blood had flushed her cheek—and her hand trembled in his; but it did not return his pressure, and it was gloved.

Oh! how beautiful she then looked!—her form was developed—her noble countenance matured—her beauty was dazzling! He had again seen her—he had again touched her—his brain almost reeled with the excitation of this consciousness. But still he played the self-tormentor, and racked his heart with all the various fancies which a lover's doubts suggest. He could not but feel that, at the moment, and under the circumstances in which she addressed him, she could not say more than she did;—but she might have looked at him—she might have shot the glance of an instant, to say, 'I love you still.'

St. John determined to have his mind set at rest at once, when they joined the ladies: but this was not so easy to do as to determine. When he entered the drawing-room, Lady Emily was at the piano, surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, all eager to play or to sing, and all declining it. Lady Emily seemed to poor Arthur to make more of all this foppish *d'usage*, than was at all necessary; in a word, as young lady after young lady was asked, and pressed, and entreated, and persuaded to do that which she had a perfect mind to do from the first, St. John thought he should have been driven crazed. But, at last, by dint of watching his opportunity, he found it. Lady Emily went with one of her companions to look over a book of prints. The table on which it lay was a round one, and thus left some little space between its extremity and the wall. And to this Lady Emily was not close, so that, without any appearance of particularity, Arthur was able to come and place himself by her side. He began to converse with her about the prints, which were views of Italy, and of her travels there,—over-



flowing with impatience at being thus compelled to talk on indifferent subjects, to one with whom his soul burned to commune,—till, at last, the young lady, whom Arthur was inwardly cursing, as *Mademoiselle de Trop*, was suddenly called away by her mother. He seized the occasion at once: for before his companion had time to move, he said to her, in a voice which betokened what an effort had been necessary to force himself to calmness, ‘Emily!—and is all forgotten?’

She blushed a burning scarlet—she bit her lip, which quivered once or twice, as though she was about to speak; at last, she said, ‘Mr. St. John, this is very indiscreet, very wrong; I thought the time which had elapsed since we met had driven the remembrance of our childish days from your mind; I thought——’

‘No, Emily, no; you could *not* think thus; you must have known, you know, that young though we were, the passion we felt was not childish. You must know that upon that remembrance I lived—that there has not been a thought of my mind, nor a pulsation of my heart, that from the moment we parted, to this hour, has not been wholly and solely devoted to you. You know—’

‘Stop, Mr. St. John,’ said Lady Emily, interrupting him, ‘this is language I must not hear; I had hoped, Sir, that the follies of our childhood had been forgotten—follies which nothing but my extreme youth could excuse, and of which it is scarcely generous of you to remind me. As my brother’s friend, Mr. St. John,’ she added, in a milder tone, ‘I must ever feel regard for you—but I must not be thus addressed again.’ And she walked away, leaving St. John far too much stunned by what he had heard to be able to strive to detain her.

And to what purpose should he? She had crushed his heart at one blow. From that moment St. John has been a miserable man.

It is scarcely necessary to trace the progression of Lady Emily’s feelings. Absence, change of place, novelty of all kinds, flattery, and a fickle disposition, had, before her return to England, almost entirely erased St. John from her mind. And the few months she had passed in London had more than served to complete it. She had seen the importance of rank, wealth, and fashionable station; her feelings, which, as regarded St. John, had in truth been the offspring only of early romance, acquiring force and an object from juxta-position—her feelings had now completely frozen down (for it is down,) to her position in society—a mere young lady of rank. The real truth is, that she was never worthy of the affection of such a man as Arthur St. John: it was a mistake on his part from the first.

The suddenness of his dismissal was fully accounted for in a few weeks afterwards, when the *Morning Post* announced Lady Emily’s marriage with a man whose only merits were being a peer, and possessed of five-and-twenty thousand a year.

The effect of the blow on such a mind as St. John’s may be easily conceived. He went abroad for some time, and it was during his residence in Switzerland that he became known to Sir Edward Meynell. He entered into orders, and is a most exemplary country clergyman: but he has never thoroughly recovered the effects of the events I have just narrated; for when I first knew him, which was upwards of twenty years afterwards, he was still, and I am convinced he ever will remain—a *melancholy man*.

## THE EARLY HISTORY OF ROME.

*The History of Rome*, by B. G. Niebuhr, translated by J. C. Hare, A.M., and C. Thirlwall, A.M., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. 1st. Cambridge. 1828. 8vo.

WHEN, in 1811-12, the two volumes composing the former edition of this work appeared in Germany, the daring novelty of their author's views aroused the attention of all the scholars of that country; by some they were warmly embraced, by others as keenly controverted. To none, however, were the real errors and weaknesses of the work, especially of the portion comprised in the first volume, so apparent as to its author. The discoveries of the works of Lydius and Gaius, and of the fragments of Cicero on the republic, took place while he was meditating the continuation of his labours. His sovereign had generously sent him in a diplomatic capacity to Rome, where he was enabled, by the view of the Eternal City, its monuments, divisions, and neighbourhood, to rectify or establish his notions of its early state; while reflection, evermore called forth and matured, tended to give union and consistency to what before was vague and unsettled. On his return to Germany, Mr. Niebuhr resolved to set about the completion of his labours; but on carefully surveying what he had already done, he saw that a considerable portion of the former edifice must be thrown down, as being erected on a loose and insecure foundation. He accomplished this work, as he himself confesses, at times with a 'lingering hand;' and, from the materials of the old building, combined with much new matter, has risen the present volume, which he delivers to the world as 'the work of a man who has reached his maturity, whose powers may decline, but whose convictions are thoroughly settled, whose views cannot change.' Two volumes more are to follow and complete the work, bringing it down to the days of Augustus and the end of the Republic; and we venture to foretel that the entire will form a whole which, in extent of research, depth of views, acuteness of investigation, and tone of manly, liberal, and enlightened sentiment, has scarcely been equalled, and never surpassed.

Few works have been more fortunate in translators than the volume of Niebuhr's Roman History, now under consideration. We hail the work of Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall as a valuable and permanent addition to our literature. Taking it in general, we cannot easily express our admiration of its vigour, fidelity, ease, and genuine Anglicism. It is indeed a gratifying sight, in this age of *fine writing*, to meet with men who, in rendering a composition of real weight and dignity, have not been ashamed to employ the simple, strong, expressive idioms of their native tongue. But the reason is an obvious one—these are evidently scholars and gentlemen. Their minds were early imbued with an admiration of classic simplicity; and the study of the German language has produced its natural effects, when operating on minds of such a cast, in leading them to a style of pure, idiomatic English. We trust, for the sake of our literature, that the success of this work will operate on the minds of publishers, and teach them that something more than the bare knowledge of a language is necessary in a translator; that in two men, acquainted with German we will say, which will do the job the cheapest



is not the sole question to be debated ; and that the cause of the failure of translations from the German in particular, is as much to be sought in the ignorance and barbarous dialect of translators, as in the faults of the original work.

As the Romans were no original people, such as the Athenians boasted themselves to be, a Roman history cannot properly commence with Rome. Mr. Niebuhr, therefore, devotes a considerable portion of this volume to the early nations of Italy. He traces the gradual extension of that name from the original Italy, the district south of the isthmus between the Scylletic and Napetine gulphs, till it became that of the entire peninsula south of the Alps. He then proceeds to consider the nations who occupied it. The Oenotrians and Pelasgians first pass in review ;—of these his notions were, at the time he published his first edition, rather confused ; but nothing can be more luminous than the manner in which he now traces out the extent and the seat of the Pelasgian stock, (of which the Oenotrians were a branch,) whom he shows to have been one of the most widely spread in Europe, occupying Greece, a portion of Asia Minor, Pannonia, the eastern coast of Italy, and the western as far north as the Arno ; of which last tribe, the Grecian appellation was Tyrrhenians, a name which, subsequently applied to the Tuscans, has given occasion to extreme error and confusion. On the matter of the Pelasgians of Italy, and their affinity to those of Greece, we meet, in Mr. Niebuhr's work, the following novel and ingenious explication of the Hyperborean offerings at Delos, related by Herodotus :

'Rome itself, according to an indistinct conception, was placed in the neighbourhood of the Hyperboreans ; and the Hyperborean Tarkynæi seem to be no other than the people of Tarquinii. Now if we are not afraid of seeking for the mysterious Hyperboreans in Italy, we have here an explanation how their gifts for Delos came round the Adriatic to the Dodonæans, conveyed from people to people : a practice which arose in that ancient time when nations of the Pelasgic stock inhabited the whole coast of that sea : and the unity of religion clears the conveyance from so great a distance of everything surprising. For one who does but allow that the people called Hyperboreans might be Italian Pelasgians, the possibility will perhaps be nearly converted into certainty by the title of the bearers, which is almost Latin.'—p. 67.

Surrounded by the Pelasgians, the Opicans, Sabellians, and their various tribes inhabited the central mountain-range, whence they gradually descended, and subdued the Pelasgians of the plains and coast. A portion of these, whom Mr. Niebuhr denominates Cascans, and who were afterwards called Aborigines, came down on and conquered the Pelasgians west of the Tiber, who were called Siculians. Some of these latter abandoned their original seats, and passed over to the island ; and if the story of the Tyrrhenian Pelasgians in Greece be true, they were probably another portion of these Siculians of the Tiber. From the union of those that remained with the Cascans, arose the Latin nation ; and, from the combinations of their languages, the Latin tongue, in which the words indicative of a settled life, such as the terms for house, field, plough, wine, oil, milk, sheep, kine, &c., are Pelasgian, and, therefore, akin to the Greek—those expressive of objects of the chase or war are Cascan.

The Lydian origin of the Tuscans Mr. Niebuhr, with Dionysius, utterly denies. He did formerly incline to regard them as a portion of

the Gothic race, but he now sees in them a distinct stock, of which the Rhetian Alps were the primitive seats.

Mr. Niebuhr concludes his survey of ancient Italy in the following manner:

‘ Thus the legends and traditions collected in this introduction, concerning the several tribes that flourished in the earliest times of Italy, furnish results which enable us to descry the most important turns of their destinies, and which carry us so far forward, that, even beyond the Alps, some of the national movements in the west and north of Europe come within our widening horizon.

‘ The Pelasgians, under which name it seems that in Italy the Oenotrians, Morgetes, Siculians, Tyrrhenians, Peucetians, Liburnians, and Venetians may be comprehended, surrounded the Adriatic with their possessions no less than the *Ægean*: that tribe of them which left its name to the lower sea, having dwelt along its coast up to a considerable distance in Tuscany, had also a settlement in Sardinia: and in Sicily the Elymians, as well as the Siculians, belonged to the same race. In the inland parts of Europe the Pelasgians were settled on the northern side of the Tyrolese Alps; and under the name of Pæonians and Pannonians extended as far as the Danube: that is, if the Teucrians and Dardanians were not different races.

‘ In the very earliest traditions they are standing at the summit of their greatness. The legends that tell of their fortunes, exhibit only their decline and fall: Jupiter had weighed their destiny and that of the Hellens; and the scale of the Pelasgians had risen. The fall of Troy was the symbol of their story.

‘ As on the east of the Adriatic the Illyrians press forward from the north, until they are arrested by the mountains of Epirus; so from the same quarter the Tuscans, driven onward by the Celts or Germans, come down out of the Alps into Italy: in the western part of Lombardy, reaching as far as the lake of Garda, they find the Ligurians, who at that time were one of the great nations of Europe, possessing the country to the foot of the Pyrenees; at an earlier period they had also inhabited Tuscany. From the plains on the north of the Po they now retired behind the Ticinus and into the Apennines. The invaders, pursuing their conquests, expelled the Umbrians, both out of Lombardy south of the Po, and from the inland part of northern Tuscany: from the sea-coast and the south of Etruria as far as the Tiber, they drove the Tyrrhenian Pelasgians. This limit they reached about the time which we mark as the end of the second century of Rome. It was probably the impulse of the Tuscan irruption, which set in motion all the nations then in possession of the country from the Po to the summit of the Apennines; and which forced the Cascans and Oscans, pressed onward by the Sabines, upon the Sicelians. And as the Pelasgians here and in Tuscany were expelled or subjugated, so their other tribes experienced the same fate, in Oenotria from the Greeks, in Daunia from the Oscans, higher up along the Adriatic from the Sabellians, and Umbrians. Driven on by the Sabellians, the Ausonian Opicans attacked the Latins, a people sprung from an earlier emigration of other tribes belonging to their own race. The further changes do not require a summary.’—p. 148.

We now draw near to Rome, where the first subject that engages Mr. Niebuhr’s attention is the legend of *Æneas* and the Trojans in Latium, which he regards as a mere fable, in which all there is of importance is, to ascertain whether it was of domestic growth, or imported from the mother of fables,—Hellas. He decides for the former opinion, and very ingeniously traces out what appears to him to be the origin of it. Virgil’s *Æneid* here attracts Mr. Niebuhr’s attention, who points



out that poet's obligations to the episode in Nævius's poem on the Punic war, of which only mere fragments remain, but which prove that it was here that Virgil obtained his idea of the vicissitudes through which he makes the Trojans pass before they arrive in Campania. Here were the tempest raised by Juno, the complaint of Venus to Jupiter, and his revelations of the future; and, 'I have no doubt,' says Mr. Niebuhr, 'that Nævius likewise brought Æneas to Carthage; from him is taken the name of Dido's sister, Anna; it is certainly the Punic princess who with him too "gently and prudently inquires how Æneas left Troy\*;" and it is exceedingly probable that the origin of the national enmity had already been deduced by him from her fate.'

This portion of the work concludes with the following just and masterly appreciation of the character of Virgil as a poet; on whom Mr. Niebuhr on other occasions bestows the highest praise as a faithful and diligent antiquarian,—a part of his character which was understood and appreciated by his contemporaries and scholiasts, but which has in modern times been left almost totally out of view, and the *Æneid* thereby robbed of one of its most valuable jewels:

'These wars Virgil describes, effacing discrepancies and altering and accelerating the succession of events, in the latter half of the *Æneid*. Its contents were certainly national; yet it is scarcely credible that even Romans, if impartial, should have received sincere delight from these tales. We feel but too unpleasantly how little the poet succeeded in raising these shadowy names, for which he was forced to invent a character, into living beings, like the heroes of Homer. Perhaps it is a problem that cannot be solved, to form an epic poem out of an argument which has not lived for centuries in popular songs and tales as common national property, so that the cycle of stories which comprises it, and all the persons who act a part in it, are familiar to every one. Assuredly the problem was not to be solved by Virgil, whose genius was barren for creating, great as was his talent for embellishing. That he felt this himself, and did not disdain to be great in the way adapted to his endowments, is proved by his very practice of imitating and borrowing, by the touches he introduces of his exquisite and extensive erudition, so much admired by the Romans, now so little appreciated. He who puts together elaborately and by piecemeal, is aware of the chinks and crevices, which varnishing and polishing conceal only from the unpractised eye, and from which the work of the master, issuing at once from the mould, is free. Accordingly Virgil, we may be sure, felt a misgiving, that all the foreign ornament with which he was decking his work, though it might enrich the poem, was not his own wealth, and that this would at last be perceived by posterity. That notwithstanding this fretting consciousness, he strove, in the way which lay open to him, to give to a poem, which he did not write of his own free choice, the highest degree of beauty it could receive from his hands; that he did not, like Lucan, vainly and blindly affect an inspiration which nature had denied to him; that he did not allow himself to be infatuated, when he was idolized by all around him, and when Propertius sang:

Yield, Roman poets, bards of Greece, give way,  
The *Iliad* soon shall own a greater lay:

that, when death was releasing him from the fetters of civil observances, he wished to destroy what in those solemn moments he could not but view but with melancholy, as the groundwork of a false reputation; this is what renders him estimable, and makes us indulgent to all the weaknesses of his

\* Blande et docte percontat,  
Æneas quo pacto Trojam urbem liquerit.—NÆVIUS.]

poem. The merit of a first attempt is not always decisive: yet Virgil's first youthful poem shows that he cultivated his powers with incredible industry, and that no faculty expired in him through neglect. But how amiable and generous he was, is evident where he speaks from the heart: not only in the *Georgics*, and in all his pictures of pure still life; in the epigram on Syron's Villa: it is no less visible in his way of introducing those great spirits that beam in Roman story.—p. 66.

When the Alban origin of Rome had been disproved by Mr. Niebuhr, he naturally looked around for the most probable source whence to derive its first inhabitants; and, struck by the prevalence of Etruscan forms and institutions in Rome, that country seemed to present the most probable claims to be regarded as the parent state. The intimate connexion between Rome and Cære led to the idea of the former being a colony from this Etruscan town. This notion was further strengthened by his mode, at that time, of viewing the patricians as a priestly-warrior caste, which even led to the daring step of reversing the order of the primitive Roman tribes, and of displacing the *Celsi Ramnes*, and giving their rank to the *Luceres*, whose name, in conformity with his notion of the Gothic descent of the *Tuscans*, he derived from the old German *lugen*, to *look*, i. e., the *Seers*. 'To go thus far,' says Mr. Niebuhr himself candidly and ingenuously, 'against all the authority of antiquity, was more than bold;' and he now advances the much more probable theory of Rome having arisen from the union of the *Cascans* with the original *Siculians*; of a part of its territory having been wrested by the *Sabines* when, in the progress of national migration, they came down along the *Tiber*, and who then built a town called *Quirium*, the inhabitants of which united with those of Rome, and formed one people. The reign of *Tarquinius Priscus* is now assigned as the period of *Tuscan* influence in Rome. With respect to this monarch's descent our author wavers much; he utterly rejects the legend of his *Corinthian* origin and migration from *Etruria* to Rome, and seems most to incline to the not improbable supposition of his being a *Latin*, perhaps a *Tyrrhenian*, of one of the cities of the coast, and hence the introduction of so much of what was akin to *Grecian* religion during his reign. At all events this is by Mr. Niebuhr regarded as the epoch of a powerful *Tuscan* influence on Rome.

As to the earlier monarchs, it is, we apprehend, well known that in this work the two first of them are considered as purely mythic personages, as devoid of real existence as *Hercules* or *Siegfried*. *Tullus* is the first actual monarch in Roman story,—the migration of the *Albans* in his reign the first real historic event. What has led to these bold assumptions is an hypothesis adopted and justified at some, perhaps not at sufficient, length by Mr. Niebuhr, of the early history of Rome being almost entirely founded on the popular poems which, according to *Cato* and *Varro*, the old Romans were used to sing after their feasts. These, he maintains, could have been the only source; all records of any importance were destroyed when Rome was captured by the *Gauls*; and abundance of parallel cases of annals formed from poems may be brought from the historians of other countries. Though Mr. Dunlop, and such critics, may affect to despise these opinions as dreams and fancies, we will not hesitate to express our conviction that the hypothesis of Niebuhr is right, though we may demur to the length and compass he seems disposed to assign to a portion of this national poetry,



and think that Chevy Chase more nearly resembles them than the German Lay of the Nibelungen does. Certainly, when Mr. Niebuhr, on behalf of his Romans, insists 'on the right of taking the poetical features wherever they are to be found, when they have dropt out of the common narrative,' and collects them into one view, he exhibits the *disjecta membra* of a poem which justifies his assertion of these ancient lays having exceeded in depth and brilliancy of imagination all that later Rome produced.

It would be utterly absurd in us to attempt giving, in our confined limits, any account of Mr. Niebuhr's masterly delineation of the original nature and subsequent development of what he terms the Romulan constitution of Rome; or of the institutions of the Etruscan Condottiero Masterna, who, under the name of Servius Tullius, reigned after Tarquinius Priscus, and to whom Rome owed the institution of the classes and centuries, and the union of her citizens into one body, whence came her future strength and the conquests of the world. For, had not the means of distributing power and influence between the two conflicting orders in the state been devised; had the patricians succeeded in what they, with short-sighted cupidity, were aiming at, the grinding to the earth of the plebeians, the Roman Eagles had never lifted their proud heads on the banks of the Thames and the Euphrates, and the oligarchs, wise too late, had sunk beneath the gallant infantry of Samnium.

Besides the points already alluded to, Mr. Niebuhr has succeeded in completely developing the true distinction between the patricians, plebeians, and clients. He has, on numerous occasions, particularly in the war with Porsenna, shown the utter impossibility of the narratives of Livy and Dionysius. He has traced out the causes which led to the first secession of the plebeians; shown the true nature of that event, and what the system of debt was at Rome, that made it so oppressive; who the *Neri* really were, and why the plebeians were satisfied with so few concessions. With the appointment of the tribunes of the people the present volume ends; and it presents a delineation of Italy and Rome down to the year 260, which, if not correct in all its points, is clear, consistent, and probable, far beyond any other of ancient or modern times.

In conclusion, we must say a few words more of the translation: the character we have already given of it has, we are confident, been borne out by the extracts; and if there are any who cannot relish the simple ease of its style, we shall only say, that their notions of a good English style differ from ours, and we would bid them go back to their Gibbons and Johnsons. They may say there are Germanisms in it: what they take for such, they will, perhaps, find to be genuine English idioms. One only expression has offended us; in page 17, and one or two other places, *damals* is rendered by *as then*, instead of by *then*, or *at that time*. *As then* is not, we believe, an English idiom, neither do we commend the translators for, in imitation of the original, employing the present for the past tense, as in this instance: 'in the fifth and sixth centuries (of Rome) such as *wish* to write elegantly, *call* the Italians of their age, &c.' In such cases we always employ the past tense. Their neography, such as *sorren* for *sovereign*, *firy* for *fiery*, is

what we approve highly of, as an attempt at introducing regularity into our wretched system of orthography. But why write *allies* instead of *alleys*? Finally, we commend the practice of making English words to express the Latin ones, as *curies*, *decuries*, &c. instead of bristling their pages with terms of the latter language.

## PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

### No. I.

WE beg our readers not to start. We are neither Huffy White nor Thomas Brown the younger, and therefore have not robbed the mail or the Twopenny-post bag. Neither have we broken the locks, or betrayed the confidence, of some deceased friend, in order to gratify the maw of public curiosity with those letters rather than one line of which should be seen, by more than *one*, we know he would have sacrificed not his pen only but the hand which held it. These are not our ways. We are old-fashioned enough to respect the sacredness of the hearth, and of the seal, rather too much to sell honour, conscience, and good feeling for three-and-sixpence—(the price, in lucre, of our intellectually-inappreciable periodical.)

But to set up a new Magazine, or begin a new series of an old one, which is very nearly the same thing, without some *lettres inédites*, or private anecdotes of living characters—or posthumous sketches of some illustrious deceased; the thing is impossible! What antediluvian tramontanes should we not be considered to attempt such a thing! No!—we will have a series of private correspondence as well as our neighbours; and we will bet the long odds—the schoolmaster and his primer against the soldier and his bayonet—Don Juan against Don Pedro—or Pasta against the field, that that series shall be as interesting to our readers as though we had broken through every moral and gentlemanly obligation to obtain it.

The 'Private Correspondence' which we intend to publish is our own—that, namely, which passes between us and our friends and contributors, touching the interest and progress of this our Magazine. Kind friends—accomplished contributors—do not be alarmed!—we shall betray neither the modest diffidence of the novice, who tremblingly submits the offspring of his virgin muse (pardon the bull) to our oracular decision, nor the business-like communication of the veteran hack, who measures out fancy, feeling, and wit at so much per pound, 'as per inclosed sample.' No—without leave asked and had, the secrets of the prison-house, our letter-box, are inviolable: but leave having been frankly asked by us, and most good-humouredly granted by our correspondent, what could justify us in withholding from our readers such a letter as the following?

The circumstances under which it came to be written are these:—A certain friend of our's chanced to call upon us the other evening, when the conversation naturally turned upon our new undertaking. 'Oh!' said he, 'I am afraid you don't know so much of these matters as I do;' and, incontinently, he began such a catalogue of dangers that we were to shun, and advantages that we were to seek, that we



entreated him to give us his ideas on the subject in writing. He promised; and the following financial communication was the result. It may at first sight seem to relate to ourselves, and our brothers of the craft, almost exclusively; but we are convinced that the whole world of letters is interested in these

### HINTS FROM A VETERAN CONTRIBUTOR,

(which we may safely add are)

*DRAWN FROM EXPERIENCE.*

Dear Sir,—I have not forgotten the promise I made you last night, although the hour was somewhat advanced, and, therefore, I might be suspected of being oblivious. If you think the few hints I hastily throw off of any use to you, they are at your service. It is mentioned somewhere by Confucius, or, if not, by somebody else as sage, that it is easier to ask advice than to follow it; and he might have added, as perhaps he did,—for, not having the original Chinese before me, I do not wish to speak decisively—that it is still easier to give it. It is a sort of mental expectoration.

You will of course put in your Prospectus that you are starting your Magazine to promote the ends of science or literature; that your intention is to enlighten or to amuse mankind; that you are actuated by the purest love of your species in getting it up; that you have no other view than, &c. &c. &c. All this is right—nothing can be more correct. The public ought always to be told these things, for the public has no right to be let into our little secrets. The public, in fact, never edited a Magazine, nor do I think would it be very successful if it made the attempt. You and I know better. I have got the greatest respect for the cause of science and literature, and all the other good things which round off the sentences of a prospectus. Tout cela, as we say in France, est bel et bon, mais L'ARGENT vaut mieux; and, without wasting any more words upon it, we believe that no periodical is started if it is not expected to PAY. Curtius might throw himself into the gulf for his country, but he would not write a monthly Magazine for it, if the important condition of the

letters three,

Three potent symbols, namely, £. s. d.

were omitted.

This main consideration pervades every department of your work; but you wish me to confine myself principally to the contribution-line, and to give you some hints as to the management of your literary friends with most prudence and economy; on which something may be said.

It was asserted in the *Westminster Review* that “every unpaid contributor is an ass.” This remark, just and sensible in general, must, however, be taken with some abatement. If it were said “every habitual contributor, continuing unpaid, is an ass;” I believe the apophthegm would be undeniable; but there are many instances in which contributions may be, with all propriety, unpaid by the purse-bearer of the Magazine; in which, indeed, it would require no small power of face on the part of the contributor to expect any further remuneration than the parental pleasure of seeing his offspring in the sheets. I shall just draw up a chapter, in the manner of the code Napoleon.

CHAP. I. *Of Contributions not to be paid.*

§ I. Serious poetry is not to be paid for. There is not a character, from Alpha to Omega, who will not "spin his essence fine," as the late Mr. Keats remarked, for the pure glory of the muse. Giving these gentlemen solid pudding would do them harm,—it would thicken their wind, and incapacitate them for climbing the lofty sides of Pindus or Parnassus; feed them, therefore, with praise.

§ II. If an author reviews his or her book in the magazine, he or she draws no pay. *Causa patet.*

§ III. If a man signs his name to any article, he draws no pay.—That is an advertisement. It sets forth the fellow's existence.

§ IV. If a person signs another man's name, he draws no pay. It would convict him of forgery—for there would be the *studium lucri*.

§ V. If a gentleman or lady reviews the work of the person who has reviewed, or been suspected of having reviewed any work of the aforesaid gentleman or lady, then he or she draws no pay; for there can be no doubt that the proffered review is itself only a matter of trade, and that too of the rudest kind, being carried on in the way of barter—viz., oil for oil—vinegar for vinegar.

§ VI. If a person or persons unknown treat with barbarity other person or persons unknown;—if, for instance, Mr. Huggins of Chester-le-street, severely overthrow the character, political or personal, of Mr. Higgins of Bolton-le-Moor; or if one of the sept of the Smiths of Pancras, lay violent hands upon one of the tribe of the Taylors, sojourning in the subterraneous slopes of Pimlico, the aforesaid Huggins, Smith, or other person or persons unknown, shall draw no pay, the magazine people, not knowing the motive; and in case of money being asked, always *præsumitur pro neganti*, i. e. it is to be presumed you will refuse to give it, unless you know why.

§ VII. The law of § II. relating to authors reviewing themselves, holds as well of artists praising their own compositions;—whether in painting or periwigs,—china or champagne,—statuary or stout,—or, in short, anything produced by human genius or inhuman stupidity.

§ VIII. The provision of § V. extends also, as above, to artists as to authors.

This is a short chapter, to which perhaps many other sections might be conveniently added. I should, for example, not wish to pay for political economy, or tales from Ireland. Both these commodities at present lying heavy on hand, and being warehoused in great quantities, the owners would, I think, let you have samples gratis; but I am not quite clear upon these points, and do not, therefore, wish to give a dogmatic opinion. If, however, you stow away these goods in any abundance, in your Magazine, take care how you load the roof with articles that are certainly not *Flies*. The fate of the Brunswick Theatre ought to be a warning to all new establishments.

In politics, also, there are some doubts. Here there are three persons concerned—your party, (let me personify that amiable being,) your contributor, and your magazine. As it is an even bet that your contributor (supposing him a volunteer) will, by his contribution, do at least as much harm as good to the side which he espouses (indeed the bets are much higher against him—five to four would not find a taker at Tattersal's)—we may leave the first of the three out of the



question. That he would benefit the magazine is a thing still more dubious, and, therefore, in general cases—exceptions may arise of course—(upon honour I am not alluding to the paper I sent you last week, though I *do* think that a valuable one, and it has been highly approved of by—you know who—but *min* there)—I say that, in general, you will sufficiently pay your political contributor by the applause which your publication of his ideas on the ruined or prosperous state of the kingdom, as the case may be, will procure for him at the club to which he belongs, and where, you may depend upon it, the authorship of the article will be known, in five hours, to the very waiters. If he does not belong to a club, why, you know the fellow has no right to talk politics at all. On the whole, however, it may be best to leave politics in the hands of the editor of the Magazine,\* for every fool can write them well enough. Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius, said somebody—Rogers, if you like, but is not that getting a little hackneyed—or taking up the —Mercury. “Any stick will do for a newspaper.”

Before I quit the subject, I have only two matters to say a very few words upon. In the first place, there is an old saying, “Play no tricks upon travellers.” It is, in my opinion, a very needless piece of advice. I say, “let no travellers play tricks upon you.” These fellows, my dear sir, are as cunning as foxes. I knew one of them who passed off twenty pages of Maundrell’s Journey to Jerusalem, on a very celebrated magazine, as his own travels, though the rogue had never been nearer Jerusalem in his life than Duke’s Place. But even those who have actually crossed the Channel are dangerous handling. They have learned the art of gutting the road books, and they spill whole pages of Galignani over you. I should, if I were in your case, put off paying these fellows for three months at least, until I ascertained whether what they gave me was original or second-hand. I have a strong suspicion of the whole tribe. There’s Signor Beltrami, who has found out a lake upon the top of a hill, exactly in a spot where there is neither hill nor lake,—and, heaven pardon me for it, I have for some time strongly suspected that Captain Parry never gets farther than some snug wigwam in the Highlands, where he lies eating brose and braxy, and washing down these delicious viands with Glenlivet, sparkling like the dew-drop, all the time that he wishes us to believe he is *landing* upon ice, (which if an Irishman had said it, would be immediately set down as a bull,) or broiling bear steaks in a temperature of 212° below the freezing point. I know that he might as well be so employed, as marching due north on a floe which was all the time marching due south, thereby making his motion much resemble that of a squirrel in a cage. However, vive la plume!

Quarter-day, (as Croly says) has brought him back, With his quarto in his pack, and the business is nothing to me! I only introduce it here as a sort of illustration.

The second hint I wish to give you is an economical one. There are a great many youths, particularly youths living in retired and provincial towns, for your young Londoner is not at all soft, who are to be caught now and then. Keep a sharp eye on such youngsters. The vampire, they say, prefers young blood, and an editor of a maga-

\* Thank you.—Ep.

zine ought to have no more bowels than a vampire. Work the youngsters ; write them grand palavering letters which cost nothing, and now and then transmit them an unsaleable copy of a new work. There is often a great deal of stuff in such fellows, I mean good stuff, and when that is worked out of them you may turn them adrift. If they look for pay, you can always remind them that they are in fact in your debt, as but for you they would not have had the *entrée* of the literary world. Believe me, I have known this done, and well done too.

One other word—if a young lady—but hang it, no ! on that subject I can give no advice whatever : depend upon it, if *they* get about you, they will have it all their own way,—and there is no use of saying a word on the subject.

In a code there must be, I suppose at, least *two* chapters,—I therefore supply a second.

Chap. II. *Of Contributors who ought to pay.*

What, you may ask, is that possible ? why, it is a renversement of—

Wait a while, my dear sir. The interruption which I have found it requisite to suppose you would make, has imposed on me the necessity of recopying the title of my second chapter.

Chap. II. *Of Contributors who ought to pay.*

§ I. If a bookseller, either by self or proxy, should review, or, what is synonymous in this case, puff a book of his own, he is to pay ; because otherwise it is a fraud upon the stamp office ; for if the bibliopolic reviewer were shut out of the magazines, he would be thrown upon the newspapers, and thereby have enriched the treasury of his Grace the Duke of Wellington by the sum of three shillings and sixpence, current coin of the realm. Therefore, unless you make him pay you, you would detriment the resources of this impoverished kingdom to that extent, without benefitting yourself—a thing improper to do.

§ II. If a reviewer of any book receive what — Trapbois, Esq., late of the Liberty of Whitefriars, vulgarly called Alsatia, used to denominate con-si-de-ra-ti-on from the author, it is only just and reasonable that the editor should receive half of the same. As to the author himself paying direct to the editor, that is a matter of private arrangement into which it would not be gentlemanlike to inquire. (We all know that a gentleman, whose domains lie more extensively in Warwickshire than about Helicon, once upon a time intimated that fifty pounds was no object, in comparison with a *neat* little article—how he succeeded I never heard.)

§ III. A candidate for parliament, if, being Whig, he writes a paper in favour of reform, or being Tory, an article in defence of church and king, and distributes copies in the city, county, or borough, which he is canvassing ; an expectant bishop reprinting his crack sermon under the guise of an essay on the declining state of religion, and the necessity that exists for putting such able men as Doctor — into high station in the church, in the present dangerous period—(a description which will answer all periods) ; an ill-used gentleman calling for an upsetting of things in general, but particularly of one sad grievance, in which he is himself concerned—all these and similar are to pay ; and that, on the fair principle that the parliamentary gentlemen above referred to, do actually pay ingenious fellows to go down with them to their elections



to write their squibs, to polish their speeches before delivery, and to report them ultra-polished after, to supply them with puns, and concoct extempore witticisms, to take the place of croupier at the freeholders table, and instruct the *chaw-bacons* on the great merit of the gentleman whose beef and brandy they are disposing of, for actual and well understood wages. Why then should you open your columns to do the work of these wandering wits, and thereby, perhaps, cheat them out of their hire? Justice forbids it, and equity. Of other cases I say nothing.

I shall not extend this chapter any more, leaving it to your own genius to supply other sections. I do not doubt that you will be sufficiently on the *qui vive* to augment them, without requiring the assistance of a flapper. One thing, in general, is to be remarked by you, whether in your capacity of editor or man; it is a maxim of Paley's, and well worthy of that deep divine, from the north, "never pay any money until you are asked—something *may* happen."

Finally, and to conclude, you will find it a rule much practised among your brethren in the Magazine line, to take as much for nothing as you can get. This is a practice which has its advantages and disadvantages; but I would advise to have it generally restricted to the heads which I have already indicated. As for reviews, you may find it not a bad thing to, as is done by all the other Magazines that I ever heard of, viz. to be sparing of puffing any other books but those of your own publisher,\* (I will not insult your understanding by saying, that they are to be puffed, *ex officio*, that being, in fact, a thing concluded upon.) A gratis article may cost a great deal of money in the end. Old Sheridan, when he saw the placard of a benevolent physician, announcing 'Advice gratis,' used to growl, 'In all probability, fifty per cent. above its value;' and I assure you, the same remark is very often applicable in a great many other cases besides medical advice.

Do not think, however, that I by any means recommend you to be extra-squeamish on such occasions. You need not look the gift horse too narrowly in the mouth. It is incredible what a great quantity of Balaam a periodical bears, without any symptom of a break in the back; and as you must have your full measure of that commodity, if you can get it for nothing, so much the better; you must take care, indeed, that the whole book is nothing else. *Toujours perdrix* is bad—*toujours Balaam*, (I do not know whether I spell the old vaticinator's name correctly in French, but suppose I do,) *toujour Balaam* would be the devil. If you set it off handsomely you need not be afraid. If there be three pretty girls at a ball, the six sparkling eyes which have riveted your attention will make you forget the rest, and you boldly assert, that such a collection of beautiful girls was never seen, though, perhaps, the majority might have passed as the most ill-looking specimens of Gorgonism at a muster of Medusas.

For these gems, the jewels of the book, pay as well as you can and every now and then, give some very talking fellow, who moves about in what is called good society, five times the value of his lucubrations. He will buzz it about that he is paid at the rate of fifty pounds a sheet—on your part, you will, of course, buzz busily to the same effect. On the strength of this, (which will not cost you a hun-

\* We scorn the tribe.—Ed.

dred pounds extra in three years,) you may squeeze, pinch, and mortify the whole tag, rag, and bobtail of your working contributors, and obtain from mankind in general, the reputation of being the most liberal of people. Believe me, dear Sir, such is the practice of ———, no matter who. I can't be wrong, for, as Tom H. says, 'I know it.'

I have just received your note, in which you tell me, that time and space are contracting, and that you have but two hours, and seven pages to spare. I therefore yield to these considerations, and shall be brief. There is only one point remaining, but that is of some importance, on which I wish to say a word or two. How do you intend to feed your contributors? I can assure you, that much may be done in this way. I agree with Mr. Jeffrey, that a dinner is a great triumph of social life, and you have no notion how strict a bond of union is made among all parties concerned in such triumphal processions. Contributors, in general, are not men of small appetites, and I have known some veterans among them who could be backed against Eating Dick, of Staffordshire, who breakfasts upon a leg of mutton, washed down by a draught of ale in the shape of two gallons; but still, by good management, and avoiding French cookery, it would not come to much to feed them twelve times in the year; and the vigour which such a system would infallibly infuse into their articles, and the unity of feeling which it would impart to your Magazine, would amply repay you. As for suppers, I am told such things are out of fashion, so I shall not say any thing about them; but I must beg leave to remark, that a man of your genius and discrimination ought not to suffer your mind to be biassed by the capricious dictates of fashionable regulation; but taking a large and comprehensive view of things, turning in upon your own reflective powers, and spurning the illiberal trammels of national prejudice, follow the example of the more polished kingdom of France, and invite all your friends to sup—whenever you find it inconvenient to ask them to dine.

I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

A. S. S.

*Symond's Inn, Thursday.*

P. S.—To prevent mistakes, you may as well send proceeds by the bearer. Never mind change—make the difference up to the note.

## THE FOREIGN PORTFOLIO.

### FRANCE.

#### LIGHT LITERATURE.

IN Paris, as in London, the press chiefly labours with light and frivolous romances; and it is no exaggeration to affirm that of the eight or nine thousand new works which the *Journal Général de l'Imprimerie et de la Librairie* annually announces, the half at least belong to that class of useless productions which is designated in France by the name of *basse littérature*.

We have no desire, however, to condemn romance in the mass, whether French or English. We regard romances as a fit recrea-



tion for our hours of leisure, especially when, as is the case with the greater part of those which have been published within the last month at Paris, they aim at giving pictures of the manners of the age; or, associating themselves with history, they sketch some great occurrence of our own or of past times. The historical notices which such works impart are meagre, and sometimes false, enough; but if they stimulate curiosity they produce some good.

*Edouard, ou le Patriote du 18me siècle*, belongs to the class of historical novels. The hero belongs to the most worthy of the class of patriots of 1789. Thwarted in his passion for Lucile de Reneval, and cast into the dungeon of the Bastille, from which he obtains his liberation, not by the opening of its gates, but by their destruction, he finds the object of his passion bound by other irrevocable vows—the spouse of the Church. The portals of the cloister, however, no more than those of the Bastille, had power to retain their captives in those tumultuous times; and the adventures of Edouard and Lucile, consequent on the general revolution in usages and manners, which accompanied the great political changes of the latter end of the last century, form the outline of the romance before us. The filling up of the work consists in details of the various opinions which at that period agitated France. If elevated sentiments, and occasional felicity of expression, sufficed in a work of this nature, the one before us would deserve unqualified praise. But the ever-moving life, the rapid shifting of the scene of the world's affairs, the continuity of action, essential to a romance, are wanting in *Edouard*. We have one exception to make to the general want of the picturesque in its descriptions—the terrible and pathetic scene of the destruction of the ‘*Abbaye*.’

*Le Théobald* of Madame Gay likewise contains descriptions of great political occurrences. The story is founded on an episode in Napoleon's campaign in Russia; and turns on the parity of destiny of two young soldiers, the heroes of the tale. These friends are from the same school; they serve in the same regiment; they advance together from grade to grade; and both continually find themselves in new and interesting situations, in which their delicacy and courage experience the severest trials.

*Le Chevalier et les Censeurs* of M. le Baron de la Mothe-Langon is a veiled attack upon the censorship under which France has so lately groaned. The scene is laid at the court of Louis XV.; and the men of the eighteenth century shadow out the despotic agents of the nineteenth. The work is an amusing one. Louis XV. is portrayed as the debauched and unprincipled libertine, and Richelieu as the minister to his baseness. The pictures of the *Bosquets de Versailles*, the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and the *Petits Appartemens*, are abundantly curious.

The *Jean* of M. Paul Dekoch is a romance of manners. It is a spirited sketch of the habits of the bourgeoisie of Paris. It is necessarily a work that defies analysis.

*La Cour et la Ville—Paris et Coblenz, ou l'ancien Régime et le nouveau*, which M. Toulotte has just published, is not precisely a romance. It is a gallery of portraits of personages who formed the glory or the shame of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who have not hitherto been brought together on the scene in their public characters. He bestows especial attention upon the ladies who have distinguished

themselves (as most eminent ladies have in France) by their meddling with politics. With an impartial hand he awards his censure or admiration to the Duchesses de Longueville and de Bouillon, to the Ninons and de la Suzes, to the Lavallières and the Maintenons, the Pompadours and the du Barrys, to the Dames de Grammont and de Mouchy, de Polignac, de Staël, and de Genlis.

#### THE COURT.

THE *Courrier Français*, of the 4th of March, presents the following somewhat curious picture of a '*Cercle de la Cour*' at the Tuileries:—

'The salons of the Chateau of the Tuileries were yesterday evening filled with a throng of personages invited to the '*Cercle de la Cour*.' Among the crowd a considerable number of our honourable deputies were observable, who appear to have received cards of invitation from a list made out without any regard to party. It is rumoured, indeed, that several *Cercles* of the same description will successively be held, so that all the members of the chambers may in turn be admitted. The number who, on this occasion, had received cards, and who attended, is estimated at upwards of a thousand.

'The King, on entering, after having noticed the ladies, took his seat at the card-table. The Prince of Saxe-Cobourg and the Austrian and Russian ambassadors played with his Majesty, who often interrupted the game to address a kind speech to persons whom he recognised among the crowd, who promenaded about the royal salon; where one table only was opened, and where a general silence was the order of the day.

'In the gallery adjoining, however, there were several tables. Madame la Dauphine sat at one of these; she experienced repeated distractions in her game from her anxiety to reply to the frequent demonstrations of respect which were paid her. Conversation was here much freer than in the salon; the affairs of the day were liberally commented on.'

#### STATISTICS.

IN the article '*France*' of the *Dictionnaire Géographique Universel*, now publishing in Paris, by a geographical society, the following statement is given of the capital of the French soil, and of the revenues of the empire:—

The arable lands at a valuation of 30 frs. the hectare	FRS.
are worth .....	13,690,800,000
The woods, vineyards, meadows, and other lands .....	2,828,800,000
Ponds and marshes .....	31,920,000
Rustic buildings .....	3,000,000,000
Cattle, valued at the lowest price .....	16,703,941,676
Poultry, 51,600,000 head at 1 fr. ....	51,600,000
Swine, 3,900,000 do. at 40 frs. ....	156,000,000
Asses, 2,400,000 do. at 25 frs. ....	60,000,000
Farming utensils .....	3,000,000,000
	<hr/>
	39,522,061,676
	<hr/>



To this may be added the annual receipts

From Manufactures .....	1,820,102,000
Agriculture .....	4,678,708,000
Colonies. ....	40,380,000
Foreign Countries.....	346,020,000
In Warehouse.....	52,000,000
	<hr/>
	6,937,210,000

The produce of the taxes of every class is ..... 924,410,000

This is double the revenue of France in 1789; 'and hence,' says a journal of that country, 'an opinion may be formed if she have been a great loser by the change in her laws and institutions.'

#### THE DRAMA.

THREE new dramatic pieces, by authors already distinguished by success on former occasions, have been brought out at Paris, during the last month: these are, a tragedy by M. Lucien Arnault, 'La Mort de Tibère;' a comedy by M. Casimir De la Vigne, 'La Princesse Aurélie;' and a Grand Opera, of Scribe, entitled, 'La Muette de Portici.'

The following is an analysis of the plot of 'La Mort de Tibère.'

Tiberius, in his retirement at Capri, about to sink under the effects of his debaucheries, learns that the news of his approaching death had spread joy throughout the empire; he resolves to disappoint the exultations of his subjects, and to make them feel that he is still master of the world. In the mean time conspiracies were preparing at Rome: all who yet remained attached to liberty rallied round the austere Galba. Macro (Macro), the prefect of the prætorian guard, was preparing the soldiery whom he commanded, to second his own ambitious projects; while Caius Caligula, the idol of the army, which revered in his person the memory of the great Germanicus, and who, by his follies, had rendered himself also agreeable to the emperor, was labouring to pave for himself a way to the throne.

In the midst of these plots, the emperor, bowed down with pain and care, rather than with years, arrives to confound the hopes of all, and to spread terror around him. The people, who hate him, are lavish of their acclamations of attachment; the trembling senate pays him the most adulatory homage. Tiberius, amidst the flatteries of the people and senate, despises their baseness and servility. The tyrant feels that he is again himself, when closeted with Macro he draws up a new list of proscriptions; he then dictates his will, and appoints Caligula his successor.

In public likewise, and in the presence of the senate, and of the court, Tiberius is master of his own thoughts, as well as of the universe; but with his physician, all the emperor vanishes, and yields place to a wretched old man, a prey to the most disgraceful weaknesses, and to the most humiliating pains.

Je souffre . . . Vous savez quel invincible effroi,  
Dans mes sévérités me reprochant des crimes,  
Des enfers sous mes pas entr'ouvre les abîmes,

Le mal réel n'est rien ; mais tant d'émotions  
 Que produisent en moi d'horribles visions,  
 De mes vils détracteurs adoptant les mensonges,  
 Torturent mon réveil, épouvantent mes songes ;  
 Pison, Germanicus, l'un sur l'autre appuyés,  
 M'apparaissent sanglans et réconciliés ;  
 Posthumus, Séjan, même et leur suite fatale  
 M'appellent à grands cris sur la rive infernale ;  
 Enfin, dès qu'il fait nuit, seul avec ma douleur,  
 Je ne suis plus César, je suis homme. . . j'ai peur.

At the end of this interview, Tiberius, overcome with the exertion, swoons, and is carried away insensible. His attendants deem him dead. Macron, in possession of his will, hastens to convoke the senate, and to proclaim the new emperor ; Caligula assumes the purple, and, supported by the prætorian guard, takes possession of the empire. The senate, but recently so submissive, are furious in their outrages against a master whom they no longer fear ; they overthrow his statue, and devote his memory to the execration of posterity. At this instant Tiberius presents himself: he had heard the concluding words of the anathema, he beholds his statue mutilated, his throne occupied by Caligula. He first ridicules the confusion of the senate, and pays derisive homage to the new Cæsar ; he then gives vent to his rage, and drives the senators with ignominy from their assembly: Caligula is dragged from the throne, loaded with fetters, and consigned to a dungeon.

Terror is now at its height in Rome. Tiberius demands from Charicles a draught which shall prolong his life but a day, that he may have time to avenge himself. Macron, alarmed for his own fate, suggests to Charicles how much blood he might save by hastening the term of a life about to expire ; and produces a list of the proscribed, with the names of the physician's own relations. Charicles, thus provoked, administers an envenomed draught to Tiberius, having, previously, himself partaken of the preparation. The physician is the first to feel the effects of the poison ; he announces the truth to Tiberius, whom he loads with his curses, and whose anger he defies, for he is beyond the reach of his vengeance. Despair and terror seize the mind of the emperor ; he has no longer time to proscribe. He orders Caligula, surrounded by lictors, to be conducted to his presence ; he takes delight in terrifying him by preparations for his execution ; he makes him fall on his knees, and there, while in the dust, places on his head the imperial diadem.

Such is the tragedy of M. Arnault ; all voices are raised in its favour, and some have gone so far as to say that the fourth act of the 'Dernier jour de Tibère' is one of the finest which the French theatre can produce. The acting was unequal to the merit of the tragedy, and it has been remarked that, in the midst of all the enthusiasm, it was felt that

Talma, le grand Talma, brille par son absence.

In spite of the exertions of Mademoiselle Mars, the comedy of Casimir De la Vigne could not obtain the success which attended 'Tibère,' even deprived as this was of the talents of Talma. It must, however, be owned, indeed, that this new production of the author of the 'Ecole des



Vieillards' is unworthy of his genius. The plot of *Aurélie* is, perhaps, ingenious; the piece contains some good verses, and presents some well imagined scenes: but, wanting action, probability, and gaiety, it necessarily failed.

The success of M. Scribe's performance surpassed even that of M. Arnault. The story of the '*Muette de Portici*' is founded on the history of Masaniello, the fisherman of Naples, who is represented by the dramatist as excited to rebellion by the seduction of his sister by the son of the viceroy. The piece embraces the whole brief career of Masaniello, from his sudden burst into public notice, until his fall; when his sister, in despair, casts herself into the lava of Vesuvius, an eruption of which accompanies the catastrophe of Masaniello's overthrow and death. A more dramatic and attractive spectacle has been seldom presented to a Parisian audience. Words, music, scenery, all afford exercise for the powers of the opera.

An amusing incident attended the representation of this piece. In the fourth act the scene represents the interior of Masaniello's hut, and in a niche was a portrait of the Madonna. On the first performance of the opera, there was a lamp burning, according to the Neapolitan custom, before the *Bambino*; it was remarked that this light suddenly disappeared: an agent of the ministry had ordered it to be extinguished.

## SPAIN.

THE literature of this unhappy country is on a par with its political condition. Miserable as is the latter, it is evident from certain convulsive movements, by which one or the other province is continually agitated, that there exists a desire, although it be unaccompanied by the corresponding power, to emerge from the present wretched state of degradation. In the same degree, notwithstanding the low ebb to which the literary pretensions of Spain are reduced, there is still observable a certain anxiety for information, a tendency to put forth the buds and flowers of intellect, and an impatience at the sterility of the national press. If we may credit the assurances of persons who must be well informed on the subject, the people of Spain have never been so devoted to reading as they are at present. The government, it is true, has gone so far as to forbid, on pain of death, the introduction of Spanish books published abroad, and of prohibited works in foreign tongues; yet at no former period have there been so many of both classes in circulation. We want no clearer proof that this is the case, than the complaint recently made by the *Gazeta de Madrid* of the number of articles and writings in various forms, by which the government, and those who compose it, or are connected with it, are attacked. The proportion, moreover, of works of importance which now make their appearance is as great as can be expected from the state of oppression under which all classes of learning actually labour, and far exceeds that of the former despotic interval of 1814 to 1820. The theocratic party puts forth as a counterpoise their *Biblioteca de la Religion*, a periodical work which amounts already to many massive volumes, but which, as yet, contains translations alone. The first amongst these

is the work of the *Abbé La Mennais*, called in Spain the religious Rousseau. The collection contains also *La Excelencia del Catolicismo*, by Minler, the especial object of which is to attack Protestantism. Another work in preparation, and announced as a posthumous production of one Zafrilla, aims at impugning Jansenism; taking for its object of attack the 'Cartas de D. Roque Leal,' the feigned name of Dr. Villanueva, at present a refugee in London, and who in those letters, published during the existence of the Cortes, vigorously defended the ecclesiastical liberties of his country against the papal usurpations.

The *Gazette of Madrid*, which until now has never, during the prevalence of despotism, gone beyond the insertion of articles from Constantinople; and the announcement of sales, of vacant situations in children's schools, of promotions by royal appointment, and of *novenas*, sermons, and religious ceremonies in the convents, has begun, within a short time, to insert verses addressed by the Queen to the heart of Jesus; or to the blossoming wand of St. Joseph. From this it has proceeded, by degrees, to venture an occasional idea on Spanish literature in general. It has even gone still farther, and in a series of numbers has just finished copying to the letter two articles published in the *Ocios de Españoles Emigrados in Londres*, on the *España Poética* of Maury; paying high compliments to the excellent criticism contained in those papers, and to the zeal they display for the literary honour of Spain. How this mistake can have occurred, since the *Ocios* is prohibited by a special decree, would appear enigmatical. The editor of the *Gazeta de Madrid*, however, stands absolved of any wilful neglect of a royal ordinance. The fact is, that he copied those excellent articles, not from the *Ocios*, but from the *Diario di Cadiz*, which had first inserted them without avowing whence they were taken. The *Gazette* never suspected the plagiarist—at least it gave no signs of being aware of it. Let this be as it may, it is amusing to find the Official *Gazette* of Madrid paying compliments of this kind to the Emigrés, proscribed by the government, of which it is the organ; and who, while in exile and far from their native soil, are employed in upholding by their useful labours the honour of their country.

The poor editor of the *Diario de Cadiz*, although he has escaped, unpunished, the crime of copying from the *Ocios Emigrados en Londres*, has not been equally fortunate in avoiding the evil consequences of another act which he could see no reason to think other than meritorious. If there be one thing more abhorrent than another in the eyes of Ferdinand, it is the independence of America. What theme, then, could be imagined more worthy of the effusions of the press in his dominions, than to discredit and revile his rebel subjects of *Ultramar*? The honest Gaditan Diarist, thinking he could find no subject so fit for displaying his eloquence, attacks, without quarter, the unfortunate Creoles. Excellent journalist! In return, no doubt, for thy zeal, the beneficent Ferdinand, in the exercise of his royal munificence, destines for thee, as soon as may be, the honours of *Gazetero de Madrid*. But, alas, the mischance! The General Aimeriell, ex-minister at war, happens to be governor of Cadiz, and he piques himself on being a Creole; he reads the insults heaped on his countrymen; takes them as personal affronts to himself, and without any form of trial sends the zealous journalist to prison! How consistent is the course of despotic power!



The other works of note recently produced, or which are now in a course of publication, are—1. A Collection of Select Pieces from the best Dramatic Writers of Spain, made with considerable discrimination and good taste. 2. A Collection of Narratives of Voyages of Spaniards since the Fifteenth Century, by the *Señor Navarrete*; the third volume of which, relating to the discovery of Costa Firme and Venezuela, will follow the two first already published on the Voyages of Colon. 3. The *Diccionario Geografico de España*, by *Miñano*, which is on the point of being completed; it has already reached the eighth volume, and has obtained for its author about an equal proportion of praise and blame. 4. The *Biografía Española*, a work which is looked for with eagerness, and which will be shortly published; it comprises the lives of the most celebrated Spaniards of every class, from the most remote times to the year 1808. 5. The *Diccionario Militar Español i Frances*, by *Don Federico Moreti i Casconi*, a work revised and corrected by *Navarrete*: and lastly, and by order of the king, to whom it is dedicated, to be printed at the Royal Printing Office, in a large volume in 8vo. *El Arte de ver en las bellas Artes de Diseño*, (the Art of Judgment in the Fine Arts), translated from the *Italian of Milizia*, with copious Notes and Illustrations by the *Señor Cean de Bermudez*.

The following recent additions to Spanish literature require a somewhat more extended notice:—

*Pintura de los Males que a causado a España el Gobierno Absoluto de los ultimos Reinados. Por Don José Presas. Burdeos. 1827. 1 tomo, 12mo.*

(A Picture of the evils which have accrued to Spain from the absolute government of the late reigns. By D. José Presas. Bourdeaux, &c.)

THE title of this production, the moment at which it appears, the matter of which it treats, and the circumstances of the author, recommend it to us as a work founded on historical facts, maturely reflected on and examined. It is useful, moreover, as exhibiting the present state of Spain, and as calculated also to afford a profitable lesson to posterity. The contents of the work, however; the inconsistencies in opinion which the author betrays in it; and the manner in which he has executed his task, subject him to the charge, that, notwithstanding the pledge of impartiality with which he sets out, he by no means deserves that praise in his details of certain well known events of the Spanish revolution. As bitter against the Absolutists as he is austere with the Constitutionalists, he lays to the former many crimes of which they are innocent; while to the latter he attributes errors which have been invented to serve as pretexts for the persecutions inflicted on them. Several facts he has mistated altogether—he is inaccurate in his relation of others—and he betrays throughout the remains of that resentment which he is known to have manifested at the time of the Constitutional regime, on account of the slights which he imagined himself to have received at the hands of the government which then ruled the Peninsula.

Notwithstanding these important defects, the work of the *Señor Presas* contains a mass of information very deserving of attention. The biography, more especially of the ministers whom Ferdinand VII. has employed in the various changes which even Absolutism has under-

gone, contain portraits drawn with considerable accuracy. We may instance that of the celebrated Calomarde, and recommend it to those who feel desirous of forming just notions of the qualities of a man who has for some time past directed the public affairs of the Spanish monarchy, and who must one day occupy a conspicuous place in its history.

*Obras poéticas de D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa.* Tomo 1 and 2, 12mo. Paris, 1827.

(The Poetical Works of Don Francisco Martinez de la Rosa.)

This author entered when yet young on the double career of letters and freedom; and his exploits in either cause have acquired for him universal esteem. His literary labours, now that he is an exile on the banks of the Seine—his services in the Cortes during the war of independence—the sufferings with which these were recompensed by the ingratitude of a despot—the fresh ardour with which, on the re-establishment of the Constitution in 1820, he approved himself a worthy champion of the public liberties—the virtues he displayed as a minister when the diplomatic chair which he filled was shaken by the fury of adverse parties, by the intrigues of foreign policy, and by the bad faith of his sovereign whom he was serving in the name of the Constitution—all deserved for him and obtained the profoundest respect. As a writer, M. Martinez de la Rosa might claim the highest honours, if to the collection of his poems he would add the excellent speeches which, upon many of the most important subjects of legislation and political economy, he delivered to the Cortes in his character of deputy. In these he distinguished himself by a vast fund of knowledge, by great moderation in his principles, combined with remarkable energy in his manner of maintaining them; by excellent oratorical powers, and by an eloquence brilliant in language and rich in thought. In the collection before us, however, we are only favoured with a few of the productions with which the fruitful and elegant muse of Andalusia, of which province he is a native, inspired him in his juvenile years; together with a few later productions which have probably assisted him in sustaining with more resignation the hardships attending imprisonment and exile, and the privations which he has endured, and is still enduring.

### ITALY.

OF the veterans of Italian literature, two alone remain: Monti, who is very old, and nearly blind, writes no longer, and has given himself up to devotional practices, a transition not uncommon among imaginative men. Monti was essentially a poet, without, perhaps, fixed principles, either in politics or religion. We are not aware, however, that he ever scoffed at the latter; and therefore we saw with surprise that some fierce zealot published in the Roman journal that the old bard had been converted to religion by the Barnabite fathers at Monza. Monti himself was roused by this malignant insinuation, and he wrote a reply in the Milan Gazette, denying the fact of the conversion; "for," said he, "he had never ceased to be a Catholic." The other old writer still



living is Pindemonte, who has been styled the *Swan* of Verona. Of a lofty, contemplative turn of mind, he early acquired a mastery over his passions, and his life has ever been calm and immaculate. His pen has been unstained by flattery, bigotry or virulence; he has chosen simple and inoffensive subjects; he has sung of nature and its beauties; of the duties of man towards his fellow-creatures. His beautiful epistle addressed to the late Foscolo, on the subject of Sepulchres, in reply to Ugo's celebrated composition on the same argument, is well known. Pindemonte has also written *Arminius*, a tragedy, in which he has introduced some fine choruses. He has also given to Italy a spirited version of the *Odyssey*. Pindemonte enjoys in his old age universal esteem, and the love of his friends. Something he owes to nature, and much to fortune, which bestowed on him the blessing of independence; but he has the merit of having applied his own exertions to make the best use of his advantages.

Among the popular writers of the present generation, we have, first, Manzoni, of Milan, who seems intended to fix a new era in Italian letters. Manzoni shews himself to be intimately possessed of the spirit and energies of the Italian idiom. His lyrics are among the noblest specimens of that kind of poetry which can be found in any modern language: he has given a new drama to Italy; and, lastly, he has produced the first Italian novel, *The Betrothed*. A man who has succeeded in these three branches of composition is certainly a writer of no ordinary powers, and we may expect still greater things from him.

Nicolini of Florence, who by his last tragedy, *Foscarini*, has taken a middle path between Alfieri's classical school, and Manzoni's dramatic reform, appears to be inclined to depart still more from the strict rule of the critics, seeing probably that the classicists are not satisfied even with the sacrifice he has made to them in his last composition. He is now writing a new play on the Sicilian Vespers, a subject abounding in excellent materials, and which he may amply succeed in dramatising, if, free from conventional shackles, he trusts to his genius, and to the dictates of natural feeling.

Giordani, one of the best essayists, and the most elegant prose writer of Italy, has been for some years living at Florence, but too indolent, or too dispirited to write, notwithstanding the solicitations of his friends, who are sorry to see his rare intellect idle and lost to his countrymen. Now and then a short letter from him, on some topic relating to the fine arts, appears in the journals.

Grossi, the Milanese poet, after deriving a considerable sum from the sale of his poem, *I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata*, one of the few instances of profitable authorship in Italy, has had to sustain the most violent attacks from the critics. Many of those who had at first extolled him to the skies, have since turned against him. Grossi, we think, has been injudicious in the selection of his subject; he has chosen to tread on a ground already hallowed by the muse of Tasso, a poet so well adapted, by his lofty, impassioned feelings, for the effusions of religion and love, and whose strains will live as long as the Italian language shall be remembered. The *Jerusalem* is the epic poem of Italy; we think there is hardly room for another. Tasso hung his lyre on the boughs of a cypress tree, according to his own beautiful expression,

and there it has remained ever since. The present taste and turn of the Italian mind are not favourable to epics.

In speaking of Tasso, we see with pleasure that a splendid monument is to be raised to his memory in the church of St. Onofrio, at Rome, where his remains have remained so long in obscurity. The learned Mai is one of the committee named for the purpose. The bas-relief will represent the funeral procession of the bard. A full-size statue of Tasso will be placed over the monument. The Chevalier Visconti has been the projector, and Professor Fabris of the Academy of St. Luke has supplied the design.

Micali, the ingenious author of the *History of Italy before the Dominion of the Romans*, is preparing a new edition of his work, with ample additions and corrections. Micali and Niebuhr meet, at least in part, on the same ground, and their respective illustrations will throw much light on that obscure period of antiquity. Another important work on a similar subject is that of Inghirami on the *Etruscan Monuments*, lately published at Florence, in six vols. 4to. with numerous plates. There is an active spirit at work in Italy, as well as in Germany, to ascertain the truth with regard to ancient history.

The historian, Botta, remains at Paris, busy about his great work, the *Continuation of the General History of Italy*, from the period at which Guicciardini left it.

The plan of cheap tracts for the diffusion of useful knowledge has been adopted in Italy. A collection of *manuals* of sciences, letters, and arts, is being published at Milan, by the bookseller Silvetri. At Milan are also published annals of agriculture, and of rural and domestic economy, libraries of education, farmers' magazines, and other works of the same popular description. Florence and Milan are the two great marts of literary business.

Besides the *Great Dictionary of the Italian Language*, published at Bologna, there are several other dictionaries in the course of publication; two are appearing at Leghorn alone, one by Zanobetti, and the other by Vanzon; to these we may add the *Dictionary of Synonymes*, by the Abate Romano, a most useful work, and much wanted in Italy; and a *Fraseologia Italiana*, independently of the well-known *Proposta*, or Appendix to the Crusca Vocabulary, by the celebrated Monti.

The news of the death of poor Foscolo has excited a melancholy sensation in Italy. The *Antologia* of Florence promises to give a panegyric notice on the literary career of that eccentric but original genius, whose name ranks among the very first in modern Italian literature.

There is altogether an unusual activity in the Italian presses, which are busy, if not with many original works, at least with numerous reprints of the best writers of Italian literature, with ample comments, illustrations, &c. by learned and intelligent men. The number of new editions of classics, and of unedited MSS. is truly prodigious. Of a new edition, by Professor Rossini of Pisa, of all the works of Tasso, twenty-one volumes octavo have already appeared! All this shows, however, an increasing demand for information among the present generation of Italians.

Count Pecchio's *England in 1826* has been read with great atten-



tion on the other side of the Alps. The author published it at Lugano, in Italian Switzerland, where books are printed with greater freedom than in Austrian Lombardy, and whence they are easily exported to Milan. The Italians will form a more correct idea of England from Count Pecchio's work, than from any other book in their language. We cannot too much praise the candour, impartiality, and acuteness of observation displayed by this distinguished foreigner, who has evidently employed to the best advantage the time he has spent in this country. His feelings towards England are generous and kind, without flattery or servility; a pleasing contrast to the absurd tirades and ignorant dogmatisms of some other tourists. We wish the educated Italians travelled more; we find greater sobriety and matter-of-fact judgment in their observations than in those of most travellers of other nations. We are tempted to insert the concluding paragraph of Count Pecchio's work, which will give an idea of the spirit of the whole: "From the praises with which I have here and there spoken of England, some one will fancy that I am afflicted with Anglomania. But I must here declare that my commendations, although just, do not imply an advice to other nations to follow England in every thing. Every man has his own dress, and every country its own institutions. I only advise my countrymen to *study* England, as at one time people studied the Roman jurisprudence. The latter was the store of all the wisdom of the first nation in the old world; England is the great store of modern civilization. Our fathers did not study the *Corpus Juris* in order to re-establish the Augurs, the Vestals, or the geese of the capitol. We ought not to borrow from England its game-laws, its rotten boroughs, its poor tax. But yet how many admirable institutions we can borrow of her! It is my sincere and candid opinion that England is not to be servilely imitated. Her civil state is not the result of a plan, nor of a code of laws, like the institutions of Crete, Sparta, Athens, and Rome. It is the valuable offspring of time, of civil wars and revolutions, of laws and institutions, favoured by localities and climate. It is similar to Corinthian brass, which was produced by the accidental fusion and combination of several metals, but which no one has since succeeded in reproducing."

### GERMANY.

At the present period, which is just before the great fair at Leipsic, there are few novelties in the German language, the important books being reserved fresh for that mart. Of those recently published the following are the most deserving notice:

*Geschichte des deutschen Volkes* von H. Luden. Gotha, 1825. 2 t.  
(History of the German People, by H. Luden.)

THIS work, as yet wholly unknown in England, is one of the best productions that the literature of Germany has for several years produced. The name of the author is not obscure. His fame as a professor in the University of Jena is general; and his Letters on modern history and politics are acknowledged to be models of profound learning and philosophical erudition. The excellence of his

style is unequalled; and, what is of more importance, his mind is stored with those enlarged and liberal ideas, which impress on the writings of historians that dignity which renders them immortal. Qualities of this kind naturally become the objects of suspicion to arbitrary governments. The works of Luden have been accordingly persecuted in the states of the Holy Alliance.

The work before us is worthy of its author. The annals of the Germans were before scattered in various Greek and Roman writers—in traditions and chronicles. Party-spirit and vulgar prejudices had rendered this history altogether crude and fabulous. Luden has attempted to enlighten by philosophical research the obscurity which before enveloped it, and to unite in one sketch the materials which lay dispersed in many different parts. These three volumes, which will be followed by seven or eight others, deserve to be read by all who desire to form a just idea of a people who exercised so great an influence in the regeneration of Europe, after the overthrow of the Roman empire.

*Geschichte der Templer von Wilken. 3 Bände.*

(History of the Knights Templars, by Wilken. 3 vols.)

THE history of this chivalrous order is full of interest. Its power and wealth, and the singular manner in which it was destroyed by the intrigues of Philip le Bel and Pope Clement, have ever left the world in doubt whether the crimes with which it was charged were true or false. Mr. Wilken, who is already celebrated for his history of the Crusades, has treated his new subject with an ability and impartiality highly laudable. From his researches, it results that this order of Knights had imported into Europe from the east Mahometan deism; that consequently, in its mysteries, Christianity was rejected; that among the members admitted to the higher grades of the Templar rites, a philosophical religion, quite at variance with the dogmas of the Church, was disseminated. Hence, according to this author, the Pope and the King of France found plausible pretexts for despoiling this order of its immense treasures.

*F. H. Jacobi, Ausserlesener Briefwechsel, zwei Bände. 1826, 1827.*

(Selections from the Letters of F. H. Jacobi. 2 vols.)

THE works of Jacobi, the late President of the Academy of Munich, who was one of the greatest writers that Germany has ever produced, have, since his death, been enriched by the publication of his correspondence, in two volumes. These contain some documents of great value to literary criticism, among which may be mentioned excellent letters of Wieland, Herder, Lichtenberg, Geor. Forster, Lavater, and Jean Paul.



## DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

8th. At the assizes at Oxford, which have taken place during the present week, the following circumstance occurred. We have it from a person who was present. As the afternoon advanced, the sun began to shine into the windows on one side of the court, in a manner very inconvenient to those who were exposed to its influence. Mr. Justice Park, who presided on the bench, desired that the blinds might be pulled down. There were two windows into which the sun thus shone—one was at the extremity of the bench, which, as is usual at the assize held at Oxford in term time, was crowded with gownsmen—the other was in the body of the court. The officers proceeded to pull down the blinds of both windows,—“No, no—not that”—exclaimed the learned Judge, pointing to the window in the body of the hall,—“not that—I only meant *this*, where the sun incommodes these respectable young gentlemen,—as for the people in the crowd, if the sun annoys them, they may go out.” These words, or words as exactly similar as possible, were spoken by the judge in an English court of justice in the nineteenth century! By a judge, too, who is always complimenting himself upon being a *Christian Judge*; and who, on every possible, and almost impossible, occasion, is constantly reiterating that *that* is the capacity in which, emphatically, he sits on the bench. Now where did this learned and Christian person find that scorning and insulting the poor is part and parcel of Christianity?—where did he learn that sycophancy and servility to the rich and great and contumely to the humble, were the duty of a Christian, a gentleman, or a man? Is there any one who will say that this was *not* insult?—Is there any one who is conversant, in however slight a degree, with the feelings of the lower orders of the English people, who will say that this is not exactly the kind and quality of insult that will strike the deepest? What will the poor man who heard this, say? We can tell Judge Park:—he will say, “Listen to that; hear what *the Judge* says—after that, how can a poor man expect justice against a gentleman?” We do not say that this deduction is strictly logical,—but we do say that it is most natural—we do say that it is by no means sufficiently forced for us to be able to assert that it is *unjust*. In a country town, the assize is a matter of the highest interest and importance,—and the judge is looked up to by the bulk of the commonalty with a degree of blind veneration, that gives a tenfold extrinsic weight to every thing that falls from him. No one knows this better than Mr. Justice Park—no one swallows with more avidity all and every kind of homage which his situation procures him: his ideas, also, of his personal importance are immeasurable. With all these reasons, therefore, just and erroneous, for supposing that what he says is not scattered upon the highway, but falls into fruitful ground, it is doubly reprehensible for him to indulge in aristocratical *boutades* like this. The frivolous boys, in favour of whom he acts thus, only laugh at him,—*the people*,

whom he insults, will loathe and curse him : justly or unjustly, it matters not :—insult strikes deeper even than injury, and always excites a double measure of hatred and execration.

14th. Wars and rumours of wars begin to prevail. It seems to be almost certain that Russia is gone to war with Turkey without our leave asked and had ; and certain of our quidnuncs begin, in consequence, to ask whether we must not forthwith declare war against the Czar, to prevent, or to punish, so disrespectful a proceeding. Truly this would place us in a position somewhat pleasant. We are, at this moment, if not at war, certainly no longer at peace, with the Porte, because it will not do what we and Russia ask of it,—and, now the question is, whether we must not go to war with Russia also, for being too forward in the fray ? We had better, we suppose, have a fleet in the Dardanelles to attack the Turks because they will not listen to our mediation with the Greeks, and an army on the Pruth, to beat back the Russians from attacking the Turks for the very same cause !

All these are remarkably pleasant speculations, but, fortunately, the lack of money will, in all likelihood, not allow them to become more than speculations. The country would scarcely, we think, consent just now, to the addition of another hundred millions to the public debt, for the pursuit of such whimsies as these. The idleness of officers on half-pay, and innkeepers at sea-port towns, is greatly to be lamented—but some consideration also must be paid to possibilities. It would be scarcely worth while to ruin ourselves for the sole benefit of the very estimable personages just mentioned. A war, it is quite clear, would be just now a very unpopular measure. People seem to have made, within these few years, the notable discovery that peace has some advantages of its own, independent of its merit as being a preparative for war. A vague idea has begun to exist that, on the contrary, the object of war is to procure peace, and that commerce, education, and all the useful and elegant arts flourish better when the minds of men are not devoted to the one paramount object of cutting each other's throats. Lancastrian schools, mechanics' institutes, and societies for diffusing knowledge, have begun to make people believe that the great objects of public attention should be the advancement of general intelligence, activity, comfort, and happiness ; there are now higher things in an Englishman's philosophy than bayonets and cats-o'-nine-tails. In a word, " the schoolmaster is abroad with his primer," and he is fast beating the drill-serjeant out of the field. We are aware that colonels and corn-growers will consider all these things as heretical and levelling innovations ; but let us advise these gentry to swim with the stream ; they may rely upon it, it is becoming too strong and too rapid for them to be able to stem it ; if they strive to do so, they will be drowned in the attempt.

Sir Robert Walpole, as a foreign minister, was almost the best we ever had—for his motto was Peace. The country throve under his management, and grew fat and rich, for it was at peace. Fortunately France had, at the same time, a minister who (whether it were, in his case, from the debility of age, it matters not) shared Sir Robert's



pacific predilections. Cardinal Fleury and he would never, like some of their successors, have placed "*les deux nations en guerre pour quelques arpens de neige vers le Canada,*" and have made them "*dépenser pour cette belle guerre plus que tout le Canada ne vaut.*" Accordingly, the bills which poor posterity has had to honour for both the victories and the defeats of our ancestors are almost entirely of a later date. From the period of Sir Robert Walpole's retirement, indeed, up to the close of the late war, fighting was undoubtedly the prevailing fashion in Europe. Out of those seventy-six years, we were at war forty-five, without counting our wars in India—a pretty decent proportion, it will be owned! And what has been the result? Why, that, to use the words of Burke, "whether we be masters, or whether we be servants—whether we ride in our carriage, or whether we walk on foot—whether we wear boots, or whether we wear shoes—whether we drink wine, or whether we drink beer, still we are taxed." It is scarcely possible, in the event of a new war, to make this proposition more general—it can only be deepened in intensity.

We have not regarded the question of going to war in another light, which would at first sight seem to need some consideration, we mean the moral guilt of sacrificing a boundless number of human lives, as well as of inflicting all the unutterable miseries of war, for a trivial purpose. We have not yet mentioned this, because all the world seems to have come to a general understanding that such things do not merit, and shall not receive, any consideration at all. When, we should like to know, do we see, in the arguments used, pro and con, for war and peace, any mention made of the guilt of bloodshed and devastation? Policy, expediency, are the words in use—humanity never. It may seem very ante-diluvian, but we confess we cannot think that homicide upon a large scale ceases to be homicide; and we cannot regard wholesale homicide, in an unjust or a trifling cause, to be anything else than murder. But all this is as nothing in comparison with making a country the seat of war. A soldier, as the word implies, lets himself out to be shot at, at so much a day; and he knows when he enlists, that he is not to enquire too scrupulously into the cause in which he is to kill and be killed. But the unhappy inhabitant of "the seat of war" has made no such compact. He receives no pay for being plundered, abused, and maltreated—for having his house burned over his head, and for outrages being heaped upon himself and his family, to a degree, and of a nature, which renders it impossible to do more than allude to them. He has his enemies with him one day, and his allies the next—and the only question is, which is the more intolerable of the two? We were the allies of Spain—and any one of our countrymen who was (for a sample) at St. Sebastian's, will fully understand our meaning. Our ally-like doings there have never thoroughly come to light; but all the army knows them, if the public does not, and the tale has been currently told in society, if only the more feeble points of it have got into print. But England is an island, and thence has not, for ages, been the seat of war. Our wooden walls protect our ditch pretty effectually, and thus no foreign enemy penetrates within our fortress. With the exceptions of very partial descents upon points of the coast, we have never had a foreign enemy in the country since the reign of Henry III.; and our civil conflicts, which

certainly, in some degree, make up for this exemption, are so long since gone by, that, except when some county history laments the damage done to some church or manor-house, by the soldiery, in the great civil war, we almost forget that aught has

— filled fields with harness in the realm ;  
and, feeling none of its effects, are careless of its having once existed. But if once we were to have a taste of a war of several campaigns in the heart of our country—our homes converted into barracks, for brutal and licentious troops—our only payment, blows and insult—our only redress the almost equal horror of individual vengeance—if we once knew by personal experience what these things *are*, we think, as Corporal Cramp says, “we should be in no such cursed hurry when it came to our turn.” But we had forgotten; these things—the misery and anguish, namely, of human creatures—are not to be considered by people of expanded views. The question will be decided on very different grounds from these.

19th. Lord Lansdown brought two very excellent bills into the House of Lords last night, which, we trust, will pass into laws without opposition;—the one is to consolidate and amend the laws relating to personal violence—the other to make some alterations in the law of evidence. He states that he has been led to make these propositions for improving the criminal law, in consequence of his having “recently been in a situation which enabled him to obtain that information and assistance, which alone encouraged him to take the subject into his hands.” His lordship then passes some well-merited encomiums upon Mr. March Phillips, the Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, whose assistance seems to have been given to him in these most meritorious labours. At the conclusion of his speech he pays similar compliments to Lord Tenterden, which it is delightful to think are deserved by a Lord Chief Justice.

For the first bill, in particular, the country ought to be highly grateful to Lord Lansdown; for a monstrous and most absurd anomaly in the laws will be done away by it. We allude to the law, as it now stands, making those attempts at murder, not undertaken with particular instruments, only misdemeanours:—for instance, attempting to drown, to smother, or to strangle, a person, or to beat out his brains with a bludgeon, is, supposing the attempt to fail, only a misdemeanour; while shooting at a man, or cutting him with a sharp instrument, or attempting to poison him, are capital offences. This discrepancy has arisen thus: the broad principle of the common law is, that all attempts to commit felony are misdemeanours; of course, the attempts to commit murder are included in this. At various periods, however, in most instances in consequence of some case at the moment, statutes have been passed making it a capital felony to shoot at a person with intent to kill, or to stab or cut with intent to murder, or to administer poison with the same intention: thus these exceptions were made to the general rule of the common law, but all other modes of death were left as before. That this should be so is absurd upon the face of it; and it has both occasioned many guilty persons to escape, and also, which is nearly as bad, caused judges and



juries to warp the construction of the statutes, from the moral abhorrence arising from the blood-guiltiness of the parties accused. For instance, for an indictment to lie under what is commonly called Lord Ellenborough's Act, that for stabbing, (43 Geo. III. c. 58) it has been held to be necessary for the assault to be made with a *sharp instrument*. Now, how this doctrine has been stretched, I think the following case will shew. It is copied from Professor Christian's notes to his edition of Blackstone. "Peter Atkinson was indicted at York Spring Assizes, 1806, for cutting with an intent to murder under this statute. He clearly intended to murder a woman, his fellow-servant, and struck her over the face and head with the sharp or claw part of the hammer, until he thought she was dead. She recovered. He was found guilty, but his case was reserved for the opinion of the twelve judges. They held he was guilty of *cutting* within the meaning of the statute, and he was executed. But if he had attempted to kill her with the blunt end of the hammer, he would have been guilty of a misdemeanour only\*." Now, we think it must be quite clear to all people, who use only their common sense, and do not bewilder themselves with legal refinings and torturings of the plain meaning of plain words, that such a cutting as this did *not* come *within the meaning of the statute*. The statute clearly meant such instruments as swords, dirks, knives, razors, and the like—not hammers! There was very nearly the *reductio ad absurdum* of this the other day at the Old Bailey, in the case of Howard, which has made so much noise lately. One of the surgeons said that he considered one of the wounds inflicted upon the prosecutor *an incised wound*, which has been one of the criteria by which the courts have been guided in their decisions as to the character of the instrument. Now, the instrument used in this instance was a *trap-bat*!—to call which a sharp instrument, "within the meaning of the statute," would have been *un peu fort* indeed! Lord Lansdown now makes all kinds of attempts to murder punishable to the same extent as murder itself; and we think that this principle might be extended with advantage to attempts to commit any felony whatsoever. The true principle, as it appears to us, is to make *all attempts equally punishable, whether they succeed or not*. Let the *intent* be clearly made out, and then make any endeavour to put that intent into execution an equal offence with its thorough completion. The reasons upon which this doctrine is founded are clear, and near the surface. All punishment is for the prevention of crime—that is, crime is punished to deter others from committing a similar act. Now, this act cannot be committed without the *animus*, the will, the intent to do it previously being generated in the doer's mind. The great object, therefore, is to prevent the existence of that *animus*; hence wherever its existence was betrayed by its bearing fruit in deeds, it should be punished as though it had issued in full accomplishment. Where these attempts are made, and fail, the failure is caused by some extraneous circumstance, not by the will of the attempter. He has conceived in his mind a full intention of committing a certain crime, and it is not his fault that he does not commit it: therefore, he is as morally guilty as if he *had* committed it, and should be punished to a similar degree, to deter others from forming such

\* Christian's Blackstone, Vol. IV. p. 207, n. 1.

intentions, which in their case may be perfected. The crime never can take place without the *animus*: it is *that* we should strive to prevent. In numberless cases, the jury has at present to decide upon the intent. But the law already recognises the full principle in the instances I have named above, of attempts to shoot, to stab, and to poison. If Lord Lansdown's bill passes, it will be recognised in all attempts against life—and we confess we cannot see how the *principle* is less applicable to all felonies whatsoever—to burglary, to arson, even to theft, if the *intent* can be proved. However, Lord Lansdown in this bill is considering only one subject—violence to the person; and we must not ask too much at once.

The alteration of which we have been speaking is the main and great one of this bill; but there are various other salutary provisions also. For instance, the distinction between petty-treason and murder is done away; a distinction which, practically, shewed itself only in giving peculiar privileges to the party accused of the deeper offence, as to challenging jurors, &c. An accessory after the fact, in cases of murder, is made liable to transportation, instead of as now being subject only to imprisonment. Justices of the peace are empowered to commit for offences beyond the sea, which at present can be done only by the Privy Council. Lord Lansdown cited the case of Governor Wall as having strongly shewn the extreme inconveniences of the present system. In cases of murder, where the act is committed beyond the seas, but the party does not die till he reaches England, the criminal may be tried in England. This provision Lord L. proposes to extend to manslaughter. Death inflicted in the prevention of felony is to be justifiable homicide. Using means to procure abortion in a woman *not* quick with child to be subjected to the same punishment as when she is quick. This is a step in medical jurisprudence which the destruction of old women's absurd theories renders necessary. The concealment of the birth of a bastard child to be a substantive offence, whereas now it must be preceded by an indictment for its murder. The penalties of abduction to be extended to the cases of heiresses, as well as possessors, of property; together with a variety of minor regulations upon similar principles of wholesome improvement.

Lord Lansdown's second bill is on the subject of evidence. In the first place, and every lover of liberality will hail the enactment with joy, the affirmation of a Quaker is to be received in criminal as well as civil cases. The distinction was always monstrous; and the encouragement it held out to thieves to attack the property of this most estimable class of persons was extreme. Professional thieves understand Old Bailey law right well, and they constantly endeavour so to commit their depredations as to shield themselves from the heavier class of punishments. In this case, they would escape altogether. Lord Lansdown cites a very great number and variety of such instances. In the next place, in cases of forgery, the evidence of the person whose name is forged is to be made admissible. This is extremely right. The principle of interested persons not being allowed to give evidence is carried to a most hurtful excess: and in cases of larceny, it is by necessity swerved from. It is for a man's *interest* to swear that such and such goods are his property: but we never heard



of any practical evil arising from this mode of identifying stolen articles, which is universal in trials for larceny. Indeed the principle of the *incompetency* of a witness is of very doubtful policy in any case. The best plan would be to admit them all, broadly, and let the jury decide on the credibility of the individual. The present practice is as much as saying "we cannot expect a man will tell the truth, if falsehood should be more conducive to his interest." This is giving a sort of readiness to the supposition, of perjury being quite natural, which is, we think, of bad moral example. There are some civil cases in which great injustice is done, from the plaintiff not being allowed to give evidence, subject of course to his credibility being narrowly looked to by the jury. For instance, suppose in an action against a carrier for the loss of a trunk, it was packed by the owner, the plaintiff; it would be impossible to give any evidence of the contents of the trunk to enable the jury to judge of their value. We merely cite this as an instance, but there are many such.

There are only two other clauses in this bill, which go to remove a doubt whether persons, having *undergone* the punishment consequent upon a conviction for felony or for misdemeanour, are thereby expurgated, as though they had had a pardon under the great seal. Lord Lansdown's clauses make such persons competent witnesses. Lord Lansdown, after stating that these are the principal clauses of his bill, adds, that "he is by no means prepared to assert that the improvements which they would introduce are very extensive. There is nothing in them of a very novel or extraordinary character to captivate their lordships; but their lordships would agree with him that on such subjects they ought to proceed by slow degrees, and with a watchful attention to the progress of legal proceedings, in order that any amendments introduced into the law might be introduced on safe and intelligible grounds." This is perfectly just, and the country is exceedingly indebted to Lord Lansdown for what he has done; but we confess that when a bill is in parliament on the subject of evidence, it seems most desirable that some provision should be contained in it to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of those disgraceful scenes, which sometimes take place in our courts, of refusing a man's evidence on account of his religious belief. This subject has been so amply discussed, that it is not worth while to enter into an argument to show that such a refusal is contrary to every principle of common sense and justice; but, even the better *legal* opinion seems to be that the evidence should be received. But, as such persons as Mr. Serjeant Arabin have it in their power to injure the cause of justice by deciding to the contrary, a declaratory clause ought to be introduced into this bill, setting the subject at rest for ever. It is much to be wished that either the noble Mover, or some other noble Lord, would introduce a clause to this effect, when the bill is committed.

22nd. There was a debate last night in the House of Commons, on the East Retford Disfranchisement Bill, remarkable on more accounts than one. It is remarkable not only on account of the merits of the question as they were debated, and of the odious and all-devouring spirit of the landed aristocracy displayed on the occasion; but

also for the real question which was at issue not being noticed at all, except once, incidentally, for the purpose of what we cannot but call the most extraordinary disavowal. The question nominally was whether the franchise, forfeited by East Retford, should be transferred to Birmingham, or some other large town, or to the hundred in which it is situated: the question really was whether it should, or should not, be given to the Duke of Newcastle. Every one knew this; there was not a vote given on either side without a direct view to this issue, and yet no one had the manliness to come forward and say, "This is in reality what we are arguing about—Is this Tory peer to have this additional influence thrown into his hands, or not?" Sir James Macintosh, who made a most admirable and unanswerable speech on the merits of the nominal question, had not the boldness to even mention the real one. Mr. Peel, who made a very poor speech on the nominal question, alluded to the real one, only in the following terms:—"There was an objection which was supposed to exist on the part of the government, to transfer the franchise of East Retford away from the hundred, arising from the desire they had to invest an individual (the Duke of Newcastle) with the power of returning a member if the franchise were given to the hundred. He declared, upon his honour, that no consideration of that kind influenced him; he knew nothing upon the subject except what he had heard in that house. It might be, or it might not be, that the Duke of Newcastle had such influence, for aught he knew; he certainly did not believe it to be so powerful as to sway a whole body of two thousand voters; but what place, he would ask, could be chosen where some person or persons could not be found to possess considerable influence?" Oh, fie! Mr Peel; one could not expect this miserable shuffling and sophistry from you. The motive does not actuate you? well, you so declare it, and as regards *motives*, no one can have a knowledge to be set against the assertion of him who feels them. We are bound to believe you; but your having no knowledge of such influence—it may be, or it may not be—you cannot tell—*fi donc!* The world is bound to believe a right honourable gentleman when he makes an assertion, as to what he knows or does not know; it can, therefore, only be said that Mr. Peel laboured under a most unaccountable and singular ignorance. To every one else the thing was perfectly notorious.

And now, to say a few words upon the question nominally debated: whether the franchise should be transferred to one of the great, populous, unrepresented towns, or to the hundred of Basset-law, in which East Retford is situated. The latter course would (laying the Duke of Newcastle, for the present, out of the question) transfer the franchise to the agricultural interest, the former to the manufacturing. The former course would give the privilege of electing representatives to (whether the town be Birmingham or Manchester) a place containing upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, abounding in wealth and intelligence, and possessing the strongest interest in all those great questions of commercial policy, which are now decided for them in parliament by other people. The latter course would give this privilege to two thousand ignorant bumpkins, who already have a vote for the county of Nottingham, by virtue of which they send, or may send, to parliament a couple of agricultural members, there, in con-



junction with their numerous brethren, to keep up the price of corn and thence of bread, as the *summum bonum*, the great, the only object of political wisdom. Giving the franchise to Birmingham or Manchester would add to the small number of representatives of the commercial interest in a country essentially commercial; giving it to the hundred of Basset-law would add to the great majority of representatives returned by the landed interest, in a country in which the power has remained with that interest, after their real (comparative) importance has become as obsolete as the King's touching for the evil. It never can be sufficiently repeated, that, whatever may have been the case in days of ancient ignorance and barbarism, the landed people are now but as a grain of sand in the balance, when weighed against the manufacturing and commercial, in all that relates to the real power, greatness, and glory of England. That they still possess the great bulk of *internal* power is one of those legacies from the brutal ages of feudalism, which still hang around the neck of our advancement, and from which it will yet take long years to shake ourselves free. But each step towards it is to be striven for with every nerve, and to be hailed with delight when it is achieved. Mr. Peel says that the franchise of Penryn may be transferred to one of the great towns, and that thus a fair division is made. A *fair* division! Why Shoreham, Aylesbury, Cricklade, and half of Grampound (in effect—*all* nominally) have gone to pamper the already overgrown carcase of agricultural influence! And now, forsooth, giving two members to the one, and two to the other, will be a fair division! If the whole twelve members had been given to the commercial interest, it still would have been far and far behind the landed in actual numbers, to say nothing of the changed circumstances of the country rendering it fitting that it should possess the absolute majority. But as it is, to give to it only two, or at most three, out of twelve, is surely the oddest idea of a fair division that ever was heard of! We have not entered into the details of the argument; the twaddle, for instance, brought forward by Mr. Peel about the average number of members returned by each county, as if such a principle were in any degree recognized by our parliamentary constitution, or as if it ought to be merely as regards square miles. We have stuck to the broad question of the respective claims of the trading and landed interests to the forfeited franchise, and we cannot conclude better than by quoting some of the brilliant and conclusive observations of Sir James Macintosh on this point, applied individually to the places, in this instance, respectively, representing each:—

‘I have nothing to do with the question as it respects Birmingham, except (comparing it with the section of a county to which the Right Honourable Gentleman proposes to transfer this franchise) to ask, whether the inhabitants of Birmingham, an unrepresented community, a population of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, abounding with men of property, character, and intelligence; or the comparatively small number of fifteen hundred freeholders of Nottinghamshire, all of whom already possess the right of voting for Members of Parliament, should be selected as the successors of the delinquent Corporators of Retford? [hear!] Now, Sir, I ask the House whether

this is not a question which answers itself? Can any man pretend to say that the claim of Birmingham to this transfer of the Elective Franchise is not far superior to the claim of a portion only of the county of Nottingham, or that the former is not much more likely to make a sound choice of representatives than the latter? Why, I ask, should we refuse this right to Birmingham, possessing such an extensive population, in order to give it to a number of persons not exceeding one-third of the population of Nottinghamshire? Let the house consider but for a moment the vast importance of the iron trade, of which Birmingham is the chief and centre point—a trade spreading itself over a country composed, as I may say, of towns—a trade running through Warwickshire and Staffordshire. I am not sure whether iron forms the second or third of the great branches of our trade; I think it is the second; but whether second or third is immaterial to my argument; I say that that trade is the least directly represented of any of the three great branches. It is neither my intention nor my wish to mention the names of other branches of our internal traffic; but I repeat that the iron trade is the least protected of all [hear, hear!]. But, Sir, we have now presented to us the opportunity of remedying this evil, by giving two members to Birmingham on the disfranchisement of the Borough of East Retford. The Honourable Member has talked to us of the population of this hundred; I wish he had given us some information as to the population of Staffordshire and Warwickshire [hear, hear!]. I wish he had told us the proportion of representatives to the population of these counties, as compared with the county of Nottingham, instead of telling us that there existed a small arithmetical disproportion between the places to which he has alluded. The question of disfranchising corrupt boroughs, and transferring the franchise to large towns, was so ably handled by my Noble Friend (Lord Dudley) then Mr. Ward, that I think I cannot do better than quote some of his observations. That Noble Lord proceeded with such a mixture of wit and argument that every pleasantry contained a reason, and every assertion a proof. It had been said, in the course of the discussion to which I allude, that the corruption which had been carried on in the boroughs of Gatton and Old Sarum was enough to make our ancestors rise from their graves. "No," said Mr. Ward, "that is not enough to make our ancestors rise from their graves, for they had their Gattons and their Old Sarums as well as ourselves; but there is a circumstance which is enough to call them from their graves, and that is, to see in the present day towns larger and more populous than their London totally unrepresented" [hear, hear, hear!]. Is it possible, I ask, to express the defects of the existing state of the representation better, or in fewer words? I say, Sir, that if the House does not avail itself of this opportunity of giving two representatives to one of the great towns, we shall lose one of the best opportunities that ever presented themselves of sinking the constitution more deeply into the hearts of the people; and attaching the whole of the community to our national institutions. We shall also lose the opportunity of giving to one of our greatest trading interests that protection which it requires, and in the absence of which it is left depending solely on the justice of Parliament.



26th. Sir Richard Birnie is a gentleman to whom the public pays fifteen hundred a-year for preserving the peace of the metropolis. We beg to subjoin the following statement, which we copy from the Morning Herald, as a comment upon this fact:—

*St. Paul, Covent Garden.*

Yesterday morning a petty session was held in the vestry-room of this parish, for the appointment of overseers. The churchwardens and the rest of the "late select," not having condescended to consult any of the non-select, a respectable number of the latter assembled to take into consideration fit and proper persons to be recommended to the magistrates for the above office. Mr. Dow was unanimously called to the chair, and the names of eight ancient and substantial householders having been submitted by the chairman and agreed to, Thomas Halls, Esq., the magistrate, entered the room, and took his seat at the table; he was followed by Sir Richard Birnie, who approached the chairman, and with great impetuosity, asked the chairman, "Who are you, sir?"

The Chairman—My name is Dow, sir. I have been placed in the chair by the meeting; but now you have arrived, Sir Richard, I shall willingly resign it.

Without waiting to reply, the worthy Chief Magistrate seized him rudely by the right arm, which was suspended in a sling, having been recently dislocated, and said with great warmth, "Get out, sir, get out!"

Mr. Dow (retiring)—Gently, Sir Richard, you don't consider my arm; you give me great pain.

Sir Richard—I care nothing about your arm.

The magistrate then seated himself, and the list previously agreed to was placed before him; when Mr Roche, the vestry-clerk, pressed forward another list, *privately* agreed to by the churchwardens and the members of the late select. The magistrates were proceeding to appoint from the said select list, when their attention was called to the former list.

Sir Richard—I know nothing about any lists.

Mr. Corder—We are aware, Sir Richard, by the 39th of Elizabeth, you have the right to appoint without consulting the inhabitants; but allow me to explain that—

Sir Richard—I'll hear no explanation.

Mr. Corder—Then perhaps Mr. Halls will allow me for one moment, I will not detain your worships any longer, as I know your official duties oblige you shortly to attend at Bow Street, and—

Sir Richard—*Oblige*, sir! I am not *obliged* to attend. How dare you, sir, presume that I am *obliged*? I can stay away all day if I like.

Mr. Corder—You have misunderstood me, Sir Richard, I did not mean *compelled*, when I said *obliged*, although I presume under the Police Act—

Sir Richard—I tell you, sir, you have no right to presume. Where is *your* list, Mr. Roche?

Mr. Phillips then proceeded ably to argue that the usual course, where open vestries existed, was for the parishioners to be convened previous to the appointment of overseers, and to select certain old and

substantial householders, whose names should be submitted to the magistrates in petty sessions, and, as the magistrates could not, in large and populous parishes, be presumed to be acquainted with the inhabitants, they usually adopted the names so recommended. Mr. Phillips cited authorities, and quoted various precedents in support of this mode of nomination.

Sir Richard Birnie—Is there any objection to the names proposed in this list?—(The select List.)

Mr. Walker—Yes; the first man does the work of the "parish."

Sir Richard Birnie—Well, so much the better for him. Besides he can't do it when he is in office.

Mr. Corder—There has been lavish expenditure of our money, dinners with champagne, sauterne, and rose water, &c. to wit, and we object to any of the friends of such a system.

Mr. Halls—I think the fairest manner, as well as the most proper mode, is for us to issue our precept to the high constable, directing him to furnish us with the names of all those who are eligible to serve as overseers, and I hope in future that course will be pursued.

Mr. Phillips—The 54th George the Third says, the appointment may be made within fourteen days of the 25th of March; that will be affording your worships ample time to pursue that course.

Sir Richard—I object to it now; I think it is too late.

Mr. Phillips suggested that a name from each list should be taken.

This conciliatory proposition was, however, rejected, and Sir Richard proceeded to swear in the two individuals recommended by the members of the late select. One of the new overseers was asked if he had served the office of constable. He replied in the negative.

Sir Richard—Psha! What of that, neither have I.

A parishioner said, they made me a constable before I was in the parish four months, but I dare say they will never make me an overseer.—(A laugh.)

The magistrates were then retiring, when Mr. Dow remonstrated with the chief magistrate upon his rude and offensive conduct to him. "Sir," said Mr. Dow, emphatically, "I am as respectable a man as yourself, but your conduct to me on coming into this room was unmanly and ungentlemanly. You treated me like a dog."

Sir Richard—Upon my word this is too bad. Take down his words, Mr. Roche,—take down his words.

Mr. Dow, apparently in much pain, and under excited feelings, said—You may be a magistrate, but I say, sir, your conduct to me has not been that of a gentleman. Mr. Roche may take down my words, if you please; but I repeat, sir, you have treated me like a dog.

The meeting then separated, apparently much dissatisfied that the magistrates should have so strenuously supported the faction of the late select.

We, the undersigned, believe the above statement to be correct, having been present at the meeting.

J. CORDER,

J. CALLAHAN.

J. PHILLIPS,

T. W. Dow.

Now this, we think, is a little too bad, even from a gentleman so



privileged as Sir Richard Birnie chooses to consider himself to be. This statement, it will be remarked, is not a mere newspaper report—it is authenticated by the signatures of four respectable parishioners, and it cannot be doubted that it is, in the main, correct. We are well aware that there are considerable party feuds in the parish of St. Paul;—but these are not arguments or reasonings, but facts. Moreover, one or two former displays of Sir Richard's are perfectly in keeping with his outrage of yesterday. His conduct to Belzoni at the Irish ball, a few years back, which betrayed equal ignorance and brutality, has not, he may rest assured, passed from the public memory, nor is it likely so to do while his official behaviour in general is marked by the kind of inanner which distinguishes this worthy successor of Justice Thrasher. His conceptions of his own importance would be ludicrous, if they did not issue into such disgusting violence as that above narrated. To a minor instance of a similar spirit we ourselves chanced to be an eye-witness not long ago. We were coming out of the theatre, one night in November, in company with a gentleman and his wife, when, just as the lady was about to put her foot upon the step of her carriage, a man pushed rudely by, shoved us all three into the gutter, exclaiming, "Make way! make way!" "What the devil do you mean by that?" was our natural retort; when, pulling out a staff, and saying he was an officer, the man reiterated "Make way! make way for Sir Richard Birnie;" and lo! the great dignitary, with her ladyship on his arm, hove in sight, approaching along the pavement thus cleared for him. This is only farcical;—Sir Richard Birnie thinking that he is to have the streets of London cleared for his free passage is an epigram in itself. But if he goes on after the fashion of his out-break of yesterday at the Vestry, he may chance to "put the saddle on the wrong horse," and to learn that magistrates have no more right to break the king's peace than other people.

26th. Excellence of every kind is to be admired; there is something inspiring even in the perfection of wickedness and absurdity. It is thus that a *thorough* lie—a lie complete in all its details—a lie full of the most monstrous and incredible circumstances; such a lie, in fact, as the newspapers chuckle at, gloat over, and thrust into their most crowded columns, multiply in a week all through the three kingdoms, send hot to America, and receive it back from that region of wonders re-manufactured to be re-exported;—such a lie as this delights us beyond expression, and gives us vast hopes of the perfectibility of the invention of mankind. What a glorious example is the following, which has travelled up from the 'Macclesfield Courier' to 'The Times;' and, after being swallowed with all the port and porter in the city, will make itself wings to fly into every inn and pot-house in the country, till it becomes embalmed in the Magazines, and will descend to posterity in some quiet nook of the 'Annual Register':—

'We have heard of many instances wherein fright, it is said, has produced very strange effects upon the human system. The following account we give upon the authority of a highly respectable medical gentleman resident in London. At the time of the funeral of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, a gentleman well known for his

antiquarian résearches, *whose name we withhold*, descended into the Royal cemetery at Windsor, after the interment had taken place, and busily engaged himself in copying inscriptions from various coffins. While thus engaged, and absorbed in thought, he heard the door of the cemetery close with an appalling sound; the taper fell from his hand, and he remained petrified by the knowledge of his awful situation, entombed with the dead. He had not power to pick up the taper, which was soon extinguished by the noisome damp, and he imagined that the cemetery would not be re-opened until another royal interment should take place; and that thus he must soon, from the effects of famine, be numbered with the dead. He swooned, and remained insensible for some time. At length, recovering himself, he rose upon his knees, placed his hands upon a mouldering coffin, and, to use his own words, "felt strength to pray." A recollection then darted across his mind, that he had heard the workmen say, that about noon they should revisit the cemetery, and take away some plumes, &c. which they left there. This somewhat calmed his spirits. Soon after twelve o'clock he heard the doors turn upon their grating hinges; he called for assistance, and was soon conveyed to the regions of day. His clothes were damp, and a horrible dew hung upon his hair, which in the course of a few hours turned from dark black to gray, and soon after to white. The pain which he felt in the scapula during the period of his incarceration, he described to our informant to be dreadful. This is, perhaps, the best authenticated account upon record of a man's hair turning gray from fright.

What a pity is it to spoil this most ingenious and really awful fiction, by mentioning a few stupid facts. The 'Royal Cemetery' is *never* opened but in the presence of the Lord Chamberlain and the Dean of Windsor, who each have keys;—the body, at a royal funeral, is lowered into a subterranean passage, which communicates with the cemetery, and, these two personages being present, is immediately placed in its 'narrow cell;' the cemetery, being locked, is never again opened, till a similar occasion unbars the tomb. Do not be discouraged, O worthy "Macclesfield Courier!"

26th. What will the world come to next? 'The Quarterly Review' is turning liberal; their article on the Police might almost have been in the 'Edinburgh;' they talk of the absurdity of old systems—*they*, 'The Quarterly.' But a far greater curiosity than this came to our ears yesterday, namely, an anti-despotic speech from a schoolmaster—and that schoolmaster the Head-master of Eton!—'church and state,' we should have thought, personified. It seems that when Don Miguel was in England, on his visit to Windsor he obtained a week's additional holidays for the Eton boys at Easter, a practice very common among royal people who visit those 'antique towers'—so much so, indeed, that it is now become exceedingly extraordinary if the boys do not have a week's extraordinary holidays on some account or another. Don Miguel followed the approved custom. But it seems that, yesterday, when the boys in the upper part of the school were coming away, Dr. Keate, in officially informing them of (what they knew right well before) the additional week's holidays, added, 'Under present circum-



stances, it is probable it would not have been granted; but, as the Provost's word is passed, it cannot be revoked.' Bravo! Dr. Keate. The schoolmaster, undoubtedly, is abroad with his primer, when the Head-master of Eton speaks thus. We confess we should have thought, *a priori*, that the absolutists had not a greater strong-hold than in Eton College. We are delighted to find we were mistaken.

27th. Our attention has been just drawn to the case of 'Jane Scott, the Parricide,' as the newspapers call her, as to a most extraordinary metaphysical instance of sheer wickedness. It has proved to us how infinitely farther human, or inhuman, nature goes than the boldest writer of fiction *dare* invent and put into his book. This woman had poisoned her sister's child—her own child—her father—and her mother. Of the first there never was any suspicion entertained, it being supposed the child died of a fit;—the second, to use her own words, 'there was a bit of a stir about at the time, and many folks said they thought it had not died properly, but she was never taken up about it.' For the murder of her father she was tried at the last summer assizes, but acquitted on a point of law; for the murder of her mother she was tried at the assizes just concluded, and has since been executed. The peculiar and almost supernatural atrocity of this woman is that which makes the case remarkable; and her confession is assuredly one of the most remarkable documents of the kind that has ever fallen beneath our notice. What do our readers think of the following account, by a mother, of the murder of her own child? 'She also confessed, that shortly after this she formed the resolution of poisoning her own illegitimate child (as a young man had promised her marriage,) a fine boy about four years old; that she went to the doctor's in Preston, and purchased an ounce of white powder, to use her own words (arsenic), and at tea-time, she says, Tommy was sitting at the table, and he cried; she then kissed him, and made him quiet; she then mixed the arsenic in some treacle, and gave it him all; that she then set him in the chair; she took her seat opposite him, and watched him; she says, that almost directly after she saw the glass come over his eyes, and he died shortly.' This is appalling!—and yet it is right that such things should be made known, were it only to show to what an extent the depravity of those brutalized by ignorance may go.

28th. Our excellent friend 'The Morning Herald,' is prodigiously original and amusing in his account of the levee. He deals in those pretty little personal anecdotes, which shew how keenly he has snuffed the air of St. James's, and which, in his prattle about courtiers, indicate plainly that he has been

Between the wind and their nobility.

We shall follow his interesting narrative step by step:—'The Duke of Wellington having had an accident in stepping out of his carriage the other evening, in going to the House of Lords, when his foot slipped, and precipitated him, with some degree of violence, against a pillar, his Grace was obliged to wear a small black patch on a prominent part of his face—notwithstanding which, the Duke looked in

good spirits.' We cannot exactly see why the Duke of Wellington should *not* look in 'good spirits,' by reason of the 'black patch.' We may venture to think that a brave soldier has no dread of portents. To be sure, a tumble at the House of Lords is an ugly thing for a prime minister; and it is not very pleasant to fall against a *pillar* even of that house, and get his nose bruised. But his Grace is growing used to *slips* in that place, and will brave them manfully. Let him laugh at Fate! 'The Marquess of Wellesley has likewise much improved in his looks since his marriage and absence in Ireland. His Lordship, as well as Prince Esterhazy, amused themselves in chatting with Townsend, the police-officer.' What an observer of *looks* the 'Herald' is, particularly of those of the Wellesleys. The one brother smiles through a 'black patch,' and the other is much improved by marriage. But he does not tell us how Townsend looked! Impudent, and sleek, and oily to the prince and the marquess, we are satisfied—arrogant, and pompous, and sour to the unknown Mister, who sees a levee for the first time, we are equally sure. But the Herald does not read looks for nothing:—'Prince Polignac is a handsome man; but Prince Lieven's countenance appeared grave and thoughtful.' Lord Burleigh shakes his head! There are invasions, and wars, and massacres, and the capture of Constantinople, in that 'grave and thoughtful countenance' of Prince Lieven. Heaven avert the omen! But the danger thickens:—'The Earl of Eldon looked uncommonly cheerful, far more than he did whilst presiding in the Court of Chancery.' Now what can make Lord Eldon cheerful? It is true, that the Duke of Newcastle is getting another borough, and Miguel is 'absolute king,' and Mr. Peel is daily growing more cunning and diplomatic, upon the old mode of governing England by stratagem. There is something brewing when Lord Eldon looks 'cheerful.'

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

'The Marquess of Hertford was the first nobleman that left the court, and his frame, once so athletic, seemed to have lost much of its vigour: his Lordship was lame. In fact, more instances of lameness were observable amongst the courtiers attending the levee of yesterday, than have been witnessed on former occasions.' Now that is wicked, and sly, and very disloyal, my dear 'Morning Herald.' That is a hit at the ministry, of whom the majority were present. We all know that Mr. Huskisson is very lame upon the matter of guarantee,—and the Duke of Wellington very lame upon the matter of political economy,—and Mr. Peel very lame upon the matter of reformation, whether of laws or boroughs,—and Mr. Goulburn very lame upon all matters;—but why lame at the levee?

'Mr. Secretary Huskisson seemed improved in health; Lord Goderich's countenance indicated not the slightest regret for the loss of place as Premier; and the Marquess of Lansdowne stepped into his coach without relaxing a single muscle of his face.' Why the Marquess of Lansdowne *should* have relaxed 'a single muscle of his face' when he stepped into his coach, we cannot precisely tell. Lord Dufferin thought that it was necessary 'for a peer to be in a pucker, when a man comes from Quebec in America;' and the 'Herald' evidently thinks that an ex-secretary of state ought to laugh outright when he



turns his back upon St. James's. Perhaps the Marquess of Lansdowne 'laughed in his sleeve,' and the 'Herald' missed the circumstance.

'The Marquesses of Winchester and Camden, and Lord Melville, were accompanied by their sons, as was the Duke of Montrose, but age and infirmity seemed to be creeping on the latter nobleman.' Never mention such things, sweet 'Herald,' if you would be in the graces of the eaves-droppers of courts, from whom you may gather the choicest political information. Kings and Lord Chamberlains are never acquainted with 'age and infirmity.' Such mishaps belong to the 'sons of the earth.'

---

Turn we from levees to legislation. The 'Morning Herald' of to-day is deep, very deep, astonishingly wise; 'a Daniel come to judgment.' 'Next to getting rid of the vices of the people, a wise and paternal government cannot do better than render them objects of taxation, not merely with a view to revenue, but as a means of diminishing the practice of them, by throwing expensiveness in the way of their indulgence.' It is perfectly true that 'a wise and paternal government' cannot do better than render the people objects of taxation: it is the only business of all 'wise and paternal governments.' 'Rivers,' said Brindley, 'were *made* to feed navigable canals.' 'The people,' says every minister, from Laud to Mr. Peel, 'were *made* to be taxed.' It is the condition of this existence; governments might do without the people but for that single circumstance. But why *next* to getting rid of their vices? The 'Herald' (if we understand his meaning aright amidst a little obscurity of construction) says, governments should tax the people, 'not merely with a view to revenue,' but to make them virtuous. Now, if the vices were got rid of first, this care for the morals of the people, in the mode of taxing them, would be quite supererogatory. Be that as it may, the receipt for making a nation virtuous is to tax well; and, *therefore*, as we are the most taxed people in the world, we ought to be the most virtuous, and doubtless are so. This is a consolation for eight hundred millions of debt! But the Editor of the 'Morning Herald,' who can afford to drink claret, is angry with gin, and wants that taxed, taxed, taxed! But there is an antidote even to the cheapness of gin. Fashion bears 'sovereign sway' at St. Giles's as well as St. James's. Gin is growing *vulgar*, because it is cheap. We had lately the pleasure of a conversation on this subject, with a very intelligent driver of a cabriolet, who informed us, that 'gin was a penny a glass, and horrid low—no gentlemen now could drink gin.'

---

28th. It has always been our intention to say something about the fall of the Brunswick Theatre; but we have been waiting for the verdict of the coroner's inquest, that we might notice it altogether. The inquest, however, being again adjourned, and that to Wednesday week, we must say our say now, or not at all.

That the event was a most dreadful and appalling one, there can be no manner of doubt; and, like all such events in this metropolis, it occasioned, in the hubbub which it created, the circulation of a vast number of very great lies, mingled with the truth. The outcry against

Mr. Whitwell, the architect, during the first few days after the catastrophe, was swelled by a mass of the most gross inventions, partly, perhaps, arising from malice, but chiefly, no doubt, from that insatiable appetite for wonders and horrors with which the *badauds* of this good city are affected. That gentleman, whose conduct, indeed, seems to have been most firm and manly throughout, contented himself with publishing the following letter, in which, casting aside all the declamation which had been used on the subject, he makes, very wisely, a plain statement of facts, which he sets forth in a most concise and apothegmatic manner:—

‘ Saturday, March 1, 1828.

‘ Sir,—It was perhaps too much to hope that the public prints would have abstained, on a question of so much interest as the late accident at the Brunswick Theatre, from discussing, to some little extent, the conduct of the architect. At this moment, when every attention ought to be given to the relief of the unhappy sufferers, nothing shall induce me to intrude upon the public mind any lengthened defence of my own conduct. Yet, although I shall wait with patience the due time for vindicating my character for a competent knowledge of my profession, I cannot endure the imputation of having been careless of the public safety. I pledge myself, therefore, to the fullest proof of the following facts, on the earliest opportunity afforded me.

‘ 1. That the walls of the building were of proper strength and thickness, and in every respect fitted for their legitimate purposes.

‘ 2. That the roof, which was of *wrought* iron, was *lighter* than one of wood, and in every respect sufficient for all purposes for which it was constructed.

‘ 3. That a large floor, extending over a great part of the theatre, together with the floors over the stage, and all the machinery of the theatre, weighing many tons, were supported chiefly by being suspended from the roof, contrary to the object of the roof, and without any reference to the plans upon which the theatre was erected.

‘ 4. That over these erections I had no control whatever, they being expressly excepted in my written agreement.

‘ 5. That, nevertheless, I frequently and urgently remonstrated against this improper use of the roof.

‘ 6. That, after communicating with me on the subject, the constructor of the roof protested, in writing, against the additional loading of the roof.

‘ 7. That, from the nature of the construction and material of the roof, I knew that no accident could take place, without a notice from its appearances, which would afford ample time to prevent all personal danger.

‘ 8. That such notice of the failure of the roof under its load, was, in fact, given, and observed by the responsible persons, more than twenty-four hours before the catastrophe; but that I was kept in utter ignorance of this most important circumstance.

‘ 9. That the difficulty with which some of the box-doors are said to have shut on Monday evening, (supposing the fact to have been as described,) and also of one of the flies sinking, had no connexion with the accident, and were not at all calculated to awaken suspicion.



10. That, although I never, either directly or indirectly, sanctioned the suspension which caused the accident, but, on the contrary, repeated my warnings from time to time, yet I examined the roof on Monday evening, the last occasion of my being at the theatre, (my occupations there having been quite finished,) and could perceive no symptoms of failure.

I have only to add to these facts, that I yesterday made a formal application to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, praying him to direct, as secretary of state for the home department, a rigid inquiry into the causes of the accident. I remain, Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

STEDMAN WHITWELL.

This is bringing matters to issue; and accordingly, as the inquest has proceeded, we have watched to see how far these assertions were borne out by the evidence. And we consider it but justice to Mr. Whitwell, to say that we think he has undeniably proved them every one. We very much wish that the evidence of Mr. Smirke and Mr. Nash had been already given, to put the final stroke to the matter: but the coroner, it seems, by some mistake about time and place, has postponed receiving it till the next sitting of the inquest.

We confess that, if the business were not altogether of so tragic a character, we think the inquest would be very little short of farcical. The extreme and Dogberry-like self-importance of the coroner; the dawdling, dozy way in which the inquiry has been conducted; and the coquetting between this great functionary of the royalty of the Tower, and the Board of Works, altogether would make 'laughter for a month,' if we did not call to mind the unhappy cause from which all this mummerly springs.

But of all the circumstances connected with the destruction of the Brunswick, the most extraordinary is the account given of it by 'The Rev. G. C. Smith, minister of the London Mariners Church.' It is, we think, one of the greatest metaphysical curiosities that ever fell under our observation. The overweening and insatiable egotism, the cant of bigotry, the uncharitableness of fanaticism, which are displayed throughout his narrative, are inconceivable; and yet the man has contrived to give a very vivid and picturesque description of what he saw, heard, and did. We can readily understand his being an effective preacher to a multitude. It appears that this Mr. Smith was formerly a boatswain in the navy; the steps by which he arrived at his present condition we do not know; but his former habits were undoubtedly of great service on an occasion such as this. He was on the spot almost immediately after the catastrophe happened.

I saw some sailors running up the street, I stood on the wall near the portico and called out upon them and any one else to come up and help us to save the people. They came immediately, and were of singular service. Mr. Sargent, agent of our asylum for distressed sailors, in Dock-street, ran to our aid with about twenty sailors. Mr. Mead, one of our secretaries, was near me, so that I could now assume something like a command, and bring things into some little order. Hav-

ing been accustomed to command in the navy, in time of great danger, this was, of course, less difficult now ; while cheering the men to work away and extricate the man who sat earnestly looking towards me with the dead man upon him, I saw a female death-like figure bursting from the further end of the ruins ; and filled with horror, not knowing what to do. Some men ran to her. I called out to them to help her over the ruins ; they brought her to the edge of the floor near the wall of the portico, and I raised her up on the floor, the people still digging in the hole by the door-way to release the poor labourers, lest the ruins should fall on them. I entreated her to sit down a minute ; her hair was dishevelled, her apparel variously torn, the side of her face covered with blood, and she supported her head against my arm until I could get a clear passage for her to pass ; she cried out, " Oh ! do let me go ; oh, send some one to my sister's to say I am alive ; oh ! how grateful I ought to be, that my life is preserved ! " I said, " Yes, it is a mercy, indeed, you will have to thank God for it as long as you live ; you would not die in a theatre of all other places—I hope you will obtain some other mode of life. It's a wonder to me how you could have been spared, bless God for it." She grew faint, and I called out to the men below to stop digging, and form a lane to hand her along. I handed her down to the men, and I must say I never saw men conduct themselves with more strict delicacy to females in such confusion than they all did, observing the most correct conduct with regard to every part of their dress. I was pleased to see this, in such a mixed multitude, and, being known to most of them, it was gratifying to them that I noticed it with approbation.

Now this is a fair sample of this very curious tract. The description, as such, is graphic and spirited—the filthy slime of cant is apparent in a very remarkable degree—and the conclusion of the passage betrays that odious pruriency for which the saints have been so infamously famous, from the *Tartuffe* downwards. The poor girl, in the fullness of her heart, exclaims ' send to my sister, to say I am alive ; ' and then she makes an exclamation of gratitude for her preservation. What does this Pharisee say in answer ? ' You would not die in a *theatre*, of all other places ! ' The disgusting insinuation is plain. And then—' I never saw men conduct themselves with more strict delicacy to females in such confusion than they all did, observing the most correct conduct with regard to every part of their dress.' Now what sort of a mind must that be, to which such ideas could occur at such a moment ? Who, surrounded by death in circumstances of such peculiar horror, could have had a sexual idea concerning an unhappy girl, barely rescued from the fate of the mangled victims that lay around ? ' They observed correct conduct with regard to every part of their dress.' Then !—there ! Faugh ! We recollect but one thing parallel to this, and that is the behaviour of a certain sailor at the earthquake at Lisbon, as recorded in *Candide*.

Again ; Mr. Smith broaches the absurd and impious doctrine, that this dreadful event is a judgment of God, for the profanation of the Sabbath.

' Certainly I could not but reflect, when working about the ruins,



and the dead bodies, that so extraordinary had been the haste to put up this theatre, that even the holy day of God, the hallowed Sabbath, had been forgotten, and the sound of labour heard within the walls for some sabbaths of late. Nor could I forget that after hearing repeatedly of this lamented profanation of the Lord's day—last Sunday I observed from my back window the Theatre, at eleven o'clock, fully lighted up with gas, as for an evening's performance. I certainly thought those things will not do. "Who ever, in the history of the world, hardened his heart against God and prospered." *He is a jealous God.* "God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is the declaration of holy writ.'

What profane nonsense is this! Are all the coaches upset which run on Sundays? Do theatres fall down every Sunday in France, where the audience is always far greater on Sunday night than any other? The immediate and necessary deduction from this (if Mr. Smith have logic and English enough to know what the word deduction means) is that whenever Sabbath-breaking (or any other crime, for the principle, if it exists, is equally applicable to all) is committed without a visible and outward punishment following, 'God suffers himself to be mocked!' And it is a reasoner such as this who sets himself on high to expound the mysteries of religion to the ignorant! But this is too disgusting. We must not discuss further this part of the subject.

But, in despite of all this, and there is much more of it,—we recommend our readers to go through this pamphlet. It is a vivid description of the event; and is curious as shewing the mode of thinking of a certain class of religionists—for, of course, Mr. Smith knows perfectly well what will find favour in the sight of his followers, to whom, as he tells us, he 'preached' on this subject 'with much seriousness and energy.' The concluding sentence is excellent:—

'I thank God I have been able to snatch a few moments, at intervals, to hastily scribble down these remarks; and as I am going off for Somersetshire to-morrow morning, it is a subject of gratitude to God that I conclude them to-night.'

The printer's devil is waiting for copy on this, the 28th of March, late in the day; and as the Magazine must be printed to-morrow, it is a subject of gratitude that we have been able to conclude our Diary this evening.

'Certainly I could not but reflect, when working about the ruins,

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.

THERE is not, in the whole range of periodical writing, (and there can scarcely be a wider,) a subject which is more wholesome and profitable than an occasional comparison of the taste and temper of the passing times with the taste and temper of times that are past. When we make this comparison in an honest and candid manner, and put away from us, as far as we can put it away, that love of self which always makes us the principal figure even in the imaginary picture, we are compelled to admit that, with all its liveliness and variety, with all its adaptation to times and tastes, and with all its multitude of readers, the literature, and with that the modes of thinking, and, to all appearance, the structure of mind itself, is of a more slender fabric now-a-days, than it was in the days that have gone by.

In no one respect is this truth more apparent than in that which, about an age ago, formed the grand, or at least one of the grand objects of human research—the philosophy of mind; and there cannot be a more useful inquiry than one which should attempt to ascertain to what the neglect of that delightful study is owing. The cause must be one or other of the following: that the human mind itself has become more feeble and airy than it was in the days of our fathers; that its phenomena have become less interesting; or, that the mere fashion of the day has become a despot in the closet of the literary man as well as in the drawing-room of the votary of the world.

It can hardly be asserted that the mind itself has become more feeble and airy: for the powers with which man is born, that is, the cultivation of which he is susceptible, must be, taking one man with another, nearly the same in all ages; and the number of persons in this country enjoying the advantages of education is greater now than it was at any former period: hence there must be a greater quantity of talent turned towards studies of one kind or other, than ever there could have been formerly; and consequently it cannot be said that the quantity of intellect in the country has fallen off.

Neither can it be alleged that the science of mind has lost any of its inherent interest: for no study can be pointed out, to which even illiterate man is naturally so prone. Man feels that, while the powers and motions of his body are circumscribed within narrow limits, those of his mind know no bounds. The youthful shepherd, when he sits on the lone hill-side, and eyes the blue sky, the sailing cloud and the beaming sun, cannot fail to wonder and to wish to know what it is within him that enables him to take cognizance of these remote and glorious objects; and we presume that there are few persons, at the dawn of manhood, having their powers uncorrupted by dissipation, or unchained by the formal systems of the schools, who do not build for themselves their own systems of mental physiology. Self is dear at all times, and it is doubly dear when the mind first begins to plume herself, and wing her way over the unexplored regions of fancy, without any object but her own information. It is then, and then only, that we feel the full force of the bounty of heaven, in making



rational man lord of this nether world. Man is lord of it as a subject of contemplation, though he be lord of it in no other sense; and when in this respect he first comes to his kingdom, and ere yet the world has in other respects made him its slave, he can hardly fail of devoting some attention to the nature and phenomena of those powers which open to him so many sources of admiration and delight. The beautiful description of wonder and interrogation which the poet puts into the mouth of the first man, as he awakens in the full exercise of his powers, a stranger to Eden and to himself, still forms part of the wonder and inquiry of every unbiassed and undebauched youth.

Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led :  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;  
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,—  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell—  
Tell, if ye can, how came I thus, how here ?

It is no doubt true, that the anxiety of man to know whence and what he is, cannot be so intense now, as it can be conceived to have been in the case here alluded to: for the man whose feelings the poet is labouring to embody, was called into existence in a moment, and in the full exercise of all his faculties; and all that met his newly-awakened senses was altogether unknown and new; while now, the external world and also his own powers dawn upon man gradually and almost imperceptibly. He remembers that himself was a little child; he sees other little children; and the volume of inspiration informs him that all things are of God. Still, however, all the knowledge given by experience and inspiration cannot satisfy his curiosity or prevent him from speculating about what he is. Revelation tells him that there is a living and thinking principle within him, altogether different from his body; and that this shall live and be happy or miserable when the body shall be mouldering in the grave. His own observation confirms the testimony: for he cannot fail to notice, that, in every action of his body, every motion of his limbs, there is a feeling within him altogether different from that action or that motion. Neither can he fail to observe, that, when the objects which interest him are separated from his immediate view, either by space or by time, he possesses a power which can recall them, and set them before him at his pleasure, in all the warmth of their colouring. Nor can he overlook that magic energy which, out of the treasures of what he has seen or heard, can embody new objects, and people the desert with subjects of delight. He must feel that this power is in himself—not that external self, indeed, which is discernible by the senses of his companions, but himself in a more exalted meaning of the term, as a contemplative and reasoning existence. He must soon know that this internal and invisible man can act independently of his bodily organs: for when he is stretched upon his bed alone and in the darkness of the night, and when, to every sense of the body, the world

is as it were not, the ever-restless power within him pursues its operations;—nay, when the body is lost and forgotten in the depth of youthful sleep, fancy continues to mould her forms and to spread her colours; and her airy and involuntary fabrics are stamped as indelibly upon the memory as the most important occurrences of waking life. All this must stimulate his curiosity to know the nature and the laws of this his wonderful existence; and, if the business or the amusements of the world do not completely occupy his time, there will often dart across him a train of inquiries not unlike those put by the poet. Those inquiries, though they are stated as if made by our Common Father under circumstances in which none of his offspring can be placed, are yet to be regarded as nothing more than a lively and poetic picture of the ordinary feelings of men. They are what Milton himself must have experienced when he first began to reflect on his own existence.

A variety of circumstances will naturally present themselves to every thinking reader, under which he himself has been completely absorbed and carried away by speculations relative to the nature of his mind, the extent of its powers, and the modes of its operation; all of which prove, that mental physiology is a study quite natural and congenial to man. It should seem, too, that while the great Author of our being has in kindness revealed to us the means by which we may find happiness both in this world and in the next, he has, with equal kindness, left our own minds, as well as the external world, unexplained, in order that, by the study of them, our powers may be enlarged, and fitted for more varied and complete enjoyments. The wise in every age have, accordingly, devoted themselves to both of these branches of study, distinguishing the former by the name of "Natural Philosophy," because its object is more immediately the supplying of our bodily wants; and the latter by the name of "Moral Philosophy," because it tends more immediately to the regulation of our conduct. Although, however, both of these have, in all enlightened ages of the world, been studied to some extent or other, each has, in turn, had its progress and decline; and very often the one has declined when, to all appearance, the other was advancing.

A falling-off of the severer modes of thinking has usually been a pretty sure sign that the age of intellect among the people where it happened had passed its best. It was by a general and successful cultivation of the fine arts, of the lighter species of literature, and of all that adds to the mere ease and luxury of life, that the nations of antiquity first showed symptoms of decline: and that which was a fatal omen for Greece and Rome cannot be regarded as a favourable one for England.

Proofs that we have abandoned the more profound paths of thinking and philosophizing are to be found almost any where. The books which issue from the studies of our literary men (unless, as it happens in—we do not like to say how many cases out of every ten, they be made up of "organic remains of a former world") now are of a very different description from those which they sent forth about half a century ago. Then, we had systems of philosophy, essays on the most abstract parts of morals and politics, and disquisitions upon the nature



of man and the relations of society; and now, we have novels and little poems, and patches of topography, and treatises upon rocks. The former class of authors set us to our closets, and make us think; the latter call us to the drawing-room, and make us laugh; or the museum, and makes us wonder. No doubt, we had novelists and writers of light essays then as well as now; but they were men of weightier calibre and more extensive grasp. Smollet, notwithstanding his occasional grossness, has more of the general display of human nature, as well as more sound philosophy, in some single chapters, than there are in the best novelist of the present day. And whom, of the modern writers of works of amusement, shall we dare to name in the same hour with Fielding? We presume, then, that a falling-off in the more profound and severe branches of study must be admitted; and, being admitted, the causes become very natural subjects of inquiry. These causes are many; and they are sometimes so interwoven with each other, that they cannot easily be separated. Still, however, they may perhaps be all arranged under a few divisions.

1. The natural difficulty of the philosophy of mind, and the impossibility of making a figure in it by imposture, may have tended to render it unfashionable; and it may thus have fallen into neglect.

In every other branch of science, the thing studied can always be in so far detached from those with which it is usually united or compounded, and made, to some extent or other, cognizable by the senses. We believe that the mind is something different from that body through whose organs of sense it perceives and knows the external world; but as to what it is in itself, or what it shall be in its separate state, we cannot form even a conjecture. The most anxious watching of human actions cannot detect the separate operations of mind; nor can we even say, unless by analogy, that there is within each of our brethren a living principle the same as that which we feel within ourselves. Nor can we borrow any assistance from natural philosophy or from the dissection of the human frame. The nicest apparatus of measurement, and the most powerful menstrua of decomposition, fail us when we would apply them to the principles even of animal and vegetable life; we must not, therefore, feel disappointed that they help us not in our inquiries into the more subtile principle of thought. We may dissect too the organs of the senses; but we cannot thence discover why they should convey information to the mind. We know, for instance, that there is in the eye an apparatus by means of which an image or picture of visible objects is formed upon the retina, or posterior coat of the organ; and we believe that the formation of this image is, in some way or other, connected with the perception of whatever is new. We know this, because, when the eye-lids are shut, and the rays of light which form the image excluded, or when, by disease, the retina is rendered unfit for its formation, no object is perceived; but the formation of the image is one thing, and the perceiving of the object another, differing not in degree but absolutely in kind: and where a recent eye is taken from its place and held up against the light, it paints the image still, though we know that, under these circumstances, the eye cannot see, and has ceased to have connexion with mind of any species. The very first step in the study of mind

is therefore abundantly humbling to our pride, and calculated to damp the spirit of inquiry—it is this, we cannot tell what the mind is in itself, nor can we point out how it acts.

Hence, a countless herd of theorists sprung up, each contending that he was himself in the right, and denouncing all who differed from him; and as religion often mingled more or less in the disputes, it was given out that the very foundations of the eternal well-being of man were shaken, and all but destroyed, as if the idle conjectures of men about that which is wholly out of their reach, could affect their happiness in any other way than by irritating their minds and wasting their time. One has contended that the mind is matter; a subtile matter, something more refined than the ethereal fluid of the ancient philosophers, as the caloric, electricity and galvanism of the moderns; others have called it a mere modification of matter, a result of organization, and, as such, perishable at death; while a third party have contented themselves with what is set down in Holy Writ, and called it an immaterial substance, knowing no change, and incapable of decay, decomposition, or destruction.

And while some have been thus fooling away their time in effectless conjectures about the essence of mind, there have been others equally solicitous to find out in which part of the body it had its home and chamber, and which of the organs are the handmaids of its immediate presence. It would avail little to recapitulate all the nonsense which has been put forth upon this part of the subject, and the singular and subordinate places in which some of these geographers of mind have decreed that mind should dwell. The vulgar opinion divides the matter pretty equally between the heart and the head—making the former the seat of the passions and affections, and the other that of the intellectual and unimpassioned faculties,—the former being, as it were, a town residence to which the mind resorts for enjoyment and luxury; and the latter, a country-house, where it retires for contemplation and study. Now if there be any organ of the body upon the ordinary functions of which the mind appears to have less influence and constraint than another, that organ is the heart, which must rise to receive and propel the blood, not only without any effort of volition on the part of individuals, but without so much as being guessed at by philosophers for so many thousands of years.

Of the phrenologists, who are decidedly making some strides to popularity, we must speak very cautiously and briefly. Their experiments *may* eventually afford considerable helps in the philosophy of mind;—at present, their system is little more than an amusing theory for speculative men, and a vain plaything for fond mothers and doting grandpapas.

The study of mind bears a closer resemblance to natural religion than to any thing else with which we are acquainted; and in pursuing it we are apt to fall into many errors. While mankind were left to grope toward religion by the light of their own understandings, the great majority believed in a plurality of superior beings or gods, some of them kind and beneficent, and others evil and malignant. Whenever any new phenomenon of nature appeared, or even any new art was invented by man, a god was immediately set to watch over it;



till the earth, the sea, and the sky, and every condition of human life, teemed with divinities. Precisely the same sort of method has been pursued with the human mind. Faculties, powers, affections, propensities, passions, and principles, some good, and some bad, have been multiplied without end; and they have been set in opposition to each other, till the mind has been represented as a scene of more conflicting elements than all the world beside. The Passions were represented as a turbulent and rebellious race, ever in arms against reason, their legitimate king and governor. Then, in order that this microcosm might be wanting in none of the attributes of kingly government, conscience was set up as a spy upon the passions and affections. All this was, no doubt, merely figurative expression; and mankind gave those varied and sounding names to the different states of the mind, just because they knew not what else to say concerning them. Still, however, it was irreconcilable with the doctrine of an immaterial and immortal soul, as that must be simple and indivisible; for to admit that it is compounded of many and even contradictory principles, is to admit that it is capable of decomposition, and consequently of destruction. We pursue not this speculation; and we have noticed it merely to show, that even that part of the knowledge of mind which is legitimate and attainable, is a subject of extreme difficulty; and this difficulty seems to be one of the causes of its having fallen into disrepute.

Besides its difficulty, it labours under this disadvantage, that the study of it makes no show. Here there are no curious apparatus for investigation, and no rare specimens and preparations for exhibition. The philosophy of the mind is a philosophy only for the closet, and it cannot be brought into the morning lounge or the evening drawing-room, with any sort of effect. It comes severely home to people, too, by pointing at the reproof and correction of their vices. It has, in short, every thing to repel the attention of a voluptuous and trifling age, and nothing to recommend it to their favour; and therefore its neglect, and consequent decline, are almost necessary consequences of the time.

2. The ample and successful prosecution of the physical sciences in their details, and the rich harvest of discoveries to which it has led, have produced a tendency to set no value upon any inquiry which does not lead to the finding out of something new—something that is cognizable by the external senses, and which may be either applied as an object of use, or exhibited as an object of wonder. Now the mind contains nothing new—no power or faculty which has not been felt and described again and again; and it mocks the scrutiny of the senses, even when they are aided by the whole machinery of art. We cannot gauge its dimensions by the scale, find its weight in the balance, or learn its temperature by the thermometer: as little need we muster the tools of chemistry—for all our crucibles, and retorts, and engines, and troughs, would not help us a single iota. When we go about the study of mind, therefore, we cannot put on the external semblance of wisdom; and as the world judges a good deal from that, we cannot get credit for being wise. The moral philosopher exhibits no object of wonder or admiration, and therefore the crowd

does not follow him. He sits quietly in his study; or in society he is a patient and almost silent observer of the moods of the mind, as they display themselves in the conduct and conversation of those about him. It is, no doubt, true, that those quiet studies and unobtrusive observations have a wonderful influence upon all that makes human life valuable,—upon legislation, and government, and manners, and morals: but, then, the herd of wonderers would much rather look upon the spots on a shell, or snuff the fœtid gas of a cracker. The chemist, the botanist, the mineralogist, all the subalterns of physical science, exhibit something to the gaze of the multitude; and, in return, they get the multitude to applaud and cheer them on; while the student of mind must, at least for a long time, rest contented with his own approbation. But the number of men that will leave easy pursuits that bring applause, in order to follow difficult ones that bring none, must always be very limited; and hence, when praise is so easily acquired in the pursuit of the simple departments of physical science, as at present, the students of the philosophy of mind must be comparatively few.

In every town, nay almost in every village, there are learned persons running to and fro with electrical machines, galvanic troughs, retorts, crucibles, and geologists' hammers; and if a crystal of felspar, a prism of basalt, or a plate of mica happens to be found out of the place assigned to it by the fashionable system, we have a hundred heads settling and describing the anomaly. Nor lack we an abundant store of persons of both sexes, cunning in mosses and in shells, who can at a glance know the texture of the smallclothes of every heath and hill, and the little cuirassiers of every ditch and puddle. To all this, when kept in its proper place, there cannot be the smallest objection. Nay, it is very meritorious and commendable. The more that the contrast of mind and matter is increased, the greater is the sum of human enjoyment. The more that fashionable persons are engaged in rational pursuits, however trifling, the less time have they for setting an example of vice and dissipation to those who naturally copy them. Besides, of the minds that can afford time to study a little out of the lines of their professions, the majority are always dwarfs; and it is better to see those philosophize with trifles than to see them trifle with philosophy. None can rejoice more heartily than we do, that there are now things called sciences which are level to the capacities and germane to the tastes of boarding-school misses and heirs apparent to idleness and luxury; but still we do think, that there not only may be, but actually is, too much of these good things. Their fashionableness and elegance, and above all, their lightness, have made many minds of more powerful grasp drop more proper and legitimate pursuits, and run after them. They have obviously, and to a very considerable extent, destroyed the relish for the philosophy of mind; and we have some fears, that if the case were properly inquired into, they would be found to have destroyed the relish for the more profound philosophy of matter. Notwithstanding the adroitness with which our mathematicians can now manage their calculus, we fear that there are among them few men who take so extensive and philosophical views as Newton and Maclaurin and the Gregories; and though



chemistry as a science is almost entirely modern, we are not sure that any of the living chemists of Britain, notwithstanding the improvements of their apparatus, are entitled to rank as philosophers with Black, and Cavendish, and Priestley. It may be that the strength of our philosophical intellect shall in time return to us; but, meanwhile, we have no great reason to boast of it; and, that we have not must in part be attributed to the light and frivolous nature of our fashionable studies.

3. A third cause of the neglect of that science, and also of all the more abstruse parts of the other sciences, is the little account to which it can apparently be turned in the business of life. The immense sums which the public debt, the public establishments, and what is called the public service of this country, annually draw from the proceeds of its industry and the profuse and wasteful luxury of the upper ranks of society, render it absolutely necessary that those who do labour, should both begin earlier in life, and work for a greater number of hours every day, than was formerly required. The labouring classes are now obliged to send their children to toil from morning till night in manufactories, when they are mere infants, and without any mental cultivation whatever. In the dusty and confined air of these their bodies are enfeebled and their minds dissipated, before they have acquired any degree either of physical or moral strength. It is true, that, in snatches of time, most of them learn to read and write; but, then, their learning is purely mechanical; and, amid the din of wheels, the darkness of dust, and the pollution of loose jests and obscene songs, they are almost to a certainty degraded in the moral scale; and therefore they cannot send forth those emanations of mind which, in better though less showy and pretending days, had wont to issue from the retired and moral and religious peasantry of Scotland, ere they were driven from their huts and villages to the squalid lanes and sickly cellars of manufacturing towns. The middle classes of society, too, are obliged to hurry their children away to business, before the rational part of their education be so far matured as to give them a proper relish for abstract thinking. The muster-roll of their classes and the table of their school-fees are, no doubt, both a good deal more extended: but philosophy consists more in weight than in either number or measure; and if all that is necessary for making them look smart in society and be successful in business in enabling them to earn food and cloths, and cut and wear them with becoming grace were discounted, very little would be left behind. Now, the very taste for the philosophy of mind is acquirable only by long and patient study, and therefore, under such a course of preparation and action, it cannot well be acquired. The higher classes of society, again, are not exactly the persons among whom, with one or two brilliant exceptions, we are to look for the cultivation of abstract science. Moral philosophy has no obvious bearing upon the dazzling business of the world: she does not point out the steps by which one can rise to an elevated rank in the army, or climb to a lucrative office in the state: neither does she tell how the rent of land may be raised; or how one may show off in finer style on the parade, in the assembly-room, or on the turf; or how one may be more knowing in the betting-room or at

the gaming-table. To follow her, would therefore be a mere waste of time for the gay and the noble. Nor fares she much better with professional students. Like Falstaff's "honour," she will not "set an arm or a leg, or take away the grief of a wound,"—she "hath no skill in surgery;" and thus she finds no favour in the eyes of the student of medicine. She has no fee, place, or living in her gift; and thus she has but few allurements for those who are destined to follow the other learned professions. Study, or that which goes by the name of study, has become so obviously and exclusively a trade, or at least the serving of an apprenticeship, that those branches of learning which do not bear specifically upon the profession for which a young man is destined, or contribute to his external and personal appearance, are held as being not only useless, but as being an improper and unnecessary waste of time. Hence, of those who do attend the classes for intellectual philosophy, there are many who do it merely that they may say they have been there; and they consider the class-room as a lounge, where they may be amused by the rhetorical powers of the professor, rather than as the gate to any subsequent course of study.

From indolence, incapacity, and several other causes, nine-tenths of those who are called the learned, that is, of those who are in possession of certificates that they have attended the classes at some college or other—are mere drivellers or copyists in all matters of thought. Students, too, in general, enter upon the study of every subject as a task—a piece of labour which it is their interest to perform in the easiest manner; and as the routine matters propounded to them by a plodding person of inferior capacity do not call for so much exertion on their part, as the disquisitions of a man of talent, they naturally prefer the former. Persons of genius, too, are apt to be so much absorbed by the studies which occupy their powers, that they pay less attention to that idol of the world, the accumulation of wealth, and the managing of their worldly matters craftily, than men of an inferior order; and hence, tender parents are afraid that their children should borrow from such men a portion of their indifference for the chief good. A man of genius is generally, if not invariably, a man of warm affections, and fond of liberty and of justice. He is naturally, therefore, but ill armed for the warfare of the world; and his mental pursuits, of what kind soever they may be, prevent him from putting on that armour of selfish circumspection which protects the herd of dunces. The general stupidity of mankind makes him pity them, and their wickedness leads him to despise them, till, ere life be half run, he looks upon society with a feeling bordering upon disgust, or else he shrinks away from it in pity to the peaceful solitude of his own closet.



## THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

WE have ever observed that the public (properly so called)—that is, that very large and respectable portion of society who, leading the most virtuous and retired lives, have not the remotest glimpses of what is *really* going on in the world—have the greatest curiosity to be ‘Behind the Scenes.’ To be, *personally*, in this, in all cases, very dirty, vulgar, unideal, unpicturesque *limbo*, requires considerable fatigue, impudence, and carelessness of character. Take, for instance, the most accessible ‘Behind the Scenes’ in London—that of the Opera—for which you may purchase a special ticket of Andrews or Sams, if you have not the honour of knowing the manager, or the treasurer, or the attorney, or the door-keeper, or the reporter of the Morning Herald, or any such illustrious personages. What a den of filth is *that* ‘Behind the Scenes!’ You wind through low and dark passages (as low and as dark as that leading from the condemned cell to the front of Newgate) till you reach a wilderness of painted cities, temples, and thrones, and cars, and——(but every body has seen Hogarth’s glorious print of a Theatrical ‘Behind the Scenes’)—and then you crowd to a room twelve feet square, where you have the inexpressible felicity of seeing Brocard attitudinizing before a glass, and the B——e (not he of Bannockburn) *en attendant* with her shawl. Now really, good, innocent people, who want to be ‘Behind the Scenes’—this is a most filthy place—redolent of musk and tallow—and which is not in the slightest degree redeemed from its vulgarity and discomfort, by the presence of fifteen lords and Mr. Bochsa. And, to say the truth, most other ‘Behind the Scenes’ are as bad. The Bishop in the vestry—the minister at Bellamy’s—the Attorney-general in the robing-room—the ordinary of Newgate at breakfast, after an execution—the Lord Mayor at four-handed cribbage—the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas at his Bible—a fashionable publisher dictating to three writers of paragraphs;—all these matters weaken your faith in the dignity of human nature, and the power of genius and learning to fashion all things unto their own fashion. If the world were wise, it would be content to be well deceived. Why should it want to look upon the wrong side of the tapestry? Was any human being ever pleased with a fine, spirited, sketchy picture, if he went up poring into its defects, and ascertaining whether green was green, upon the most approved pattern of pea-shells? All this weak and unphilosophical desire to look beyond the surface is a perpetual source of disquietude. Let the music ring out its most stirring echoes—let the lights sparkle their best brilliancy—let the flowers exhale their purest perfumes—let the women wear their gayest smiles—we will enjoy them all. Shall we linger in the ball-room after the music is dead—and the lights are in the sockets—and the flowers are *fade*—and the women are asleep—merely because we would *reason* (pssha!) upon the material of which our pleasures are made? We hate all ‘Behind the Scenes.’ We love the art which dupes us. All mankind are actors; and why should we lose the pleasure of their acting, to hear the prompter give ‘the word’? We would willingly know nothing about ‘O. P.’ or ‘P. S.’ But the public are not as wise as we are; and we are, therefore, quite sure they want to be in *our* secrets. We

know this to be an infirmity in the public. Why cannot they let people be oracular, upon the old Delphic principle? "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," is a safe maxim. The world has been guided by it for several thousand years; and now, all at once, the world wants to take the height and breadth of its instructors. Even an "Editor's Room" has no sanctity in the eyes of the readers of a Magazine;—and thus, before we can expect any favour in the sight of the dear public, we must admit all the *privileged* world (our purchasers) into our *penetralia*;—as if we were a monarch at a levee, surrounded by gold-sticks, and other sticks, and a thousand "appliances to boot;" instead of being exceedingly unpretending personages, living in uncarpeted rooms, and hearing the small breeze that insinuates itself into *our court* whistling through undraperied casements—with no books besides a thumb'd Entick's Dictionary and Byshe's Art of Poetry,—and no provisions (bodily) wherewithal to welcome any portion of the public, but "the remainder biscuit after" a short dinner,—and the half-bottle of whiskey that our learned friend from Cork bestowed upon us for inspiration.

We wish we had no editor's room, no domicile, no *locus in quo*. We should rejoice in a peripatetic editorship. We should delight to be guided like old Isaac Bickerstaff, by the mood of the moment, and date from Brookes's, or the Athenæum, or the Royal Institution, or Alice's Coffee-House, or the Coal-Hole, or the Clarendon, or Offey's, or the British Museum;—even as we were in the political, or the twaddling, or the dosing, or the legal, or the slang, or the dandy, or the cigar, or the antiquarian vein. What an infinite variety and spirit would it give to our articles, if some were concocted at Birmingham, and some at Battersea;—some on the top of the Liverpool mail, and others at the bottom of the Thames tunnel! But this cannot be.

For this once, however, we are resolved to have no 'editor's room';—and this article, No. I. (which we intend to be a considerable one, and to be regularly continued,) bears the title, because it has been put together in sundry places, which we shall never visit again, and where no one (even in imagination) will ever visit us. *Lucus à non lucendo*. But we *do* intend to have a real editor's room; with as many busts as Leigh Hunt himself would desire—and maps—and encyclopedias—and new novels—and wax—and flowers. Then shall the public (*represented* by one or two very social and sincere friends) visit us, and we will be *at home*;—not at a formal conversazione, with cold coffee and colder smiles—but with brilliant wine, (as much as we can afford,)—and bursts of sweet song—and the prattle of female voices—and the laugh of happy spirits. In the meantime, we will take a suburban ride in search of quiet—upon a public vehicle, upon which all the public may ride with us if they please—just as all the public are comfortably present in Mr. Soane's spacious and commodious courts at Westminster.

The suburbs of London are described to be amongst the most beautiful suburbs in the world. Hampstead and Highgate are unquestionably perfect, although they have had the misfortune to be the subjects of as many sonnets as the River Duddon. Of Brompton and Clapham—that flat alluvial land of gardens and nurseries—we can say little in praise beyond the asparagus and the apple blossoms. But we had never seen Camberwell. We pictured to ourselves a pretty little retired village—coaches running through certainly—but without doubt a



snug, white inn, with a trim garden behind, stretching up with its pretty borders of violets and polyanthus to the neat parlour, round whose windows the China-rose was teeming in wild profusion. We mounted the coach in high spirits ;—the day—what a beauteous day was the 15th of March—beauteous even at Charing-Cross. A considerable blue bag, well stored with new books, and a provident umbrella, were our only appurtenances. On we rolled ; the Bricklayers' Arms\* we left behind at least a mile ; but still the town was there. Is there never to be a pause to these eternal rows of tenements with three stories, a grass-plot in front, four steps up to the door, and two mignonette boxes in the parlour windows ? One after another they come—the same London particular pattern. Surely we shall soon be in the country. 'Where will you please to alight,' said the coachman. 'At Camberwell.' 'This is Camberwell.' 'Well, well,—drive me as far as you go ;'—and onward through the same rows of tall brickwork we proceeded till we reached the last inn—some Lamb, or Lion, or Fox,—with a bar, and a beer-machine, and four coaches standing at the door, and three caddies bawling for passengers, and a tap-room where the drivers of short stages were cutting their lordly jokes upon the aforesaid caddies, and one sanded parlour, smoke-dried. We did not admire the outward appearance, or the inward promise, of the Lion, the Lamb, or the Fox (whichever it might be)—but work must be done ;—and we were soon established in the sanded and smoke-dried parlour ;—the implements of war were unfolded ;—the mouth of the blue bag gaped with its victims anxious to be slaughtered. An incipient ill-humour was coming over us ;—and, by way of conquering it, we took out the exceedingly elegant edition, with wood-cuts, of Mr. Brougham's delightful Treatise on the Pleasures of Science. We must growl, however, a little even over this book. The work was not written to be illustrated with cuts, and we, therefore, feel that the cuts are a little out of place—they are stuck on—they are parasitical. Now for our notice :—

*A Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science.*

New Edition. Small 8vo., with cuts. Baldwin and Cradock.

IN many respects this is one of the most extraordinary as well as delightful productions that was ever given to the public. It is equally extraordinary in its origin, in the vast quantity of matter that is condensed into its little volume, in the fascinating manner in which that is imparted, and in the wonderful thirst that it leaves in the mind of the reader to know more—to know all—about every subject upon which it touches. We need not add, that the sale of this work, in its cheaper form, has been extraordinary : for, unprecedented as it has been, in any *useful* work, and probably in any work whatever, it would have been extraordinary had the case been otherwise. We can compare the effect of it upon those who are not acquainted with those enchantments of the understanding of which it gives so sweet and so captivating a taste, to nothing save that of men who have lived amid the cold and sterility of bleak mountains, coming to the nearest summit, and looking down upon the beauty and richness of the valley, when the first beams of the morning sun have just lighted up the more lofty spots and objects, while the breadth of the mountain is yet veiled in the fog

\* You don't pass this house on the Camberwell Road.—*Quære*, The Elephant and Castle.—DEVIL.

of night. "What a glorious country! let us hasten onward and see." In so narrow a compass as about two hundred and forty very small pages, embracing the whole field of science, the points only can be touched; but these points are selected with the most admirable tact; they are uniformly those that combine a *maximum* of the three essential qualities of striking curiosity, apparent use, and obvious connexion of one part of the subject with the others. The order followed in the notices of the various branches of science is judicious. The pure Mathematics, the sciences of abstract number and magnitude, or those which have no reference even to the simple properties of matter, but which contain in themselves both the knowledge to be arrived at, and the means of arriving at it, very properly take the lead; and though they be, from this very simplicity, less attractive than the branches which follow, enough is stated to show how valuable they are in themselves, as well as how indispensable they are in the prosecution of the more practical sciences. The next branch is Natural Philosophy, in which some of the leading facts and the applications of mathematics are clearly stated. This part of the discourse is, we think, the least perfect,—there is not a sufficient allusion to chemistry; but chemistry is so much a matter of detail, that it cannot be "written short;" and the sketch could not include every thing. Besides, as the chemistry of the schools is only the chemistry of dead matter, and not of the animals and vegetables when alive,—as the functions of these, and the adaptation of their several parts to the performance of those functions, are the most enticing applications of science, and as the mechanical sciences apply to these as well as to matter not in the vegetating or living state,—they are of course more essential than the doctrines of chemistry. The section on the application of the Mechanical Sciences to the natural history of plants and animals, occupies a full third of the book, and contains a very clear exposition of some of the most wonderful contrivances of nature. The Discourse concludes with a very plain, but very powerful argument in favour of the study of science, as it tends to improve the condition, the minds, and the morals of those who have the happiness to devote themselves to it.

The most extraordinary thing about the Discourse is, the varied and, as one would think, the adverse pursuits of the author. We question if there be now, or if ever there was a regular philosopher by profession, who could produce any thing like it. Paley's work is deficient in mathematics; and besides, the science of Paley is subordinate to his main and most laudable object, the establishment of the doctrine of final causes, and the necessity of an all-wise Creator; while in this little work, that is taken for granted, and thus the views of science are primary and unmixed. And yet the author is no professional philosopher; but one who, in each of the important functions of advocate and statesman, does more, not in power and principle merely, but in absolute detail, than would be full and overwhelming occupation to many who would not be pleased if a large heritage both of talents and activity were not conceded to them.

This notice may seem a work of supererogation; but as there are many who value a book for its fashionable size and price, more than for its intrinsic value, it is proper to let them know that this book is now in a form to their mind; and if they will read it attentively, we are



sure that it will amuse them as much as any work of light reading, and inform them more than nearly all of that class taken together.

Ugh!—the din of that tap-room is unbearable. Away we rush again in search of quiet, up the hill which leads to Dulwich. We manfully stride along under the weight of the blue bag, thinking with infinite self-complacency upon our resemblance to the celebrated grammarian Budæus, who is represented on the title of one of his books printed by Henry Stephens, trudging away with a wallet on his shoulders, and '*omnia mea mecum porto*' issuing from his lips. We thought, too, of Henry Stephens himself, and his critical labour of dividing the Bible into verses '*in itinendo*.' Zounds, how heavy these books are!—there is not a single light article in the whole bag;—Wilmot Horton's Emigration Report was nothing to them. Ah! we must halt to lean upon this railing?—and we will employ this breathing-time in asking—'our truest friends, the public'—as those horrible sycophants, the stage-managers, always express themselves when they are deprecating cat-calls—we will ask the public a few questions—which public, by the bye, we shall occasionally catechise.

Why do people talk about the wisdom of our ancestors, while they complain of the folly of their children? Our ancestors were the world's children—ignorant, uncontriving, and helpless; the only question is, whether we are more than *hobbledehoys*, or whether we have yet arrived at the age of maturity.

Why is it the fashion to crowd to see a company collected from the *tréteaux* of the French provinces (with one or two exceptions), while Kean, Young, Macready, Kemble, Liston, Farren, in short, the whole dramatic strength of England, are voted *mauvais ton*. 'Nobody goes to the play!'—it is quite true. And *why* don't they?

Why is it that there are some men who not only are received in society, but courted and made much of there, who are swindlers, and known to be so? Why is it that one man is kicked out of company for that which gets another the character of a knowing fellow? Why is it that some men are dragged through a horsepond for that which places others at the head of their knot, and more than their knot—and which causes them to be flattered and crouched to by all around them? Men—and a high class of men—about town, *know right well what I mean*. I do not desire to have an action of libel brought against my publisher, or to be way-laid, on my road home, by a parcel of ruffians, with bludgeons, hired to break my bones, for these fellows are capable of any thing. But again, I ask, *why* are these *honourable* men—for there are honourables among them—why are these scoundrels, who ought to be pumped upon as pick-pockets, still the glass in which it is the fashion for gentlemen to dress themselves? Why do men, knowing them to be knaves, play with them? Why do women receive them at their houses—welcome them—smile for them?—Faugh!

"Thus rung our doleful speech,  
Its how, and when, and why,  
And like Sir Thomas Leatherbreech  
Found none to make reply."

And now we have climbed Herne Hill, let us pause to look around us,

How fresh and balmy is the breeze—how pure and bracing the atmosphere. There is nothing like a bright day in March for brilliant effects. That white villa is a little too *prononcé*—spotty;—but then the trees about it are yet leafless—in another week their first transparent buds will throw a pleasant veil before that dwelling of elegant comfort. What a blessing is it that the fashion of the city sends her care-worn, money-scraping sons a few miles from her smoke. In these glimpses of nature the 'genial current of the soil' gets a little food. They feel that there are more pure and healthful processes going on in the world, than the eternal round of mercantile gambling. But do they feel thus? Rothschild has a villa—and so have fifty others who haunt that den of evil passions, the Stock Exchange. When they hear the thrush piping in their laburnum trees, pouring forth a full tide of joyous song as if there were no misery on earth, can they forget for a moment the complicated wires that they must pull from day to day, to make their pitiful machinery work its ends? No, no. The demon has taken possession of the whole man, and the holy voice of Nature whispers no rest to their feverish hopes. Psha! what has this landscape to do with stock-brokers.

There is not a creature stirring in this broad meadow;—one could almost fancy it an African solitude. By the way, that pretty volume of Pringle's will pass a half hour luxuriously on this stile.

And now Dulwich is reached. Ah!—this is a village. But what a Cockney air has its inn, with its holiday attractions of an 'Ordinary,' and a bowling-green. Waiter! a pen and ink.

*Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems; written in Scotland and South Africa.* By Thomas Pringle. London. 1828. Smith, Elder, & Co.

VERY superior to the numerous collections of miscellaneous poems that of late years have issued from the press, this little volume bears, on every page, indisputable marks of a cultivated and poetical mind. There is in it a freshness and originality, combined with a gentleness and benevolence of spirit, that cannot fail to strike the imagination, and to interest the affections. It is a pleasure to us, therefore, compelled, as we must often be, to denounce the unhappy pretenders to the honours of verse, to meet with a work presenting so many redeeming traits in the poetical character of the day. It would, indeed, be injustice, both to the author and readers of poetry like this, as unassuming in its title as excellent in quality, not to give it the full praise so undeniably due to it.

The volume contains a variety of small pieces, all bearing the stamp of amiable feeling and a highly cultivated mind. The sentiments are such as do honour to human nature, expressed in language at once fervent and poetical, such as finds an answering chord in every noble bosom, and speaks from the heart to the heart. The tone of lofty and indignant scorn against the oppressors, and the soothing accents of compassion and encouragement for the oppressed, form another feature of the work, entitling it to the approbation and good wishes of all the wise and honest.

For the most part, however, the pieces are of a gentler character, consisting of domestic incidents, descriptions, and pictures from Scottish scenery and rural life. These are among some of the most



pleasing; the style is at once simple and graceful; while in some passages there breathes a peculiar air of poetic tenderness and sweetness, that strongly reminds us of the muse of Allan Ramsay and of Logan. The poem entitled "The Autumnal Excursion," affords evidence of kindred imagination and powers, not unworthy some of Scotland's more favourite poets, as the following will sufficiently attest:—

' But chief when summer twilight mild  
Drew her dim curtain o'er the wild,  
I loved, beside that ruin grey,  
To watch the dying gleam of day.  
And though, perchance, with secret dread,  
I heard the bat flit round my head,  
While winds, that waved the long lank grass,  
With sound unearthly seemed to pass;  
Yet with a pleasing horror fell  
Upon my heart the thrilling spell;  
For all that met the eye or ear  
Was still so pure and peaceful here,  
I deemed no evil might intrude  
Within the saintly solitude.  
Still vivid memory can recall  
The figure of each shattered wall;  
The aged trees, all hoar with moss,  
Low bending o'er the circling fosse;  
The rushing of the mountain flood;  
The cushat's cooing in the wood;  
The rooks that o'er the turrets sail;  
The lonely curlew's distant wail;  
The flocks that high on Hounam\* rest;  
The glories of the glowing west.'

There are numerous passages in the same poem, of equal power and beauty; and others, throughout the volume, full of genius and exquisite poetic feeling. Of the shorter pieces, we shall offer two examples of sonnets:—

#### TO SCOTLAND.

' My country, when I think of all I've lost,  
In leaving thee to seek a foreign home,  
I find more cause, the farther still I roam,  
To mourn the hour I left thy favour'd coast;  
For each high privilege, which is the boast  
And birthright of thy sons, by patriots gained,  
Dishonour'd dies when right and truth are chained,  
And caitiffs rule—by sordid lusts engrossed.  
I may, perhaps (each generous purpose crossed),  
Forget the higher aims for which I've strained;  
Calmly resign the hopes I've prized the most,  
And learn cold cautions I have long disdained,  
But my heart must be calmer, colder yet,  
Ere Scotland and fair freedom I forget.'

This is, perhaps, exceeded by the next, which presents a correct

\* A mountain on the banks of Cayle-water.

picture of the scenery and character of the Cape, as novel as it is striking:—

‘O Cape of storms! although thy front be dark,  
And bleak thy naked cliffs and cheerless vales,  
And perilous thy fierce and faithless gales  
To staunchest mariner and stoutest bark;  
And though along thy coasts with grief I mark  
The servile and the slave—with him who wails  
An exile's lot—and blush to hear thy tales  
Of sin and sorrow, and oppression stark;  
Yet, spite of physical and moral ill,  
And after all I've seen and suffered here,  
There are strong links, that bind me to thee still,  
And render e'en thy rocks and deserts dear;  
Here dwell kind hearts, which time nor place can chill,  
Loved kindred and congenial friends sincere.’

The ‘Excursion,’ in particular, contains much good poetry; the whole composition is exceedingly pleasing; and the most serious faults are a few words rather carelessly introduced, and little incongruities, proceeding rather from inadvertency than want of taste. The few vices observable in Mr. Pringle's style are trivial, and easy of correction. There are some terms, perhaps, not strictly poetical; and there is a peculiarity in regard to employing the adjective too invariably after the substantive, at the end of a line.

This coffee-room is abominable—a coffee-room at Dulwich, with boxes, and square mahogany boards damp with last night's ale!—And then the tobacco—Shall we never be quit of that tobacco?—Well—well—a beef-steak, and a pint of port.—Heavens!—I now find what weighed us down on Herne Hill—Johnson's Dictionary, *complete* in one large octavo. The preface is evidently by a masterly hand—it is at once lively and erudite, an union of merit not very common in these days of pertness without knowledge, and learning without facility. Come! We must write a nice little puff of this capital Dictionary:—

*Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language, Stereotyped verbatim from the last folio edition corrected by Himself.* royal 8vo. pp. 1369.

THIS is a reprint of the most valuable description, containing the *two folios* of Johnson, in one octavo. This beautifully printed volume is accompanied by an admirably written preface, in which both Horne Took and Mr. Todd are roughly handled. ‘The philosopher of Wimbleton,’ as the writer facetiously terms Took, is treated with, perhaps, too much severity, considering his claims as a philologist. In Mr. Todd's case the chastisement is sufficiently wholesome. Nothing is more nauseous than the attempt to improve what is beyond the grasp of the would-be amender; and, when we consider that Mr. Todd has done little else besides making a large book of reference of double ponderosity, heaping up words that are utterly useless, either for the technicalities of science, or the elegancies of literature, such as ‘palaver,’ ‘pattypan,’ and ‘Parmesan cheese,’ we are not unwilling to leave his edition to the tender mercies of the critic before us.

I am getting very hungry, and the steak—oh, what a contrast to the



expedition of Dolly's!—Be tranquil. Let us moralise;—and jot down a few thoughts that occurred to us on the top of the Camberwell coach:—

He who is always thinking of the end is the least likely to arrive at it, because he cannot attend properly to the means.

The ungratified wishes of man are the chief sources of his pleasure, provided he does not despair of their gratification; and they are also the chief sources of his improvement. It is *the next step* that carries us on.

He who would mount in the world should imitate a man climbing up a ladder: he should look up. They who look down get dizzy and fall; and the danger of this is always the greater, the higher they have climbed.

Men of genius are always getting tumbles, because they drive fast, and take new cuts: dull fellows seldom tumble, because they drive slowly and in the rut.

Public sympathy is always a bungling almoner, because it has no measure of suffering but the noise made by the sufferer.

When a man tells you that he is wise, he limits your inquiry to his folly.

Facts are the flesh of conversation; opinions are the feathers.

A man's mind is a paradox: the more that is put into it there is the more room.

A penal law against suicide is the most absurd that can be imagined, because suicide involves a voluntary choice of the very greatest punishment which the law can inflict.

---

Oh! is that steak not ready yet? 'In ten minutes, Sir.' We must cut up some book or other, *pour passer le temps*. Here goes.

*Marly; or a Planter's Life in Jamaica.* 8vo., pp. 363.

THIS volume appears to have been written with the very laudable intention of exhibiting to the people of England the state of Arcadian felicity in which the slaves live in Jamaica; and also of displaying how entirely unworthy they are of every thing bestowed on them by the planters, excepting the cart-whip. Marly's being bitten to pieces by mosquitoes, his being saluted by field negroes, and his watching the slaves employed in a boiling-house, and a million of such interesting incidents, are detailed with both minuteness and gravity. To those who can be gratified by such affairs, we recommend this volume; and that our readers may form some idea of the comforts of the 'children of labour' in this fine island, we subjoin Marly's account of three Negro women, who had sat down for life upon the property:—

'They received the same allowance as if they had been working, in consequence of each of them having, or had living at one time, six children: in pursuance of a colonial law to that effect. They were the mothers of families as reputable, industrious, and well-behaved as any upon the property; and which reputable families were enabled from their own private industry to provide themselves with superior clothing to what the estate allowed, in addition to supplying themselves with many other comforts which

they were thereby enabled to obtain. Punishment they never received, neither was the whip ever applied to them; and it was a pleasant sight to observe the brothers and husbands of the females taking their stations beside each other in the field, lightening the portion of the labour of the females, by assisting them, as often as they could get their hoes in.

‘These negroes comparatively speaking were in a state of comfort and happiness. They did not know what liberty was,—the greater part of them had been born and had lived the whole of their lives upon the property, and it was their home. Those who were industrious had formed comfortable houses, which were their own. They had no cares—they apparently had as few wants—the estate furnished them with herrings, and their grounds furnished them with provisions more than sufficient for their consumption, the overplus of which they carried to market. Some of them, also, had a few poultry, some pigs, and two or three goats; and from these sources, they raised a little money to purchase some little finery in dress, and some little luxuries to consume. They knew they would be attended to when sick, and that they would have the benefit of a buckra doctor and buckra medicines. They thought if they were free, they could not procure any of these, and with the exception of a few of the head men and tradesmen who can appreciate the value of their labour, few of the decent, well-behaved negroes desire it, for, say they, “if him free, who gib him clothes—who gib him house—who gib him neger grounds—who gib him fish—who send him doctor when him sick. No, massa, no. Better him neger massa dan him free massa.”

‘These respectable negroes unfortunately, in general, do not numerically amount to above the one-half of the slaves upon an estate. There is upon every property, especially if it is any thing large, as there was upon this, a numerous body of idle, disorderly, and dissolute people of both sexes, upon whom punishment has a very slender effect, and who, as must be expected, are eager for their “freedom.” Which word, however, they, as well as almost the whole of the negroes, consider in a light far wide of what their friends in Britain explain it,—and their interpretation of it would prove instantaneously destructive to the colony. They think, that freedom means a cessation from labour altogether—and that when they are allowed freedom, they are to work no more, farther than growing provisions for themselves, and this being so easily done they would then be satisfied.’—pp. 91, 92.

That will do! We can smell an indifferent book by instinct. Jeffrey drives a bodkin through an octavo, and tells by the scent of the steel whether the octavo be worth any thing—as dealers in hams judge of their freshness. The very paper knife of a critic ought to be able to find out the tit-bits, either of beauty or absurdity.

Well—well! That steak compensates for many exils. And now we will review *Don Pedro*, and then compose ourselves for a nap:—

*Don Pedro; a Tragedy.* By Lord Porchester. 8vo. pp. 99.

By the statement in the preface we find that Lord Porchester's name may be added to the long list of individuals who may justly exclaim, ‘Save me from my friends.’ It is through their kind offices that his drama appears in print. It is in this preface stated, that this play, on its first representation, met with ‘flattering success;’ now, in this particular, both Lord Porchester and his ill-judging flatterers should be set right. The truth is, that when the manager (Mr. Wallack) attempted to give it out for a second representation, he was compelled to leave the stage unheard. The plot having been copiously detailed in contemporary journals, we shall content ourselves with ob-



serving that the play, as far as regards representation, is perfectly undramatic; there is a total absence of that intensity of interest which alone can rivet the attention of an audience; added to which, the whole weight of the drama rests on the female character *Maria de Padilla*, and which to personate required an actress uniting every leading requisite in her profession—a star not at present observable in the theatric hemisphere. Throughout the play in question are scattered many poetic passages, and some there are that evince cleverness both in the conception and the putting together; but these are too few to atone for the pages of languor and feebleness. Indeed, the whole of the part of *Blanche* is in the worst style of maudlin sensibility. The vigorous passages are to be found in the dialogue in the last scene between *Raban the Jew* and *Maria*, when the Jew has fallen into the snares of *Maria*, and is led into her presence in chains and proceeding to execution. We insert the whole of it; and think the Jew's simile of the sculptor and the clay poetic and beautiful, although very much out of place.

[*Raban is led in guarded, and in chains.*

Ha! in chains!

I ever loved to look upon thee, *Raban*,

And trust me, now it glads mine inmost soul;

Yet this our parting words portended not.

Thy faith forsworn, the Saracen unpaid,

What signified, fair sir, the bond we signed?

*Raban.* And what, kind mistress, meant the treacherous toils

Thou hadst prepared for me?

*Maria.* (*surprised.*)

Ha! who betrayed me?

*Rab.* Thyself!

*Mar.* Thou speakest well, and yet thou liest.

Thy fate was fixed, but never did my tongue

Give utterance to the deep design.

*Rab.*

I grant it—

Nor word, nor scowling look, nor altered voice,

Nor any dubious circumstance, awoke

Suspicion of thy foul intent—all seemed

As calm as heretofore—nor yet too calm—

'Twas thy unsparing, ruthless nature warned me.

Had we not sat concerting others' deaths,

Had we not framed such murderous lists before,

Together plotted—for empire thou, and I

For vengeance—till on thy brow the long-sought crown

Seemed to alight?

*Mar.* And came not with the crown

Thou dull conspirator, the power to aid thee?

*Rab.* To need mine aid no more. Could he who knew,

And counselled every dark and lawless deed,

That to the imperial object of thy wishes

Smoothed the ascent—he who alone might say,

'Tremble, *Maria*, tremble on thy throne!'

Hope to live scatheless when his task was done.

*Mar.* I stand amazed! and scarcely know which most

To marvel at, his folly or his craft,

Who knew his peril, aimed his dart so well,

Yet could not save him from the vengeful fangs

Of the expiring lioness!

*Rab.* 'Twas zeal  
To work my sovereign's will, and guide the exploit  
Against the Queen, too long delayed and lost.  
The loyal Jew—(*pauses*)—oft hast thou called me thine own  
True Raban—(*ironically*)—could the lynx-eyed lady err?  
Oh, no! then let her servant die faithful  
As he has lived. His need borrowed this scroll;

[*Taking out of his bosom a paper.*

His zeal restores it at the earliest hour  
That prudence would allow.

[*Gives it to her.*

*Mar.* (*astonished.*)

My lists of death!

*Rab.* How often hast thou promised to exalt me?—

Most well-kept vow! Here hast thou noted down

Thy trusted friend—thy dear good Jew—amid

Spain's bluest\* blood—distinguished lot! to die

With such a noble company—Oh! last

Unhoped-for kindness! unsolicited,

Not unrequited: for the hour he knew

Thou hadst enrolled him on thy courtly list,

The grateful Jew inscribed thee upon his.

*Mar.* Thy list! base, jeering, crafty traitor. Thy list!  
Thou serpent—

*Rab.* That fostered only to be slain,  
Hast strangled thee, while thou wert snaring him.  
Thou wouldst have used me, as sculptors do their clay,  
Wherewith to mould thy greatness; when thou hadst shaped  
Its vast proportions, the vile earth was broken.

*Mar.* Caught like a fool—go, like a felon die!  
Try if thy gold can save thee now! Revenge  
Is sweet, and thou shalt taste the bitter joy,  
To close the last act of my government.

*Rab.* The last act of thy tyranny. I die  
Soothed by that thought. My Christian tyrants, welcome!  
Now ply your tortures, slay the wretch whose power  
Dispersed your hosts like chaff before the wind,  
And gave your realm away! Henceforth again  
Hate, fear, oppress, but think of me, and scorn  
The Jew no more! (*turning to his guard*)—lead on!

*Mar.* Aye, to his fate!  
Take thy cold comfort with thee to the block.

[*Exeunt Raban and guard.*

Zooks! How long we have slept. Alas, here is an importation of citizens; and they have been to the Dulwich Gallery; and they are admiring Mr. Soane's Mausoleum;—and seem to think that one Murillo was not half so good a painter as the gentleman who takes likeness on Ludgate Hill. Ah! we must be off. But let us first get through a bit or two that even five wonder-hunters and their wives cannot spoil

*Africa Described.* By Mrs. Hofland.

THIS interesting volume is a selection from the works of ancient and modern travellers; the compilations have been made with care and judgment. Important as works of this nature are, we hope Mrs. Hofland will still find leisure to favour the juvenile race with some

The families of oldest descent in Spain were termed of the bluest blood.



volumes, blending fiction and moral lesson as agreeably as in those which have proceeded from her pen.

In order to facilitate the description of Africa, Mrs. Hofland has divided her volume into several distinct parts. And at the conclusion, is a concise and well-written account of the islands off the coast of Africa. The description of Madagascar we think might have been advantageously extended. The volume is accompanied by an explanatory map, and cannot fail to find its way into every circle who wish that their younger branches should possess a knowledge of that vast and almost unexplored portion of the habitable globe.

*Herculaneum, and other Poems.* By Charles Room, 8vo., pp. 98. Longman and Co.

THIS volume is the first poetic attempt of a very young man, and displays some promise. The principal poem in the volume exhibits much harmony of versification, and is written in the Spenserian stanza. The minor effusions, as might be surmised, are the best; some thoughts are very happily expressed, as the following short specimen will show.

"Where interest plies the oar of love,  
The bark may sail in gallant show,  
With stately dullness onwards move,  
And idly boast its gilded prow.  
But when affection swells the sail,  
Swifter than thought the vessel flies,  
Spreads wide its canvass to the gale,  
And proudly braves inclement skies."

*The Arcana of Science.* Limbird.

THIS is a very unpretending and useful little volume, with a most absurd title. Why will people persist in the use of the mystic terms of the alchemists, instead of calling things by their right names? When an author or compiler descends to this quackery, he disgusts sensible people, and misleads and abuses the credulous. The compiler himself seems to have been aware of this; for he hints that his compilation is a sort of "annual register of the useful arts;" and if he had given it that name, it would have been far more appropriate than the present one. With "Arcana" the book has nothing to do, for it discloses no hidden mystery; and it has almost as little to do with "science" properly so called. It is a gleanings from the journals of the year of a collection of facts and fragments, some of them of value and some not, taken from the publications of others, without note or comment, but having this advantage, that all the authorities are given; so that, though it be a book made out of the matter of other books, yet it is done as honestly as a work of the kind can be done; and to those who have not read the journals from which it is compiled, it may be useful. It has one very laudable property, considering the quantity of matter in it,—it is cheap.

And now for marching. Daintiest of blue bags, you shall travel back to town alone;—and we shall plod on through the green lanes, with a nice little book or two in our pockets. Ay! The Fairy Mythology,—written by a very excellent scholar and critic, and exquisitely

embellished by one of the most spirited of designers, Mr. Brooke, who has caught the most delicate graces of the land of Fay. Pleasant will be our walk with thee, thou prettiest of books.

Ha! a new inn with the sign of 'the George Canning,' somewhere between Dulwich and Brixton. This looks like posthumous honour;—and we would scorn to pass the invitation of [that brilliant name. A pretty inn, faith;—and a snug parlour;—and ale of the most sparkling. To work—to work; for quiet must abide here.

*The Fairy Mythology.* Two volumes, 8vo. London, 1828. Ainsworth.

We had long considered some work of this kind a sort of desideratum in English literature, aware as we are how abundantly informed and entertained our neighbours, the French and the Germans, have for some time been with works on a similar subject. It was the same with regard to the history of fiction; we were far behind our continental contemporaries in that branch, till Mr. Dunlop attempted to supply our want of information; and what Mr. Dunlop has done for fiction in general, Mr. Keightley has here very successfully accomplished in regard to the supernatural world, and in behalf of that neglected race of modern elves and fairies. We see no reason why Mr. Lempriere and his classical brethren, indeed, should keep the whole field of fabulous invention for their own use, and why other nations, as well as ancient Greece and Rome, should not vindicate a portion of their mythological fame in the eyes of the young people of "merry England." For we scruple not to maintain that there is inherent in the fabulous character of more modern nations something of a more attractive and enlivening kind; a more genial temper, and a nearer approach to the ideas and good-fellowship of mere mortals. There is not so much stateliness, coldness, and statue-like air in the beings of the northern land of fairy, and in the eastern Peris, as in the more stern and colossal divinities of Greece and Rome. They seem to interest themselves in human concerns; to exercise a more benignant power, and to possess greater liveliness and variety in their respective callings and pursuits.

Accordingly, Mr. Keightley seems to have entered upon the subject with *perfect zeal*, as the Germans express it; and to have spared no pains in tracing the national stems and genealogies, in all their resemblances and varieties with which the fond credulity—the "*mentis gratissima error*," as old Burton has it, of all nations, more or less, is known to abound. From the researches, too, of the author, it would seem that the belief in these little deities is by no means so nearly put to flight as this age of science would lead us to imagine; but that there are many secluded vales and glens, even within the precincts of England and Wales, where they are still in the habit, as the villagers well know, of holding their nocturnal revels. In short, the author has here, we think, made out a pretty clear case, that every people, as long as human nature is what it is, must entertain a delight in some supernatural lore or other, be their religion ever so pure and excellent, on which to rest the inherent love of the marvellous—apparently one of the most pleasing indulgences of the human mind.



At the outset, Mr. Keightley expends no little labour and research, to ascertain, as near as may be, the true derivation of the word *fairy*, which he is inclined to refer to the Italian *fata*, borrowed from the Latin, in preference to the Persian *peri*. On this point we shall not stop to decide, the author's reasoning being more ingenious, we think, than either satisfactory or entertaining. We rather prefer to follow him in his observations upon the various orders of beautiful beings, with the peculiar agencies and feats ascribed to them at different periods and among different nations.

After some philosophical inquiry into their origin and belief, he commences with his fairy memoirs of the most fascinating tribe belonging to the regions of Peristan. In this he was correct, as they were, in all likelihood, the ancestors of the whole aerial race. With so wide a field before him, he was compelled to leave them too soon, with their relatives, the Arabian genii, of whom we could have wished to hear much more. The succeeding Peris, Genii, Ghosts, Deeves, &c., who peopled Asia, are decidedly less interesting; and we could well have spared a part of the honours bestowed upon them, in order to have had a little more entertainment from the company of our own elves and fays.

Next to the various races of the East, we are introduced to the more grotesque and singular creations of the middle ages,—the more fearful and powerful personages who figure in the pages of Ariosto, during the ages of chivalry and romance. The descriptions of these are also brief, but happy and amusing. Indeed, the whole may be said to be too slight and sketchy, though correct and satisfactory as far as they go, until the author fairly enters upon the enchanted circle of modern fairyland. This portion of the work is executed in a very able and agreeable manner; although the whole, we are bound to add, is equally creditable to his learning, industry, and research, if not equally entertaining, from the character of the particular branches of which he treats.

The fairies of England are evidently the dwarfs of Germany and the north, though they do not appear to have been ever so denominated. Their appellation was Elves, subsequently, Fairies; but there would seem to have been formerly other terms expressive of them, of which not a vestige is now remaining in the English language. They were, like their northern kindred, divided into two classes; the rural elves, inhabiting the woods, fields, mountains, and caverns; and the domestic, or house spirits, called Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows. But the Thames, the Avon, and the other English streams were never the abode of a Neck or Kelpie.

For the earliest account we have of the English fairies, we are indebted to the Imperial Chancellor Gervase of Tilbury, who gives the following particulars respecting the fairy mythology of England in the thirteenth century:—

“There is (says he), in the county of Gloucester, a forest abounding in boars, stags, and every species of game that England produces. In a grovy lawn of this forest, there is a little mount, rising in a point to the height of a man, on which knights and other hunters are used to ascend, when fatigued with heat and thirst, to seek some relief for their wants. The nature of the place and of the business is, however, such, that whoever

ascends the mount must leave his companions, and go quite alone. Whed alone, he was to say, as if speaking to some other person, 'I thirst,' and immediately there would appear a cup-bearer, in an elegant dress, with a cheerful countenance, bearing in his out-stretched hand a large horn, adorned with gold and gems, as was the custom among the most ancient English. In the cup, nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavour was presented, and when it was drunk, all heat and weariness fled from the glowing body, so that one would be thought ready to undertake toil, instead of having toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was taken, the servant presented a towel to the drinker, to wipe his mouth with, and then, having performed his office, he waited neither for recompense for his services, nor for questions nor inquiry.

"This frequent and daily action had, for a very long period of old times, taken place among the ancient people, till one day a knight of that city, when out hunting, went thither, and having called for the drink and gotten the horn, did not, as was the custom, and as in good manners he should have done, return it to the cup-bearer, but kept it for his own use. But the illustrious Earl of Gloucester, when he learned the truth of the matter, condemned the robber to death, and presented the horn to the most excellent King Henry the Elder, lest he should be thought to have approved of such wickedness, if he had added the rapine of another to the store of his private property."\*

In addition, however, to views and sketches of national fairy mythology like the above, Mr. Keightley has very agreeably blended with his dissertations and traditions some characteristic tales and anecdotes, which give a lively air, and pleasing relief, by their variety, to the more learned and philosophical portions of his work.

We wish all the fairies of England, and the dwarfs of Sleepy Hollow to boot, would combine to get rid of that most horrible of nuisances, the skittle-ground of every *public*, whether of town or country. Here is this pretty parlour of the George Canning Inn utterly ruined for an editor in search of quiet, by that infernal Boom—Boom—

Booming its sullen thunder,

in the back-yard. We must be off again. But first despatch we two small fry in our pocket;—and then for tea at Brixton:—

*Mary Harland, or a Journey to London, a Tale of Humble Life.*  
18mo., pp. 320.

This volume, which displays typography in all its neatness, details the adventures and vicissitudes which befall a young woman who leaves her native village and fond parents, in the hope of finding 'a comfortable place' in delusive London. Many moral and religious episodes of merit are scattered throughout the volume. Candour, however, compels us to observe, that some of the anecdotes with which the author has favoured his readers are the perfection of absurdity: such as, the good servant intending to bestow on the chimney sweeper her master's bread and cheese. The description of Mary's return to her native village possesses much nature and feeling; her taking leave is also well described, and is illustrated by an exquisite wood-engraving.

\* *Otia Imperialia, apud Leibnitz, Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicarum, vol. i., p. 18.*



*Companion to the Almanac.*

VALUABLE as the labours of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have been in the sciences, and rapidly as their good books, of unprecedented cheapness, must banish from perusal those vicious accumulations of the compilers, of which the mere receipt would be a loss to the receiver, it is doubtful whether, in any one point, they have done more good than by taking the Almanac under their superintendence. The observance of terms and festivals rendered almanacs necessary before any other part of science had made much progress; and they, of course, partook of the vices of the times at which they were established. With the exception of the Nautical Almanac, and that is, of course, chiefly adapted to the class whose name it bears, and of three purely scientific almanacs, published by the Company of Stationers, the silly prognostications, the doggerel rhymes, the unseemly allusions, and all the follies and impurities are kept up, as if those who make a gain of these articles, (any thing but 'shrines for Diana,') had conspired to perpetuate superstition and scatter impurity, year after year, among the people of this country, even when nations far behind us in other matters had reformed their appendages to the calendar. It was, therefore, with pleasure that we hailed the appearance of '*The British Almanac*,' containing all the good without any of the evil. With equal satisfaction we hail the '*Companion*,' which contains a body of scientific, popular, and statistical information, no where to be obtained for ten times the price, and not, indeed, to be obtained in any other single volume with which we are acquainted. The calendar as now used, and the calendars of the Saxons, the Jews, the Romans, and the Mahomedans are explained; and so are the 'notes' by which the moveable feasts are calculated; then the particular festivals in the several months; next the instruments used in ascertaining the changes of the atmosphere and the weather, the phenomena of the heavens, with their causes, and the appearances of the earth for each season; and the doctrine of the tides. These form the first part of the Companion, or that which more immediately explains the technicalities of the Almanac. The whole of this part seems to have been written expressly for the work, with much care, and corresponding clearness and value. The second part contains tables of chronology, statistics, latitudes and longitudes, and weights and measures, very full, and with explanations where the nature of the subject admits.

The third part contains very wholesome advice to the poor; a list of poisons, with their antidotes; directions for keeping farming accounts; and an account of the nature of assurances.

The fourth and last part contains an abstract of the acts and documents of Parliament for the previous year; and an account of the principal public improvements and mechanical inventions for the same.

The whole work contains an exposition of every thing connected with the year, as produced by nature and as arranged by man; is a general index to the great events of human history, and the great outlines of the more interesting countries; and a very full and particular index to the state of the British islands, and the great changes which took place in the preceding year. Need we add, that such a book must be valuable, not for mere reference only, but for positive instruction?

'As useless as an *old almanac*,' used to be a proverb; but there is in the British Almanac and in this Companion enough of matter of permanent interest to prevent it from becoming old.

And now that we are comfortably seated in the bay-window, in the pretty inn upon the rise of Brixton Hill, we will bestow a few retrospective glances upon our critical labours. What a pleasant vocation is that of a critic—how gratifying, how influential. It is no labour to us to review fifty book in a summer's day, with the most perfect justice and accuracy;—to others 'it is as easy as lying.' It is a thriving trade, for all the world is beginning to follow it. The *Reviewing* spirit is spreading on every side. Literary journals are becoming almost as numerous as the books they notice;—publishers write puffs with a truly analytical and discriminating tone;—and even the second-hand dealers in the 'works of the learned,' sit in judgment upon the commodities they vend. The old class of booksellers—the Edwardses, and Paynes, and Cuthells, good easy men, were satisfied with the business-like commentary of 'fine tall copy'—'scarce'—or 'elegant in russia.' Their successors cannot be happy in their stalls without perking up their critical noses into their customers' faces;—and proclaiming in their catalogues what *they* think of the illustrious dead. 'To what base uses must we come at last!' In a recondite work of this description, now in our pocket, being a 'Catalogue of a Choice and Valuable Collection of Rare and Curious Books, now offered for Ready Money, on exceedingly advantageous terms, at the Prices offered, by James Hyde, 4, Wellington Terrace,' we have an excellent list of valuable works, and a wilderness of criticism, for the small price of one shilling. This Scaliger of biblioplists informs us, that 'Madame de Sevigné's Letters are in esteem;—that 'seldom does the world see such a mighty master-spirit, as that which fired and warmed the bosom of—Hugo Grotius;—that 'Dryden's mind exhibits infinite versatility of talent;—that 'Sir Richard Steele lived in a *golden age*;—that 'of Dr. Parr the less said the better; he was a scholar undoubtedly, a democrat, and a misanthrope;—and that 'Venice Preserved will rescue Otway's name from oblivion.'—Some of Mr. Hyde's critical flights are, however, of a loftier daring than the pithy specimens we have here exhibited. Unmindful of the fate of Icarus, he disdains the humble safety of his shop;—and

Soaring with supreme dominion,  
Through the azure realms of air,

looks down, with a bird's-eye glance, upon all the wide fields and sparkling streams of ancient and modern literature. No wonder that his head is sometimes dizzy with his flight. What will the genius of Retrospective Reviewing say to the following exhibition of curious knowledge picked up behind the counter, in untradesman-like glimpses beyond the secure region of title-pages?

'FIELDING's talents, though various and peculiarly available in any work of public interest, have been rather over-rated. His Tom Jones is a *chef-d'œuvre*, and universally read and admired, whilst, on the other hand, his Sir Charles Grandison, once so popular, is now scarcely looked at.'—Hyde's Catalogue, No. 709. 'Ne Sutor!' A word to the wise, Mr. Hyde!



And now that it is dusk, we shall put ourselves within the Brixton stage, and seek the city again. The iron ladder of the hackney-coach is let down at our door, at eight o'clock. We are rather too tired for the Opera; so must amuse ourselves with a little critical doings in 'our own room' before we sleep. A Book of Travels—lies in abundance, without a doubt. Let us see.

*A Pilgrimage in Europe and America, leading to the Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and Bloody River, &c., &c.* By J. C. Beltrami, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS is altogether an extraordinary work, as it combines a vast deal of valuable information, a fair proportion of amusing anecdotes, both old and new, and a superabundance of those truisms and hacknied reflections that are to be met with in most volumes of travels, rendering them as tedious as a "thrice told tale." From the preface we learn that this work first challenged criticism at New Orleans; and from the preface we also learn another interesting fact, namely, that, rare as the thing is,—the author has formed a correct idea of his own style. He candidly says, 'With respect to my style, it is no easy matter to characterize it.' As he has found this secret out, we would advise him, in any future work he may favour the public with, to adopt a style somewhat less equivocal, and less tinged with the affected sentiment and flowing tinsel, so lavishly scattered throughout almost every page of these volumes, and relate events of interest in concise and manly language. Had he made choice of such a style in this work, it would have been infinitely more valuable, and our table would have had only to sustain one volume instead of two. The dedication, 'To the fair sex,' is a remarkable feature in the book. We suspect it has been written for 'The Lady's Magazine,' and rejected; and the author, thinking it a pity to have written it in vain, avails himself of the opportunity of enlivening with it his volumes of travels.

As no criticism can supersede the judgment of the reader, we present him with what appears to us the most interesting adventure of the traveller:

'The day and night of the 12th were the most dreadful of my whole life. I tremble whenever I even think of them; thank God, however, I did not tremble at the time. I was aware that, if I exhibited before the Indians the slightest indication of fear, it was all over with me. I carefully preserved, therefore, my self-possession, and intrepidity, I flatter myself, of no easy attainment.

'A number of these Indians who *drink at two fountains*, had just been visiting the English agents at Romaine island, on lake Huron; and among the presents distributed among them, they had received some barrels of whiskey. This was soon circulated through the encampment, almost every member of which soon became violently heated and maddened by it.

'It is a usual practice of the female Indians, when they see cases of intoxication in their own tent, or in the camp, to preserve to themselves the strictest sobriety, that they may be enabled to prevent or mitigate the frequently dreadful consequences of intemperance in the men. But on this occasion the women were more completely inebriated than the men, and, with the exception of a few young persons, all were plunged in the most frightful state of intoxication.

'The hell of Virgil and of Dante, or even that painted by Orcagna, at St.

word to the wise, Mr. H. qd!

Maria Novella, in Florence, in a style so deeply impressive, are only faint sketches in comparison with that full display of terror and death presented in the tragedy, exhibiting in all their horrors the Bacchantes, the Furies, the Eumenides, Medusa, and all the monsters of history or fiction.

'Hatred, jealousy, long-standing quarrels, mortal antipathies, all the ferocious passions were in most exasperated excitement and conflict. The shrieks of the women and children mingled with the yells of these cannibals, and the bayings of dogs, added the tortures of hearing to all the agonies which appalled the sight.

'Standing on a mound of earth with my cutlass in my girdle, my gun in my hand, and my sword half unsheathed at my side, I remained a spectator to this awful scene—watchful and motionless. I was often menaced, but never answered, except by an expressive silence, which most unequivocally declared that I was ready to rush on the first who should dare to become my assailant. My *Bois-brûlé* had concealed himself, and I had great difficulty in rallying him to my side, where he at length appeared to feel more confidence and security than elsewhere, for he became convinced that there was a greater probability of escaping the threatened catastrophe by courage and resolution than by indecision and terror.

'But it became necessary for me, for a few moments, to quit my entrenchment. The life of the chief, *Cloudy Weather*, was in danger. I was his host, and he was the father of the beautiful *Woascila*, who, by giving me timely notice in two instances of plots formed for my destruction, and thus kindling into stronger power the fierce and menacing expression of my countenance, had been twice my preserver. I darted forward with her and my *Bois-brûlé*, who was now become a hero, and we saved him, by disarming of their knives the two assassins who had attacked him, and against whom, merely with a small piece of wood, he defended himself like a lion. We pushed him into his tent, and committed him to the care of a warrior chief, one of his intimate friends, who was enjoined to protect him, and prevent his going out. He found, however, a knife which had been concealed, and whether from that impulse natural to Indians, which often occasions them in their passion to make a victim of the first man they meet; or whether through real mistake, he rushed on his friend and stabbed him with repeated thrusts: we, however, returned instantly at the call of *Woascila*, and fortunately in time to prevent the completion of murder.

'On this occasion I was exceedingly surprised and affected, my dear Countess, by a display of genuine magnanimity and generosity.

'The son of the wounded savage, about eighteen years of age, entered the tent, and surveying with an expression of terrific dignity the assassin of his parent, with heroic self-possession thus addressed him:—Thou hast stabbed my father—thy own friend. I ought to avenge him, and I could do it; but thou wouldst not have this done, hadst thou not been intoxicated. I pardon thee. In this young Indian, the son of *Bear's heart*, I perceived Rome and Greece united. He was the hero of the day: he was not only able to resist the temptations of a liquor so exceedingly attractive to Indians, but he contributed greatly to mitigate the effects of its deadly influence. I embraced him with sentiments such as these savage people had never before excited in me. The noble conduct of this young man is also one of those circumstances which infuse such contradictions into the character of Indians, and almost preclude the power of defining them. In order to testify my admiration of his conduct, I gave him a liberal quantity of powder, the most valuable present that, situated as I was, I could possibly bestow upon him. I would have conferred on him an empire had I been able; but my destination was even greater than his own.'

Another Traveller—but one of a very different slipping. It is marvellous how admirably our sailors can write. There are Parry, and



Franklin, and Hall, and Glascock, and, now, Smyth—all nervous, clear, unaffected, manly masters of our native English. They have much that is interesting to tell—and they have told it admirably. We must give a quotable praise to this volume.

*Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia.* By Captain William Henry Smyth, R.N., K.S.F., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 351.

THE author of this volume was employed by our government, in 1823, and 1824, on a maritime survey of the coasts of Sardinia, in which employ he had ample opportunities of acquiring every species of valuable information relative to the history and resources of this important island. In bestowing on this volume unequivocal commendation, we do but yield to Captain Smyth the praise which he in reality deserves, as we have rarely seen so small a volume possessing such varied stores of information, accompanied by a style uniting conciseness and perspicuity. Much learning and industry is displayed in the opening chapter, containing 'The Political History of Sardinia;' and those succeeding, on the produce and resources of the island, and the account of its inhabitants, their manners, and customs, are replete with interest. The work is illustrated by an admirably executed map by J. and C. Walker, of the hydrographical office of the Admiralty, and by several well-engraved plates from Captain Smyth's own drawings.

We have been abusing a work from our late worthy publishers, (we trust it is only a commission affair,) so we feel double the pleasure in noticing a work which is excellently done, and is evidently the suggestion of their own very intelligent minds:

*A General Biographical Dictionary.* By John Gorton. 2 vols. 8vo. Hunt and Clarke.

THE importance and utility of well written and authentic Biography must be evident to all. The leading fault of most dictionaries of this description consists in their containing a superabundance of articles or no interest; while those individuals who, by their talents, virtues, or achievements, are deserving of considerable space, have their merits briefly discussed, and, in some cases, are dismissed by the biographer with a flippancy truly disgraceful. These errors, we are happy to say, have been avoided in the work before us, which is rendered most valuable by every biographical sketch being accompanied by an intimation of the sources from which it is derived; from the number of authorities quoted, the compiler appears to have exercised considerable industry. He has displayed much judgment in his important labour of condensation; and as the public are presented with two well printed volumes, of nearly 1000 pages each, of amusement and information, at a very low price, we think the book will be as widely circulated as it deserves to be.

This 'Diary of Burton' will do Colburn honour. Pepys, and Evelyn, and such a work as this before us, are for higher uses than his staple manufacture. We intend to write a capital article of a sheet and a half, in our next number, to be called 'The Protectorate,' and Burton

shall supply the materials. In the meantime Colburn must content himself with the following notice :

*Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver Cromwell from 1656 to 1659; now published from the original Autograph Manuscript, with an introduction containing an account of the Parliament of 1654, from the Journal of Guibon Goddard, Esq. M.P.* By John Towill Rutt. 4 vols. 8vo.

THE period of English history, to which this diary alludes, is one of the most eventful the annals of our country can furnish; and to those interested in the details of that stormy epoch, we recommend this work, as amidst the mass of information it presents, may be found many pages calculated to throw considerable light on several important transactions in those days. It is, in fact, a book that should take its place in all libraries, where political history is a distinguished feature.

Thank you, Mr. Murray, for this very early copy of the new Quarterly. The fibbing of Hunt is good;—and knocks him about quite as well with the *muffs* on, as Wilson with his most desperate facers. Wilson's smashing was capital—though somewhat overdone;—nothing could be better than the magpie and his cage—but why did not he leave off with that? “*On diminue ce qu'on exagère.*” But we have nothing to do with the controversy,—except to pity poor Hunt (for he is really in many points worth pity) against such terrible odds. Some of the quotations in the Quarterly, from Byron's letters to Murray, are superb. For instance:—

‘Barry Cornwall will do better by and by, I dare say, if he don't get spoiled by green tea and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise-row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived in *high life* nor in *solitude*; there is no medium for the knowledge of the busy or the still world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as spectators—they form no part of the mechanism thereof. Now, Moore and I, the one by circumstances, the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, “*quarum partes fuimus.*”—Both of us have learned by this much that nothing else could have taught us.’

‘With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that *he*, and all others—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I, are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong, revolutionary, poetical system (or systems), not worth a d—n in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free, and that the present and next generation will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this, by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way: I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even *imagination*, *passion*, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the lower empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe's the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject; and Rogers, the grandfather of living poetry, is retired upon half-pay, since pretty Miss Jaqueline, with her nose aquiline, and has done enough; unless he were to do as he had done formerly.’

Good night, “my public.”